Collier's

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 26, 1942

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BY J. EDGAR HOOVE

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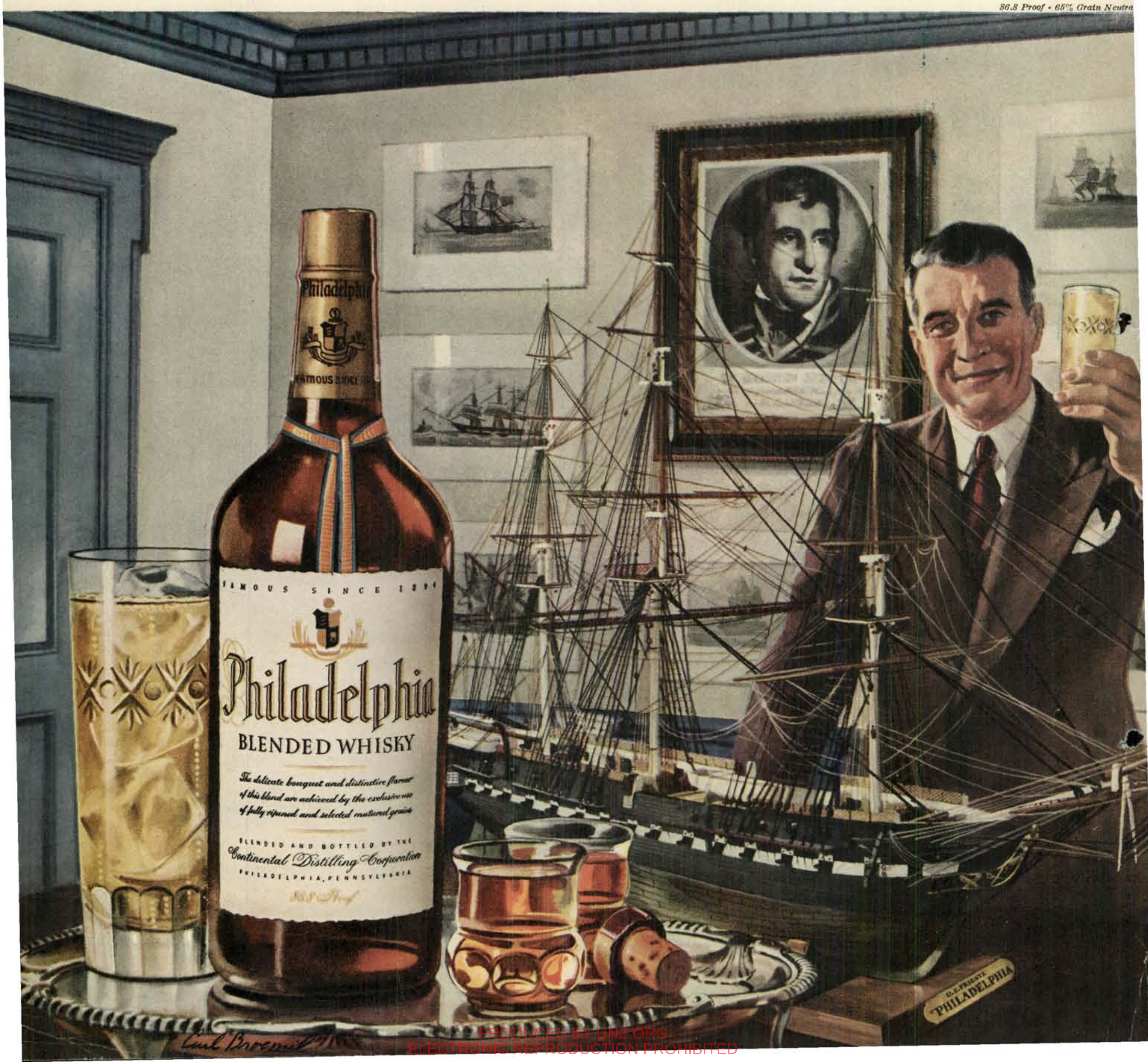
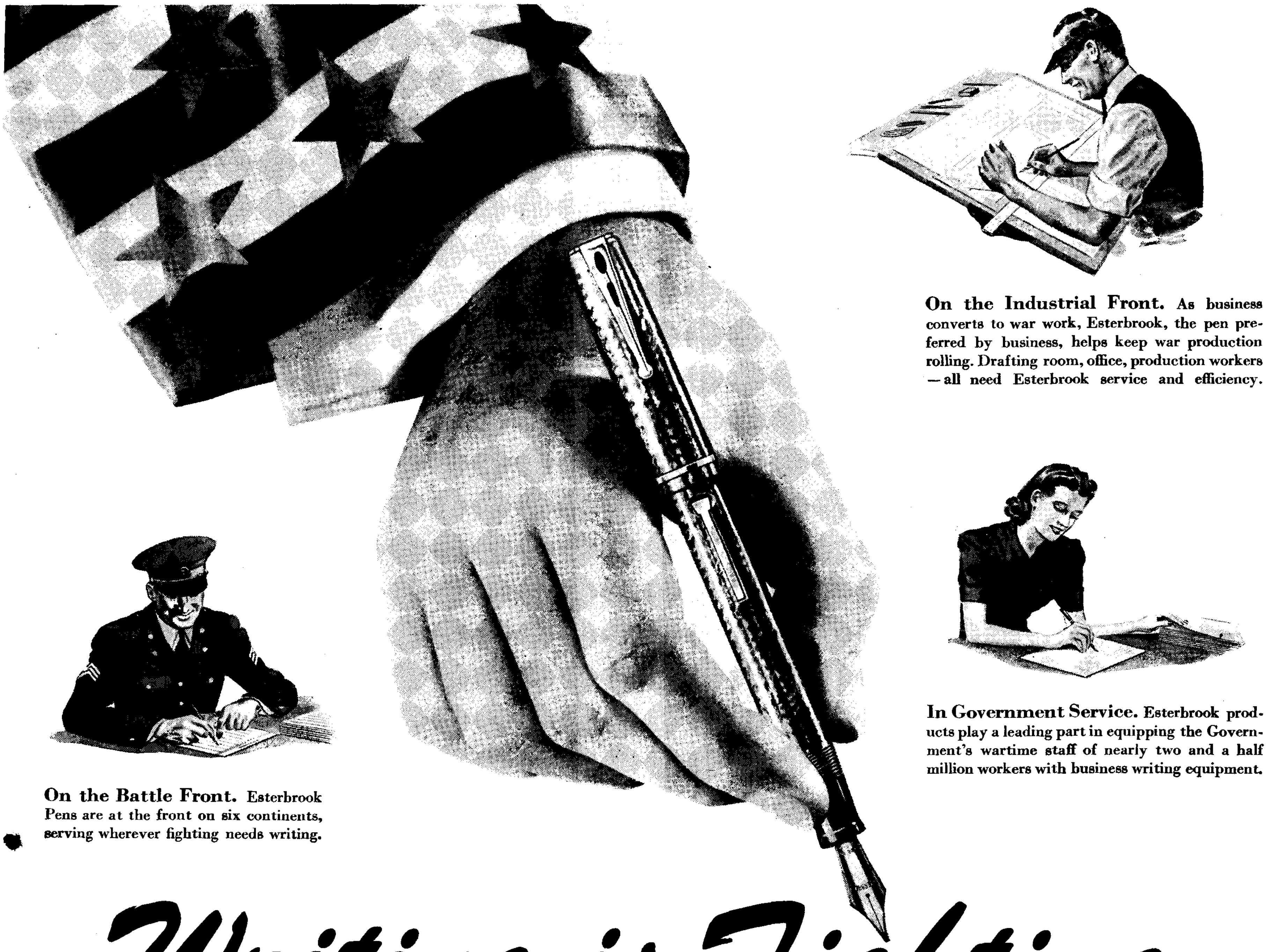
FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Salute to Heritage of Hospitality

SINCE EARLY COLONIAL DAYS PHILADELPHIA HAS ENJOYED FAME FOR GOOD FOOD AND GOOD DRINK. TODAY THIS "HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY" CARRIES ON IN A MAGNIFICENT WHISKY. GRACIOUS IN CHARACTER, GLORIOUS IN FLAVOR, PHILADELPHIA IS A WHISKY BASED ON CHOICEST RESERVE STOCKS, PRESERVING A TRADITION OF EXCELLENCE. PHILADELPHIA MIGHT WELL BE CONSIDERED A "SPECIAL OCCASION" WHISKY. YET YOU CAN AFFORD TO ENJOY IT, REGULARLY AND OFTEN.

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutra


Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavour of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE
Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
86.8 Proof
PHILADELPHIA
Carl Broemel



On the Industrial Front. As business converts to war work, Esterbrook, the pen preferred by business, helps keep war production rolling. Drafting room, office, production workers—all need Esterbrook service and efficiency.

In Government Service. Esterbrook products play a leading part in equipping the Government's wartime staff of nearly two and a half million workers with business writing equipment.

On the Battle Front. Esterbrook Pens are at the front on six continents, serving wherever fighting needs writing.

Writing is Fighting

IN THIS total war, writing is essential to the fighting. Without writing—and efficient writing tools—war industry production and Government war services would be limited. Without writing, front line troop operations would be handicapped. In every phase of modern warfare, writing is essential.

As the world's leading manufacturer of pens, we expected and welcome our obligation to provide war industries, Government agencies, and the Armed Forces with pens so vital to a million-and-one jobs.

Esterbrook . . . the pen preferred by business . . . today helps business in the biggest job yet—that of planning, carrying through, and winning this war.

Civilian orders for Esterbrook products can be filled only after we take care of Government, military and war industry needs. If your stationer cannot supply you immediately with Esterbrook Pens we know you will understand why. Writing is fighting—and Esterbrook is serving in the fight.

THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY, Camden, N. J

Esterbrook IS THE WAR BUSINESS PEN

Picture OF THE MONTH

ROBERT TAYLOR • BRIAN DONLEVY
CHARLES LAUGHTON
in

STAND BY FOR ACTION

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

WITH: *WALTER BRENNAN, Marilyn Maxwell, Henry O'Neill, Marta Linden*

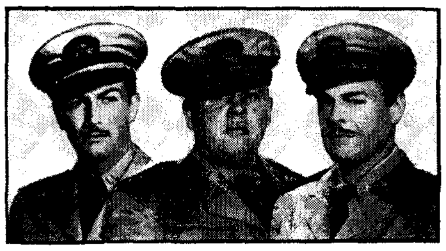
DIRECTED BY: *.....Robert Z. Leonard*

PRODUCED BY: *Robert Z. Leonard and Orville O. Dull*

SCREEN PLAY BY: *George Bruce, John L. Balderston and Herman J. Mankiewicz*

BASED ON A STORY BY: *Capt. Harvey Haislip, U.S.N., and R. C. Sherriff*

SUGGESTED BY: *"Cargo of Innocence" by Laurence Kirk*



CAPSULE REVIEW: Sometime ago the *Reader's Digest* ran a story called "A Cargo of Innocence" which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has produced under the title "Stand By For Action". Evidently the title was changed because the accent of the picture has shifted from "innocence" to "action". Perhaps the pressure of world events, particularly those in the Pacific inspired the change.

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that this is perhaps the first Navy picture that really does the trick. It's one of those "come hell or highwater" films. Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy give yeoman portrayals, or rather seaman portrayals, and there is a heart-throb in the loyalty to the old ship that is shown by Walter Brennan.

The story tells of the good ship Warren which had seen service in the last war. Damaged and gathering barnacles in the bay at San Diego, it was reserviced and placed under Lieutenant Commander Roberts (Donlevy) who had worked himself up from the ranks. Lieutenant Gregg Masterman (Robert Taylor) is Executive Officer under Roberts and a top-drawer education clashes with the realities of a sea dog. Laughton plays the part of Rear Admiral Stephen Thomas with a most convincing sternness.

The sea battle with the Japanese is masterful, the dive-bomber attacks make you duck under your seat. During an attack on a convoy the Warren picks up eighteen babies and two women. No precedent for these sailors who are assigned to tend children but they do it in ship-shape fashion. The infants thrive under the diet of salt with their milk. The attack on the convoy has the seal of approval as to its authentic detail from every man who has ever been in such modern naval action. All in all the film is remarkable and memorable.

OTHER FILMS: "Random Harvest" makes its first appearance in the theatres now. Ronald Colman and Greer Garson are practically perfect in this Mervyn LeRoy directed picture, produced by Sidney Franklin.

TRACY-HEPBURN: "Keeper Of The Flame" may be the next picture of the month.

MORALE NOTE: The movies are doing a good job. So say all the commanding officers on our far-flung fighting fronts.

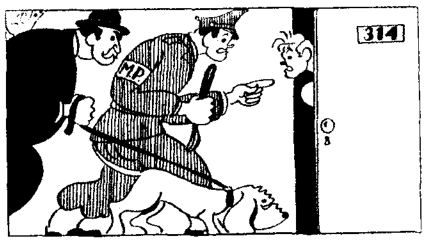
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collie

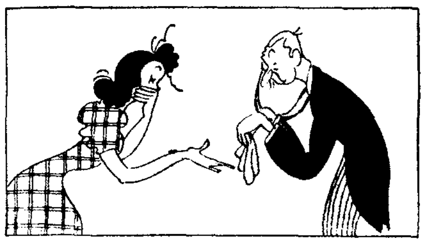
THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managin

ANY WEEK

WE HAVE a nice cargo of vigorous news from our Florida agent. He reports that the Army is so jealous of the morals of its men that it takes about all the courage a fellow can dig up to be seen talking to his wife. Scenes that are more than somewhat reminiscent of what prohibition agents used to do, when sparing neither life nor public funds in pursuit of a half pint of popskull, are daily growing less common. For example, an Army officer and his wife registered at one of Tampa's toniest hotels. At three o'clock in the morning they were awakened by a determined squad of city police and MPs crashing through their locked door. All that the cops wanted to know was whether they were truly married. It took the enraged officer and the understandably shaken lady ten minutes to convince the morals-enforcement officers that they were pretty decent people. Their attorney is now convincing the city that it can take its choice between a damage suit and a promise to stop such outrages—or both. This, we understand, is only a sample. City cops and MPs are invading hotels and rooming houses like commandos. In another first-class hotel, they raided the manager's desk and demanded the keys to a room on the eleventh floor. The manager told them that the hotel had only nine floors. He was told that he couldn't get away with stuff like that and to come across with the keys at once if he knew what was good for him. Presently, however, the Purity Squad, after painstaking investigation, discovered that the hotel ended indeed with the ninth floor. So they galloped out, determined that some hotel with an eleventh floor was going to get its morals polished. And yet, our scout adds, immorality still obtains in Tampa, as elsewhere. He says, too, that you don't have to crash respectable doors to locate it.



AND among the more dismal tidings received this week is an Important-Rush release from the British Information Services. Nine out of ten persons in Britain caught colds during a recent spell of raw weather. The Health Ministry reports this, adding that "a special request that handkerchiefs be taken off the ration was refused by the Board of Trade owing to a shortage of raw material." That this is going to be a tough winter on our ally as well as on the enemy is explained a little further on in the release. "The blackout which now begins at 6 P. M. encourages stay-at-home evenings and earlier bedtimes. The Fuel Ministry, in fact, is advocating bedtime an hour earlier to save light and heat." We who can stay up all night with handkerchiefs in every pocket cannot appreciate all this. In fact, we're having quite a time of it trying to realize that it is democracy as well as late hours and handkerchiefs that we're fighting for.



ANOTHER bit of intelligence from our field forces advises us that a lady who has lived in Memphis a mere thirty years was told recently that Boss Crump, who has been that city's government for the past forty years, was not ideal. Her informant went much further, saying that it would be a most gladsome day when Memphis would be rid of Mr. Crump and his political machine. "Oh," cried the lady, "there must be some mistake. I know Mrs. Crump and she is a very delightful lady."

THREE manuscripts arrive at our desk. They're all about the war. We got as far into the first as the sentence: "Most of his men were decimated." We began to lose interest. The second is a fulsome piece about an aviator. In the first paragraph the writer tells us: "He flew around St. Louis for several years." This endurance flight discouraged us, so we passed to the third manuscript. But we got no further than the author's accompanying letter. He says: "You will immediately notice that my difficulty is that I write too well for your magazine but I soon hope to overcome it."

WE HAVE just received another notification that a member of our Armed Forces is about to write a book. This time it is Corporal Ike Sterebius. He says that "All the war books I read so far are the bunk. What I got to say is the truth. How much do I get for it? I can make it as long as you want. Some of it is very funny and some will be sad but inside stuff." . . . W. D.

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THIS WE

DECEMBER 26,

SHORT STORIES

FREDERICK NEBEL
Wait Till I'm on My Feet. the girl said "no," she mear most.

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN
Lincoln's Last Christmas. It understanding to a lovely re

BEN AMES WILLIAMS
The Service Flag. An old lad off her greatest treasure.]

ROARK BRADFORD
Old Sergeant Somebody. N doings down at Little Bee Be P

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Blonde with a Convertible, by Ford. P

SERIAL STORIES

GEORGE F. WORTS
***Five Who Vanished. The first* parts.** P

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY
***The Hunters. The four[illegible] o* parts.** P

ARTICLES

J. EDGAR HOOVER and FREDERICK L. COLLINS
Beware of Frauds in Un Wolves and chiselers masquer servicemen. Pa

W. B. COURTNEY
We Must Win the Pacific. Th that's ours alone. Pa

JOE ALEX MORRIS
How to Help a Spy. The high of America's loose lips. Pa

MARTHA GELLHORN
Holland's Last Stand. Surinam, of free Dutchmen. Pag

VERNON POPE
Leningrad Under Siege. Pi story of one of the war's most nificent defenses. [illegible]ag

HANNAH LEES
Block That Bloodclot! A new wea in the fight against embolisms. Pag

●

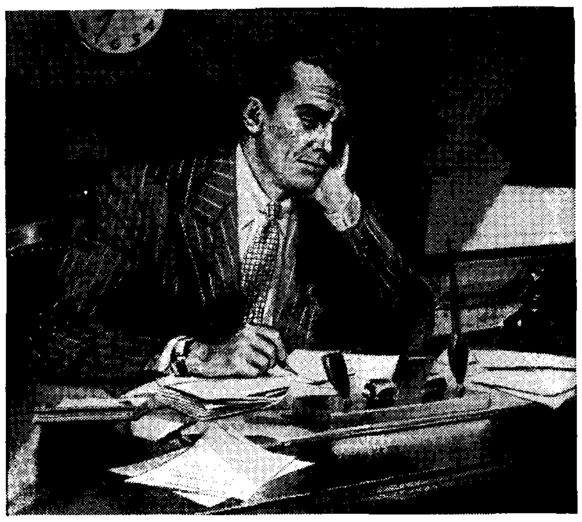
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa

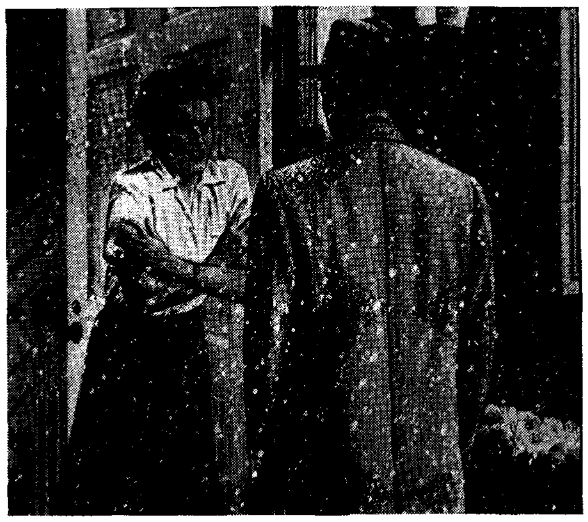
WING TALK. Pa

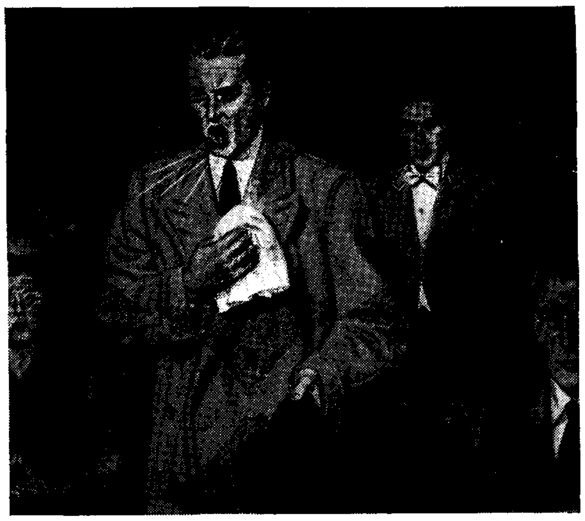
EDITORIAL
The Idea is to Win. Pag

COVER FLOYD H. MUN

Three Easy ways to invite Pneumonia





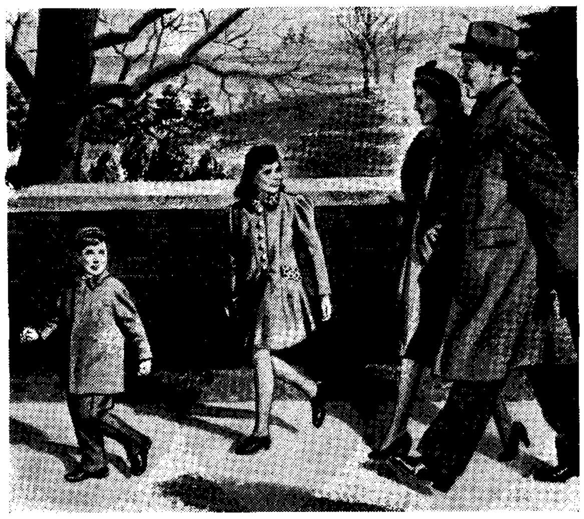


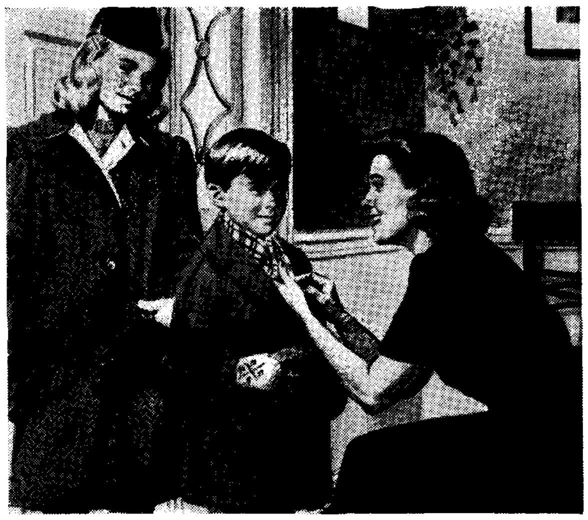
1. Run down your health! Insufficient sleep and rest, lack of exercise and fresh air, improper diet, constant overwork to the point of exhaustion—all these undermine your resistance to disease.

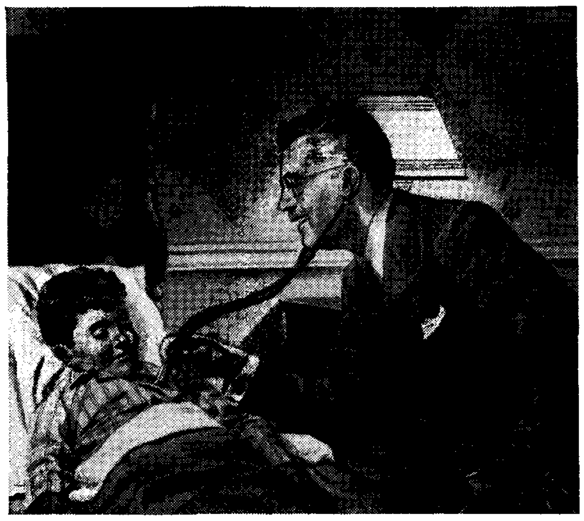
2. Get chilled through! Exposure to chilling can lead to pneumonia, especially when you are run down physically or have a cold. A chill followed by fever is one of the early signs of pneumonia.

3. Neglect a cold! Although pneumonia sometimes attacks without warning, it usually follows a cold, influenza or infection of the nose, throat or lungs. Early signs are coughing, accompanied by pain in the side or chest . . . thick, rust-colored sputum . . . rapid breathing.

Three Sensible ways to avoid Pneumonia







1. Keep fit! Most adults require eight hours of sleep daily, children considerably more. Regular exercise, outdoors if possible, is important and so is relaxing recreation. Above all, a well-balanced diet, including vegetables, fruits and milk, will help you.

2. Avoid chilling! Dress warmly during the "pneumonia months," early winter to late spring. Lower home temperatures this winter may require warmer dress indoors. Chilling is especially risky when you are over-tired. Change wet clothing and shoes as soon as possible.

3. Watch that cold! Respiratory infections often pave the way for pneumonia. It is best to take seriously even a common cold. If a cold is very severe or lingers on, be particularly careful. The wisest precautions are: *Go to bed . . . call the doctor!*

THE amazing reduction in the death rate from pneumonia in the last few years is due largely to the use of the new sulfa compounds.

The greatest service you can perform for one who develops signs of pneumonia is to call the doctor immediately. The doctor (and no one but the doctor) should be given the earliest opportunity of using the powerful sulfa drugs. In most types of pneumonia his chances are excellent of both hastening recovery and of preventing serious, perhaps fatal, consequences.

Metropolitan will send you upon request a free pamphlet, "Respiratory Diseases," containing valuable information about pneumonia.

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln,* PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your pamphlet, 13-C, "Respiratory Diseases."

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Red Cross Home Nursing Courses. Red Cross Chapters are offering women practical instruction in Home Nursing. Learning to nurse the sick in your own home and to keep your family well is a patriotic service, which will release more medical and nursing aid for the armed forces. Apply direct to your Red Cross Chapter.

"AH, LADS! . . .
THOSE WERE THE DAYS
WHEN PIGS WERE PIGS!"
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
DUPONT

For years hog bristle made the best tooth brushes . . . then along came round-end PROLON

PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs

Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON — no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. You know the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

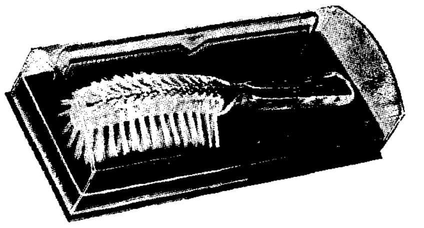
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush —the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Ware, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A unique habit among birds is the building of a bower or playground by the bowerbird of Australia. Unique also is the habit of decorating it with stolen articles, all of a certain color. One such bower, evidently constructed by a bird that liked blue, contained, among many other blue articles, a blue hair ribbon, a blue railroad ticket, a string of blue glass beads and 178 blue bags, belonging to a near-by laundry.

Between 1933 and 1939, the number of Nazi-Fascist groups in the United States increased from about twenty-five to more than 750, most of them using some patriotic or religious name such as that employed by the American Guards, Christian Front, Christian Mobilizers, Silver Shirts, Crusaders for America and the American Destiny Party.

A recent survey made among almost seven hundred American colleges and universities, having approximately 600,000 undergraduates, revealed that eighty-two per cent of these institutions did not require a study of American history, that seventy-two per cent did not even list it as a prerequisite for entrance and that ninety-one per cent of the students were not taking courses in this important subject.

Since July 1, 1942, the War Damage Corporation has issued 3,800,000 policies covering destruction by enemy action on $95,000,000,000 worth of property and has collected $120,000,000 in premiums.—*By B. A. Butler, New York, New York.*

To make the 2,500,000,000 pounds of aluminum that will be used in this country in 1943 will require approximately 25,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity, or an amount that is about equivalent to the present annual consumption of all current in the entire state of New York.—*By Philip Koerner, Brooklyn, New York.*

American military forces now contain 4,500,000 men in the Army, 1,000,000 in the Navy, 200,000 in the Marine Corps and 110,000 in the Coast Guard. Despite its much smaller size, the Navy gets two out of every three skilled men entering the forces today chiefly because the Army does not promise specialists' ratings at once to new personnel.

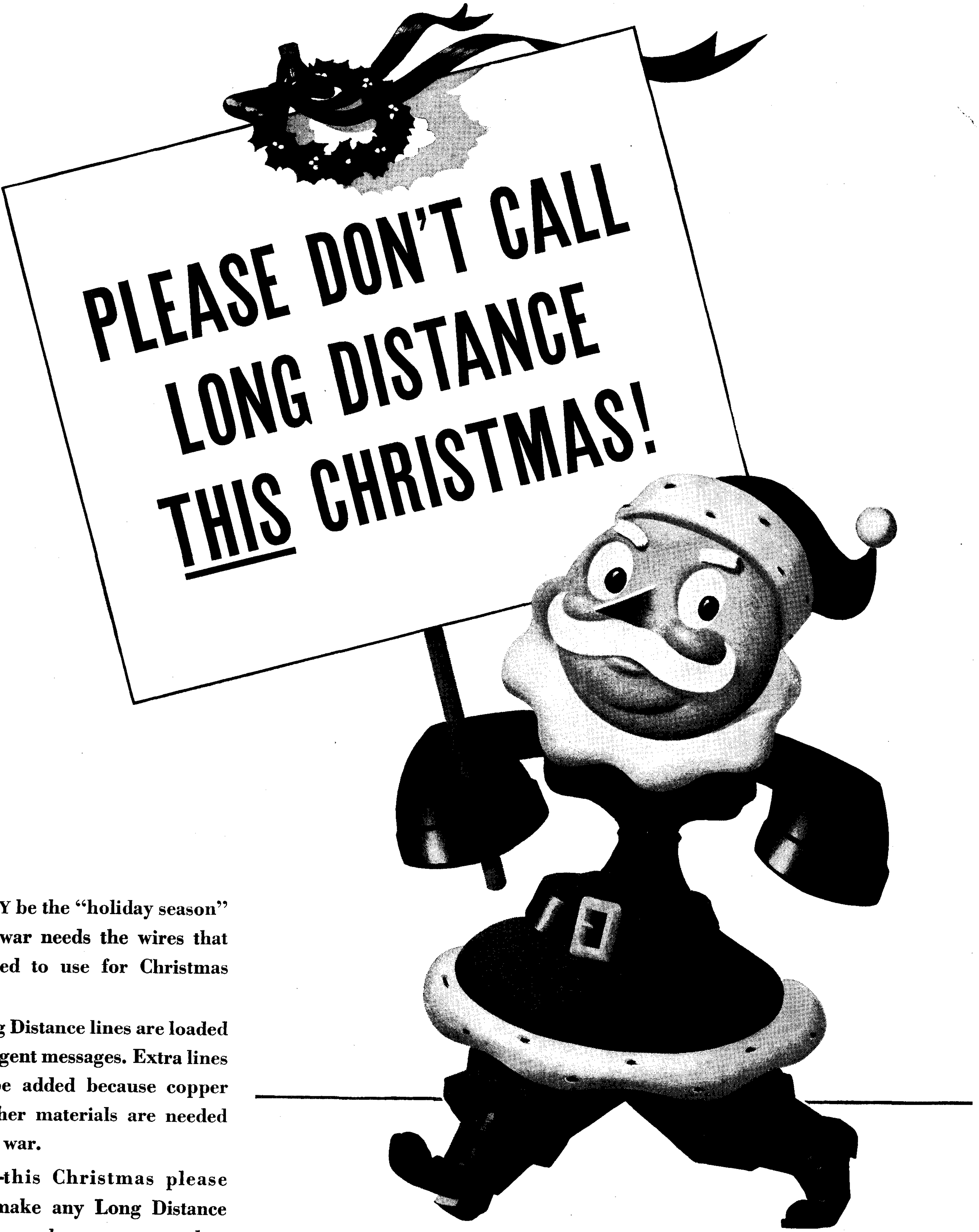
Of the Allied ships sunk by the enemy since September 3, 1939, twenty per cent were destroyed by submarines, twenty per cent by mines, twenty per cent by surface raiders and forty per cent by long-range bombers.

An Army-Navy "E" pin for excellence in war work was recently awarded to Blitz, a six-year-old Seeing Eye dog, for the faithful guarding and guiding of his blind master who works in a war production plant in Rahway, New Jersey. While his owner inspects manufactured parts through a highly developed sense of touch, the loyal animal lies beside the bench the entire day.

For every 1,000 one-dollar bills in this country today, there are 33 two-dollar bills, 400 five-dollar bills, 427 ten-dollar bills and 208 twenty-dollar bills.—*By Grace Smiley, Washington, D. C.*

To send 1,000,000 American soldiers overseas in the first World War required 400 troopships and 480 cargo vessels, averaging 9,000 tons, for their equipment and one month's supplies. Today this number of men need no more space for themselves, but their matériel takes 730 cargo ships, also averaging 9,000 tons, or an increase in tonnage of 52 per cent.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**


PLEASE DON'T CALL
LONG DISTANCE
THIS CHRISTMAS!

IT MAY be the "holiday season" —but war needs the wires that you used to use for Christmas calls.

Long Distance lines are loaded with urgent messages. Extra lines can't be added because copper and other materials are needed for the war.

So—this Christmas please don't make any Long Distance calls to war-busy centers unless they're vital.

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

RADIO
OF THE FUTURE?
A PREDICTION BY...
SAMUEL A. MARX
industrial designer
architect
Admiral
AMERICA'S SMART SET

Let's take time out for a bit of day-dreaming with Samuel A. Marx, noted industrial designer. Pictured above is his idea of the radio of the future. Sure . . . it's just a day dream . . . but not nearly as fantastic as you may think. War has stimulated engineering developments of far-reaching importance . . . many of which give promise of revolutionizing completely the radio of tomorrow.

In peace times, Admiral enjoyed the distinction of being the world's largest manufacturers of radio-phonograph combinations with automatic record changers. Today our entire engineering and production facilities are devoted exclusively to the making of radio equipment for the armed services. When victory is won and with it the blessings of peace . . . look again to Admiral, America's Smart Set, for the best in radio entertainment.

TUNE IN... *2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.*

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CONTINENTAL RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION ★ CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Ground-unit "brain" of Vultee's new Radio-Recorder, which picks up every reaction of plane on a test flight. Man at microphone can warn pilot of danger before it occurs

FICTION and the movies have painted the aircraft test pilot as a devil-may-care fellow who rips off the wings of a new plane every morning before breakfast, consumes two bottles of Scotch daily. In real life, your modern test pilot is far different. More of a scientist and engineer than a daredevil flier, he is usually the most sober and careful of airmen.

It is important news, therefore, that Vultee engineers have developed a radio-operated mechanism that will take many of the risks out of test-pilot work. The apparatus records and instantly transmits to laboratory crews on the ground a complete picture of the strains and flutters, performance and reactions, that occur too rapidly in today's airplanes for test crews' eyes and hands to record. It accurately gauges and reports impending dangers—such as stresses approaching the breaking point, in time to permit the test pilot to be warned.

The Vultee Radio-Recorder, or "test-flight stenographer," as it has been informally dubbed, largely takes the personal element out of flight test and substitutes an automatic and more scientific method. Under the old method, much depends upon the test pilot's feel of the experimental plane—a matter hard to translate into data for the engineers.

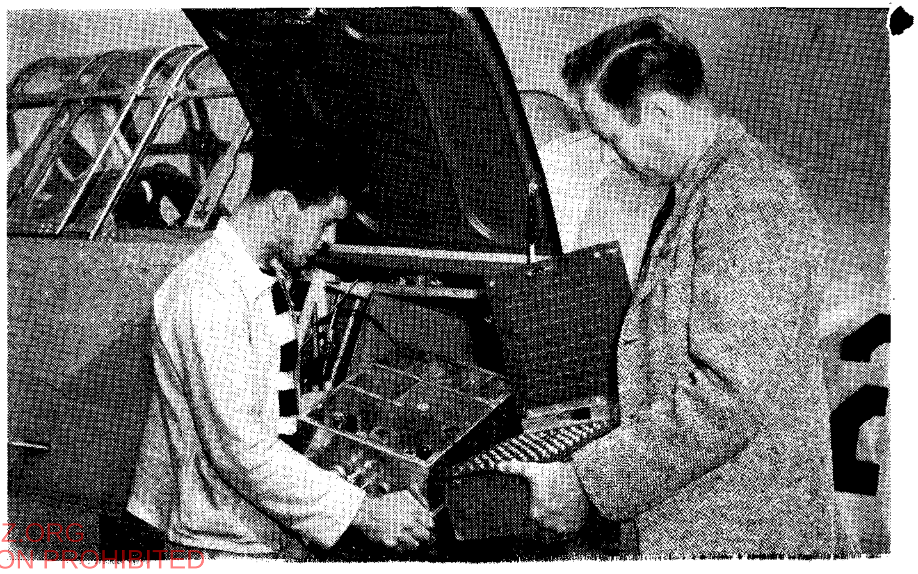
The old system also relies on photography to a considerable extent. Moving pictures are taken of the instrument panel and run off in slow motion for the engineers to study. This has many defects. As movie cameras are bulky, the other apparatus used in testing fighter planes must be curtailed, limiting the value of the tests. The time required to develop the film and to study and correlate the data is considerable. If the experimental plane crashes, all of the recordings are lost.

With the new test-flight stenographer, a total of 70 instrument readings are flashed in split-second cycles to the ground crew through the plane's standard radio transmitter. The readings include not only those of all standard flight instruments, but also the reaction of special test instruments which calibrate such things as the internal strains, stresses and vibrations developed within the plane during actual flight This complete flight data is recorded on moving tape for the immediate scrutiny of the engineers. It is simultaneously registered on both sound film and wax disks. Then a remarkable apparatus automatically analyzes each signal and plots its trend, giving instant warning of any trouble developing, besides correlating all of the data immediately.

The flow of signals, whether from the stratosphere or from below sea level (as in ground strafing tactics in Death Valley), is not affected by either static or fading, since the reception is based on frequency modulation. Were enemy

(Continued on page 53)

The compact unit installed in the plane is a network of instruments and gauges that transmit their observations to the ground unit



"THE ROCK," painted by [illegible]

Things you can count on . . . In a threatening world of shifting tides and ceaseless uncertainties, what man doesn't wonder—doesn't pause to ask himself, "Is anything the same"? These tough times have changed things plenty, but still there are lots of life's good things—good food, good clothes, lots to do, and freedom to choose.

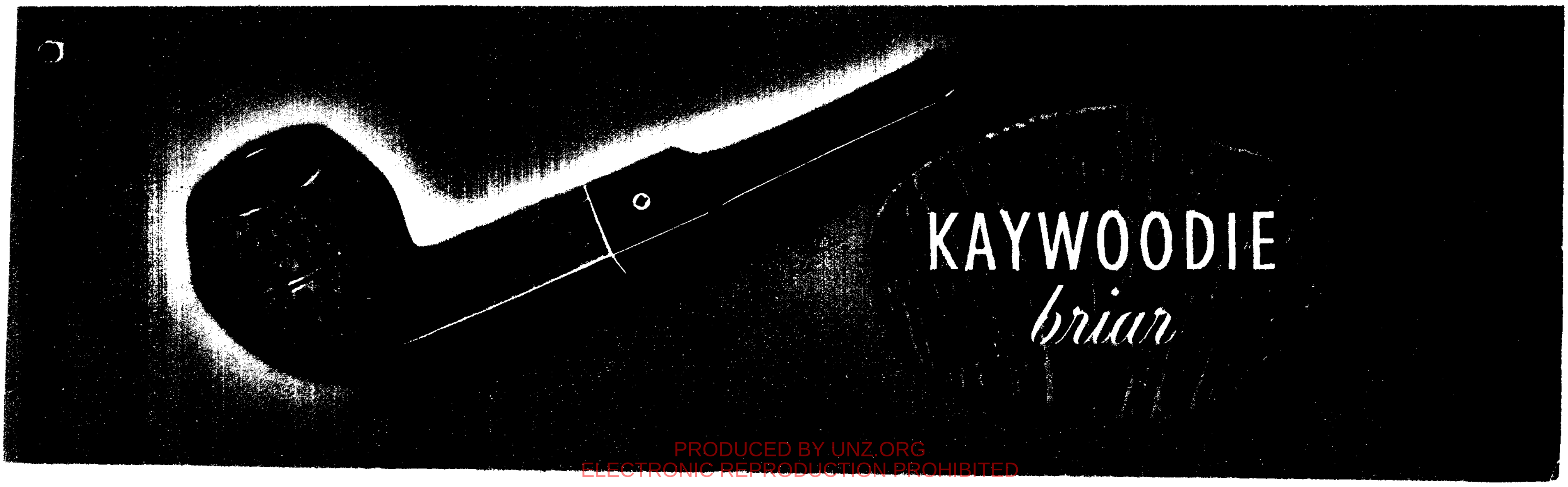
There's smoking, and there's Kaywoodie Briar. Thanks to prudence and foresight, *we still make these fine pipes from the same sweet-smoking, mellow Kaywoodie Briar we always used.* Fortunately this doesn't interfere with war-needs. It *might* have been different. There might have been no Kaywoodie Briar (world's only source of it is in the Mediterranean).

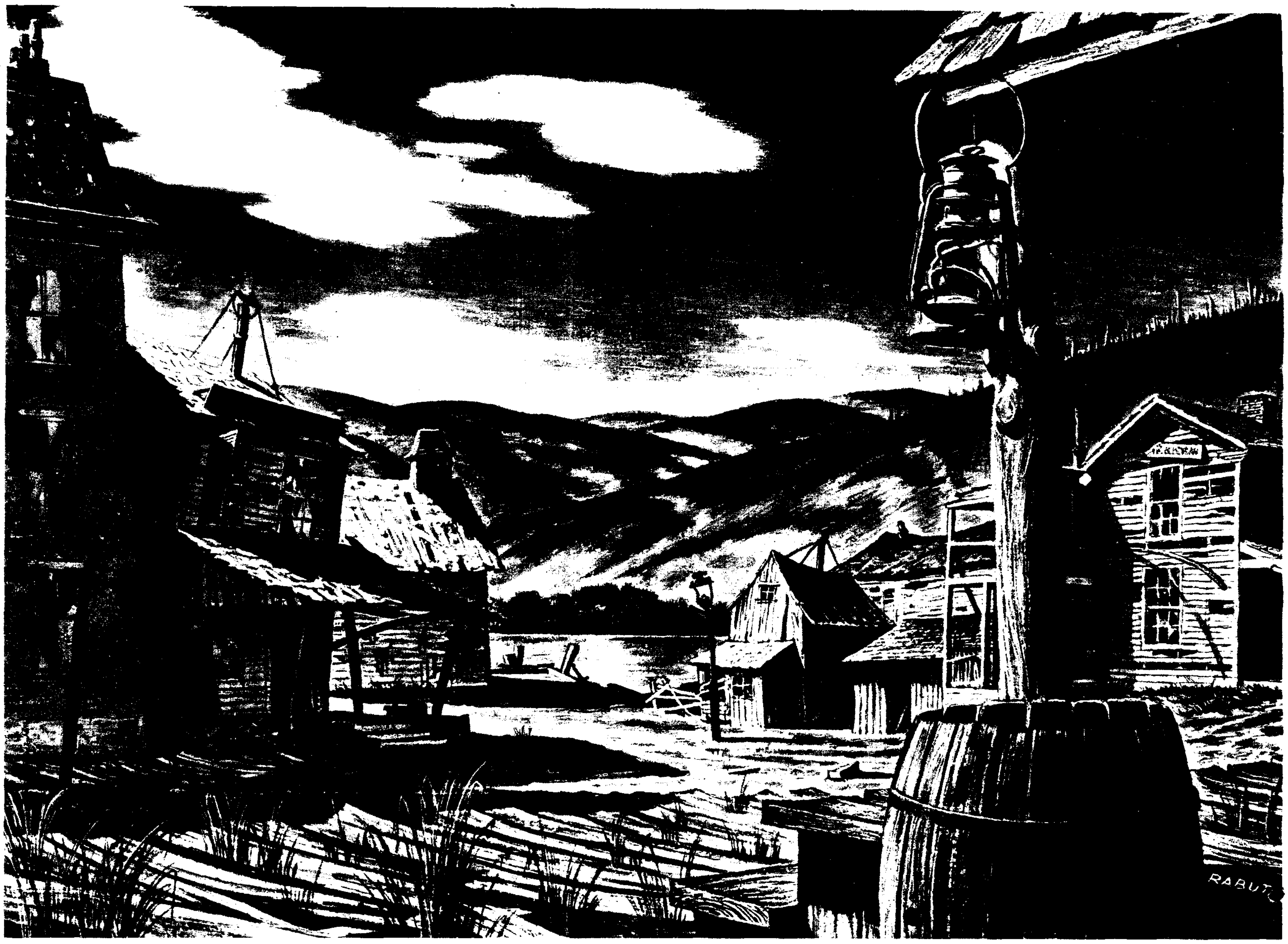
But that didn't happen. Long before the war, our men abroad warned that sources of Kaywoodie Briar in Greece and Albania were in danger of being lost. We got the briar out in time. More than enough for regular Kaywoodie requirements for several years. We brought it to America before the boats were needed for war-loads.

This fine Kaywoodie Briar, selected from the oldest and best offered by a free Earth, has been mellowing in a safe place. It has been prepared according to our own formula. It will give you the satisfaction you expect, from a Kaywoodie Pipe. It has the Kaywoodie Flavor. When you feel you should have another Kaywoodie Pipe, you can get one. It will be as good as ever. You can always count on Kaywoodie Briar.

This Kaywoodie Pipe is a "Bulldog" Shape Flame Grain Briar, $10. (actual size)

© 1942, Kaywoodie Co., New York and London. In New York, 630 Fifth Ave.





The town that was born three times

TUCKED AWAY in the mountainous part of one of our Eastern States is a town which, if we can believe the tales that are told about it, had three lives.

The town was started in the early part of the nineteenth century when a pioneer seeking a new home came upon a place where the rivers flowed together. The meadows bordering the rivers were rich and fair, and the mountains beyond were thick with timber and game. Here, he decided, would be the site of another Philadelphia or Pittsburgh.

And so a settlement was founded and grew. Great trees were cut and brought down from the mountains; saw mills hummed; and, using the plentiful bark from the trees, a tannery flourished.

But after a few years the mountains were denuded of trees, the saw mills had nothing to saw, and the tannery failed for want of bark. Discouraged, the people moved away, and what had once been a flourishing community became a place of tumble-down homes and weed-grown streets.

This condition might have continued indefinitely had not a vein of coal been discovered in the stump-covered hills. A colliery was built, miners and their families flocked to the town, and barges waited in long lines to carry the coal down the river. But hardly had the town's citizens become accustomed to prosperity, before the vein of coal was worked out, and again the town became deserted.

But once more Lady Luck came to the rescue. The clay in the banks along the river was found to be excellent for brickmaking, and, as kilns began to dot the hillsides, prosperity arrived once more. Alas, it was to stay for but a few years. Improvements in brickmaking made this method uneconomical, and the fires in many of the kilns went out, never to be lighted again.

Perhaps in your travels you have seen a town like this. But probably you have never seen one which received *three* chances to become prosperous. Unlike the fabled characters who have "won and lost a dozen fortunes" most towns, as well as most people, find it difficult to come back after adversity has dealt them just one really hard blow.

Knowing this, the wise man takes pains to protect his property and his possessions, for the sake of his family as well as himself. He knows that once his possessions are swept away, it may take many years to replace them. A devastating fire, litigation arising from a motor accident, a series of costly illnesses in the family, can give any man a numbing financial blow from which he may never completely recover.

Almost the only way to protect yourself and those close to you from such a tragedy is through insurance. Insurance of the right kind. Insurance in the right amounts.

Your local Travelers representative is an excellent man to call upon for advice when you take this important and necessary step. His experience in helping others in your community will stand you in good stead. He can help you make certain the future of your family will never rest on the whims of chance.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and fidelity and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The Nati for December 26, 1942

BEWARE OF FRAUDS IN UNIFORM

BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

and Frederick L. Collins

Hundreds of bogus heroes have been tracked down, but others still prowl in the uniforms of our Armed Forces. The F.B.I. head tells how you can help catch them

YOUNG women are not the only ones fascinated by a uniform.

In my job, I have had the unpleasant duty, these last few months, of tracking down several hundred young men—and older men, too—so enthralled with the uniforms of the Armed Forces of the United States that they have dared to don them without having any right to them whatsoever.

When I say "Don't be deceived by a uniform," I am not referring to the great army of young men for whom the uniform is a badge of courage and devotion and honor, nor am I addressing my warning exclusively to those younger women who may quite understandably have gone, as the saying is, "khaki-wacky" over the brave boys who are risking their lives to defend them. I am thinking also of the thousands of kindhearted people—men and women, old and young—who may fall victims to the machinations of these bogus heroes.

For example, shortly after midnight on the morning of September 10th, the telephone rang in the Los Angeles field office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and a low, carefully subdued voice identified its owner by name and street number.

"I want you to send someone to my house at once to make an arrest."

"Who is it you want arrested?" asked the special agent in charge.

"A guest."

What had happened was this: A thoroughly respectable Los Angeles man and wife had spent the evening dining and dancing at a night club where they had met a most personable young man in the uniform of a captain in the United States Army Air Corps. He introduced himself as a former member of the Flying Tigers, that heroic band of American sky soldiers who had fought the battle of the Burma Road.

In private conversation with our admiring couple, he modestly admitted his daring feats and even showed a citation he said he had received awarding him the "Special Distinguished Service Cross" for "heroic bravery and wounds received in battle." Impressed by these evidences of their new friend's valorous deeds, the Los Angeles householders invited him to come home with them for a good-night snack. But in the more realistic atmosphere of the family circle, the play-acting which had got by in the night club failed to stand up under his hosts' aroused suspicions. Hence the telephone call.

Questioned by the F.B.I., the "Flying Tiger" proved to be a draft selectee named Ben Breier, who, far from performing feats of bravery, had ignominiously deserted from the Army in July, 1942.

These night-club soldiers usually end their social careers as guests of the Bureau. I recall the case of a little black-eyed chap named Michael Telesco, the son of a Brooklyn bootblack and himself a bus boy with a chain restaurant company, who suddenly showed up in wartime Washington as a sergeant in the United States Engineers Corps.

His "military" career began in July, 1941, with the purchase of a pair of sun-tan pants similar to the regulation Army trousers. Two weeks later, he bought a khaki sun-tan suit; and as winter came on, he supplemented this outfit with a pair of regulation wool U. S. Army trousers purchased at a secondhand store. To these he gradually added other items until he had provided himself with the complete uniform of a line sergeant in the United States Army. So, when war came to Pearl Harbor, Sergeant Michael Telesco was ready for active duty on the night-club front.

Finding his uniform good for free transportation almost anywhere by automobile and frequent "eats" along the way at the expense of patriotic citizens, Michael traveled extensively. Sometimes he was an Army photographer; other *(Continued on page 55)*

Tucked away in the Los Angeles County jail, Mr. Ben Breier looks back with regret upon his impersonation of an Army Air Force captain and former Flying Tiger with 35 Jap planes to his credit

Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Until he met the girl, Jason Amboy had only a nodding acquaintance with Death. Thereafter he was to know him well, for Jason Amboy fell in love with the girl, and Death never left her unattended. A hair-raising new serial in ten parts

WITH a whispering of satin, the girl crossed the pebbled roof on tiptoe, holding her blue fox cape snugly about her shoulders against the salty night wind. She approached the edge of the building and looked down.

She shivered.

The well of darkness that yawned between the roof on which she stood and the face of the taller building across the narrow court looked bottomless. But the girl in the cerise satin gown was not shivering with fear. She was accustomed to the cozy warmth of another climate. The sharp wind from the Pacific, with its occasional wisps of fog that floated past like wraiths, seemed to penetrate to her marrow.

Off to her left were chains of saffron lights marking the adventurous soaring of the Golden Gate Bridge, and off to her right were the lights of Telegraph Hill, for this was San Francisco—San Francisco at a scandalous hour of the night.

A moon in its final quarter, now and then filmed by a ghost of fog, afforded her enterprise pale but ample illumination.

Near the skylight from which the girl had just climbed lay the plank she had seen earlier—a clean, stout-looking plank about a foot wide and long enough for her purposes.

She picked up the end of the plank that was nearest the low stone coping and she placed this end on the coping. She tiptoed to the other end, picked it up and pushed the plank across the narrow court, aiming it at an open window opposite. It was the only window in that particular group that was open tonight. She had counted on that. She knew it was Jason Amboy's bedroom window.

When the plank reached from the roof to the window sill she slipped off her high-heeled dancing slippers and tucked them under one elbow.

THEN, with her evening bag tucked under the other elbow, she stepped on the coping.

"Steady as you go," she counseled herself . . . and crossed the chasm. She entered Jason Amboy's bedroom and stood listening with held breath to the gentle snoring of the man. She took off her cape and put on her slippers. Then she opened her bag and removed from it a large black chiffon handkerchief and a key-ring flashlight.

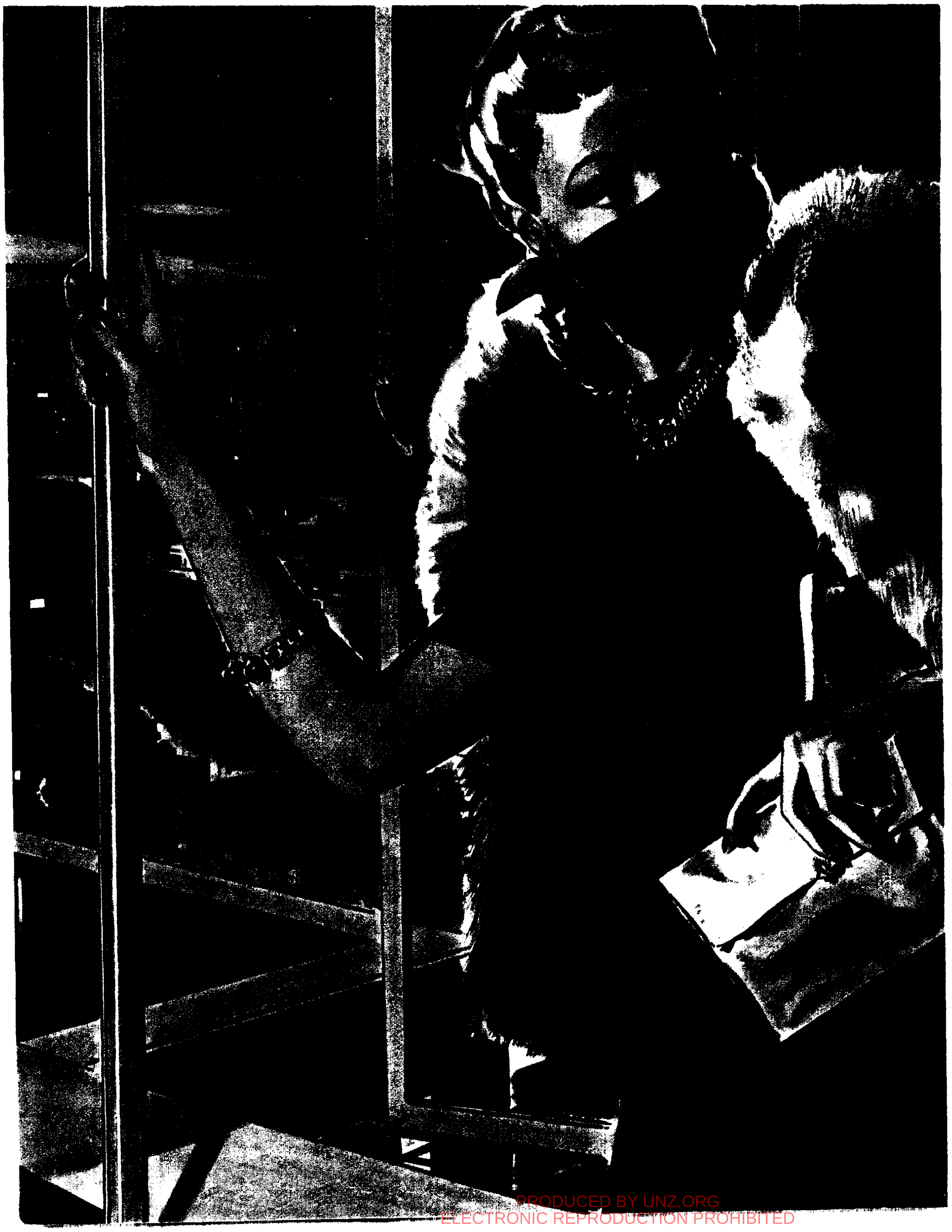
Jason Amboy was awakened by a breath of perfume that was, in the beginning, merely an incongruous note in a blissful dream about an airplane engine. He seldom dreamed about women, for his was an engineering mind, trained to grapple with engineering problems, so that his brain, even though it was dreaming, could not tolerate the suspicion that the sweetest-running airplane engine ever built was breathing off the gay and reckless fragrance of Toujours l'Audace.

The sweet roar of the engine on the block was replaced by the deathly stillness of his bedroom. Light was shining through his eyelids. He opened them and sat up. "Who is that?" he asked.

The answer was delivered to him by the heel of a hand. It caught him so sharply under the chin, with such a smart impact, that his head flew back, and for an immeasurable space of time he spun like a pin wheel in unnatural blackness.

When the spinning stopped, he was lying on his side with his wrists securely bound behind him. His ankles were tied together by a continuation of the cord that held his wrists, so that he was hog-tied. Something had been stuffed into his mouth and he could not spit it out. And his bedside light was on.

A slim girl in cerise satin stood beside his bed looking down at him with eyes as clear and cool as river jade. They were a deep and brilliant shade of green, and their shining black pupils were not con-



The girl removed her slippers and said, "I'm sorry I must leave you all trussed up, Mr. Amboy," in that low, melodious voice. With her slippers under her left arm and her evening bag in her hand, she began to climb on the window sill

racted but well dilated, attesting, if he cared to weigh such details, that she was not under a nervous strain, but was relaxed and serene. Nor could it be denied that she was the mistress of the situation.

Her eyes were her only visible features. The rest of her face, including nose and ears, was concealed behind a black chiffon handkerchief which she wore as a mask, the top of it crossing her face just below her eyes, the bottom of it ending in a point just below her chin.

Her light brown hair fell in a soft wave to her shoulders. Jason Amboy saw, as the mist cleared from his eyes, that his audacious visitor was most beautifully made. She had a lovely figure and beautiful arms, slender and smoothly rounded, and they were of an amazing copper color. What he could see of her face—her forehead and the smooth, young skin about her eyes—was the same unusual shade.

"Don't be alarmed," the girl said in a melodious voice. "I'm not going to hurt you, Mr. Amboy."

The man she had hog-tied with such deftness made a low, trumpeting sound through his nose. He wasn't afraid she was going to hurt him. He was afraid she might get away without his finding out who she was. He was completely mystified.

He made another trumpetlike sound through his nose. The girl laughed softly, then turned away and began a leisurely inspection of the bedroom. She strolled to the clothes closet, opened the door, and glanced in. She closed the door and went to his dressing table. She opened the drawers and looked at their contents. She went to the tall chest of drawers and opened and inspected each drawer. Then she walked out of the room.

Jason Amboy heard her opening the drawers in his desk, and he heard the sound of paper rattling. He wondered what she could possibly find to interest her in the contents of his desk.

SHE returned presently to the bedroom. She went to the window, picked up the fox cape from the chair and put it about her shoulders. She removed her slippers and said, "I'm sorry I must leave you all trussed up, Mr. Amboy," in that low, melodious voice.

With her slippers under her left arm and her evening bag in her hand, she began to climb on the window sill while Jason Amboy held his breath.

Her shadow in moonlight lingered a moment on the sill, then it, too, vanished.

Jason Amboy released his breath silently through his nose. He heard a faint scraping sound on his window sill, and a faint scraping sound farther away.

At the other end of his apartment, a door latch clicked and footsteps crossed a hardwood floor. A moment later, his manservant Flack walked in. Flack was partly dressed. He quickly freed the young man's wrists and ankles, and he removed the gag, which was the end of a pillow slip.

"What happened, sir?"

Jason Amboy made several grimaces. His mouth was numb and his jawbone ached. "A girl in a kind of pink gown got in here and clipped me under the chin and tied me up and went through this apartment with a fine-tooth comb." . . .

His valet's dark eyes were gleaming. Jason Amboy suspected that Flack thought the situation was very amusing. But his tone was respectful: "I thought I heard someone moving about. She went through your desk, sir. Shall I phone the police?"

"No, Flack. I don't think she got anything. She came across a plank from that roof, and she went the same way. She must have come and gone through the skylight over there. Isn't it over the service stair well?"

"I believe so, Mr. Amboy."

"Finish dressing as fast as you can, Flack, and get down in front of that building. She'll be going down the service stairway or the front elevator. She'll have to go out the front door or through that service court."

"Unless she lives in that building, sir."

"We can check on that later. She has light brown hair and green eyes and she was wearing a blue fox cape over her gown. She's very darkly tanned. Follow her. I want to know all about her."

"Yes, sir. Do you know what she was after?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

Flack was an anachronism. In a day of servants distinguished by their indifference to their work, he was a perfect manservant, bringing to his tasks an enthusiasm that never staled. Jason Amboy had had him for almost five years. Flack was obedient and willing, yet there had always been a strange, tacit antagonism between the two men.

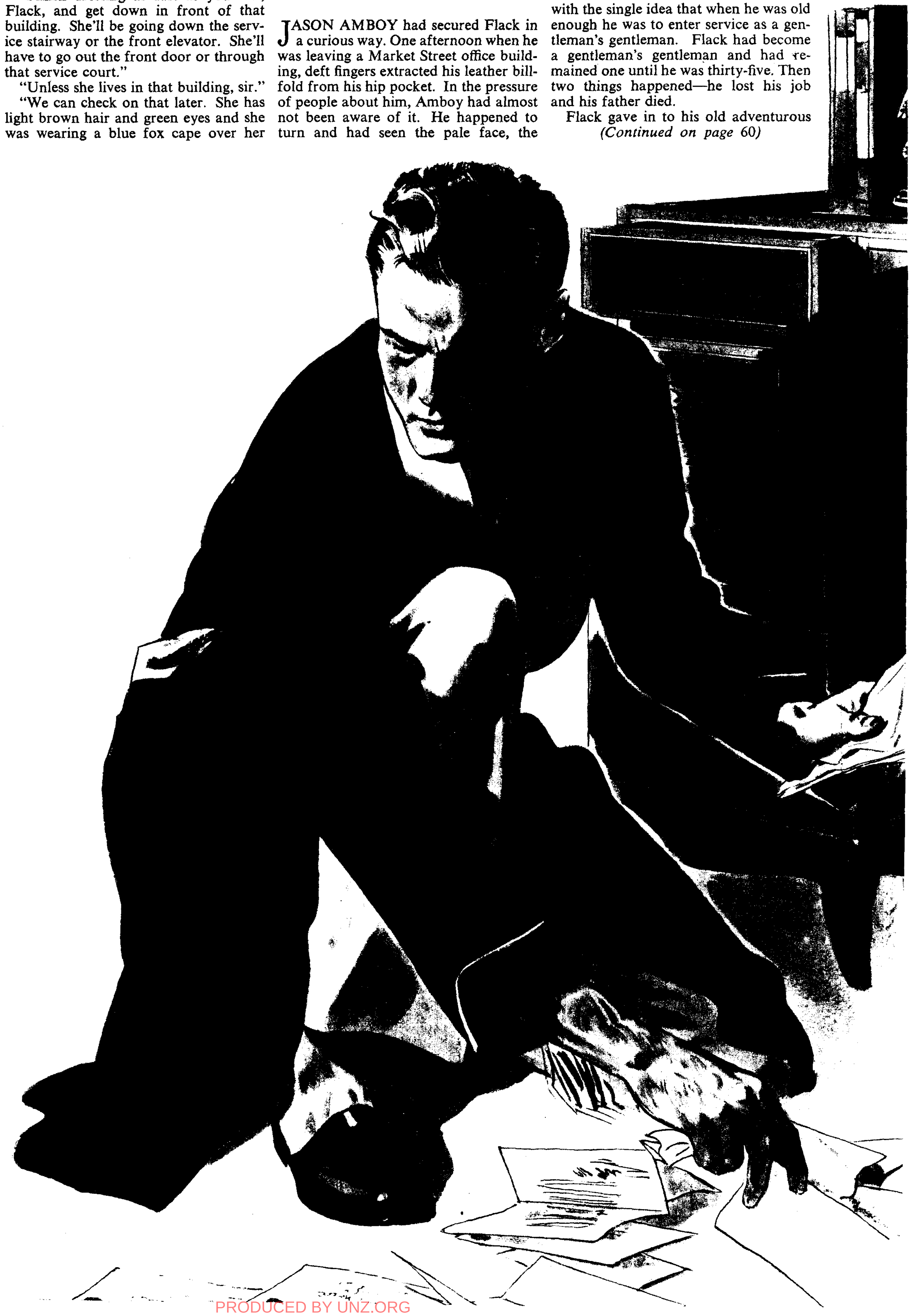
JASON AMBOY had secured Flack in a curious way. One afternoon when he was leaving a Market Street office building, deft fingers extracted his leather billfold from his hip pocket. In the pressure of people about him, Amboy had almost not been aware of it. He happened to turn and had seen the pale face, the frightened brown eyes of the short man a little behind and to the left of him.

At the instant that the billfold left his pocket, Jason Amboy grasped the pickpocket by the wrist. A woman saw the tableau and screamed. A policeman happened to be near.

Flack was so frightened, he was such a wistful little man that Jason Amboy's sympathies were aroused. He talked to Flack in jail and Flack told him a strange, touching story: His father had been a butler in an aristocratic San Francisco household. He had raised Flack with the single idea that when he was old enough he was to enter service as a gentleman's gentleman. Flack had become a gentleman's gentleman and had remained one until he was thirty-five. Then two things happened—he lost his job and his father died.

Flack gave in to his old adventurous

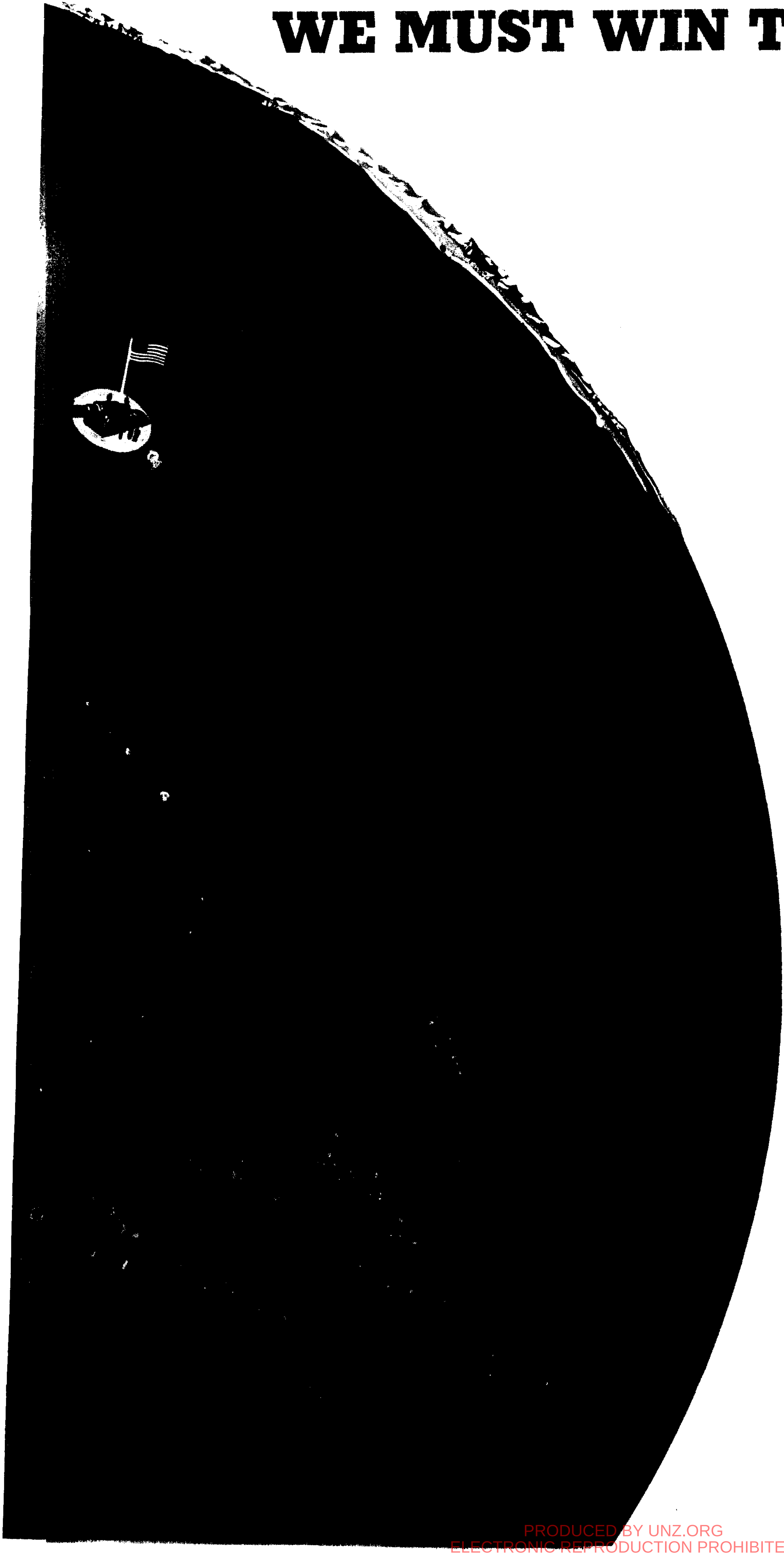
(Continued on page 60)



Jason inspected his desk. The drawers were all open and papers were scattered about on the floor. He assured himself it contained nothing of value to anyone. Aside from a receipt or two, everything in it could have been burned

Map shows American and Japanese fronts along line stretching a third of way around globe. Japanese front is virtually self-supporting within the mandate, chief base of which is Truk, Japan's Pearl Harbor—while vast distances separate us from the North American mainland. Thick arrows suggest our probable future offensives

WE MUST WIN THE PACIFIC



By W. B. Courtney

ILLUSTRATED BY
KENNETH THOMPSON

Whatever happens elsewhere, the Pacific Ocean remains our own special show, an unshared front where America's production, her strategy, her skill and valor must stand the acid test alone. Here's why

TO a majority of at-home Americans, a year ago, the Pacific was remote, almost legendary; something remembered from childhood tales of cannibal isles and missionaries' sacrifices. But this war has made its farthest corners intimate and dear to thousands of American families. For already its waters, the sands of its islands and the mud of its jungles have been preciously stored with American blood.

By far the bulk of American casualties have been on the Pacific front; by far the highest number of those we still must unfortunately suffer probably will be there. Further, the American people at large, every reporter knows, hold instinctively the theories that military leaders hold professionally. Our national feeling with regard to the Pacific burns with a purer flame. We seem to realize that here is not a war rooted in the age-old hatreds and grudges of Europe. Here, rather, is a war to resolve new and inescapable problems.

Thus, our hearts as well as our minds today are directed toward the Pacific—its history, its strategy and distances—because, while in Europe and elsewhere we fight in consort, in the Pacific we must inevitably fight alone. It's particularly "our war."

The Pacific Ocean is the greatest natural phenomenon on earth; and, in the light of this war, possibly the most interesting and important.

In this age of the airplane, it is the only ocean that has never been truly flown nonstop; it is the only ocean vast enough to frustrate current air power. The first nation that produces in quantity bombers of long enough range, with big enough loads, may well seize its key. Carriers are but an in-between answer; the heavy losses in carriers of both sides in the Pacific have proved them too vulnerable to counterattack.

The Ocean of Superlatives

The ocean was named by Magellan, the great Portuguese who was the first man to cross it—98 days under sail, from the Straits of Magellan in South America to Guam. He called it "Pacific"—calm and peaceful. In this respect, Magellan was lucky—as many a Yank fighting man could testify, out of his green-faced misery. In its storms, as in all other things, the Pacific drives the most conservative observer to superlatives; it is biggest, widest, deepest, bluest, quietest, grandest and wildest.

Its area is greater than the entire land surface of the globe. You could drop the whole United States in any one of several expanses of the Pacific, and none of its frontiers would touch as much as an islet. Yet its map in places is as salted with islands as the Milky Way is with stars; although even here you may cruise among them for days, as our transport did, and not sight land—so far are they apart. The Pacific is nearly twice as large as the North and South Atlantics combined, and it has more than double their total amount of water. It contains more than half of all the water on earth, including oceans, seas, rivers and lakes. It is more than 9,000 miles long from Bering Strait to the Antarctic Circle; and it is 10,000 miles wide at the equator. It takes the sun ten hours to cross it, or nearly one half of its day's journey. It has the greatest known deeps—the Philippine, east of the islands, and the Nero, off Guam, for instance, both going down six miles or more. Its average depth is over two and a half miles. By contrast, even the latest German U-boats cannot submerge with safety more than 600 feet.

To jaded men of all countries in harsher climes, its pleasant tropic islands—Tahiti, Hawaii, Samoa, Pukapuka, Rarotonga—have been *(Continued on page 66)*

How to Help a Spy

By Joe Alex Morris

FOREIGN EDITOR, UNITED PRESS

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

The success of our African move is an object lesson in the value of curbing loose talkers. Enemy agents didn't get an inkling of the impending invasion despite the fact that Americans are internationally known as notorious chin-waggers. Here are some revealing instances

IT WAS a blazing dawn, and a famous American war correspondent crouched in the bow of a landing barge, watching the coast on which Allied forces from the mighty 850-ship armada had landed for the invasion of French Africa. It was a moment of excitement, of triumph; a moment that climaxed the safe transport of an unprecedented expeditionary force across perilous seas. But the correspondent, waiting to plunge into the warm surf, shook his head despondently.

"What's wrong, pal?" a soldier asked. "Don't you want to get wet?"

"I don't mind water," the famous reporter replied with a sigh, "but I'm paid to know what's what, and I don't like to be fooled. Yet when we left London I was so sure we were going to Russia that I nearly brought my snowshoes! My hat's off to the guy who did it."

That correspondent's hat was off to a little group of men in London and Washington and a few other key spots behind the fighting front, who had camouflaged with amazing skill one of the most massive movements of armed forces in this or any other war. The security of our forces approaching the African coast depended on secrecy and upon confusing the enemy, and one of the Americans who should have taken a bow—but didn't—was a quiet, genial fellow: Brigadier General Robert McClure, who is in the business of fooling the Axis.

General McClure is tops in London in the mysterious American Army organization known as G-2, which is Intelligence. His field is the European theater of operations.

As if that weren't enough, G-2 heads six divisions—counterintelligence, administration, training and operations, public relations and military attachés—in addition to Intelligence.

The result of the labors, probings and experiences of General McClure's departments might be summed up in a few words: "Americans talk too much."

A few careless words, an address on a case of machine-gun bullets, a hint by some small-minded official who wants to show his friends that he is in the know—any of these things might cost the lives of American boys on transports headed for Africa, or might give the enemy an opportunity to trap our forces at landing points. Even so harmless a thing as a fresh lime might have been seen by an enemy agent, who could use it as a key to solve a mystery.

As a matter of fact, a fresh lime scared McClure badly at one tense point in the preparations. An American agent who had helped to prepare the way for the invasion by traveling to Morocco returned to London just as the vast machinery of invasion was set in operation. He brought McClure a lime—an impossible purchase in England at any price—and proudly placed it in the center of his chief's desk, in the busy office while the general was out of the room. Then he sat back to await thanks. Instead, when the chief returned and saw that lime exposed to the view of anybody who happened to be in the office, he almost exploded with anger.

It might have seemed inconsequential to most persons, but to a clever enemy agent, that lime could have provided the key to the whole invasion plan because it was a type that grows only in a particular country and in that way pointed directly to the scene of the greatest Intelligence activity.

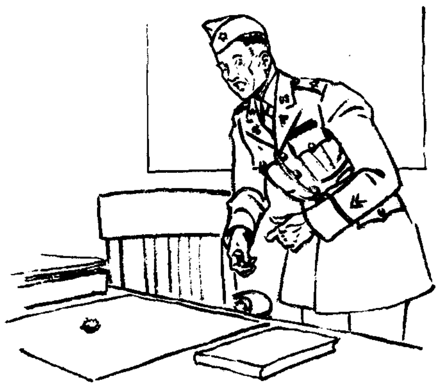
Little Things Are Greatest Worry

It is little things like peculiar limes that worry our Intelligence officers these days, when the United Nations are swinging out in offensive, and secrecy becomes far more important to us than at any previous time in this war. The spy with the false beard or the beauteous female agent who steals papers from the weak-mouthed colonel at a gay party is among our lesser troubles.

The spying business in this war is just as important as ever, but it is an efficient, routine, hardheaded business in which the most vital roles go to men who collect information from thousands of sources and who know how to piece it all together to make a single picture, as you would work out a jigsaw puzzle.

Bribery, blackmail, theft are all parts of the espionage business, and sometimes glamor and hairbreadth escapes and fictionlike adventures are necessary, under certain circumstances.

In preparing for the African invasion, the political work of American advance agents was of the utmost importance and was in the skillful hands of such men as Robert Murphy, American consul in Algeria, and Major General Mark Wayne Clark, who made a weird, dramatic visit by submarine to the scene of invasion. Others risked their lives in adventures that cannot be related until after the war, but the greatest danger to the success of the operation came in the routine day-by-day occurrences that might have



ACME

The man who fooled the Axis on our African invasion—Brigadier General Robert McClure, head of U. S. Army Intelligence in Europe

Americans question captured French troops near Oran—a situation that might have been reversed by one break in preinvasion secrecy

INTERNATIONAL

tipped off the enemy to our objective.

That's why Lieutenant General Ike Eisenhower's aide visited the London shops two weeks before the invasion, buying warm underwear and other arctic equipment. That's why several American and British units were issued equipment for cold weather—equipment which was changed only on the eve of their departure. That's why newspapermen, by twos and threes, were given a few hours' notice to report at a secret meeting place with full equipment. They had no opportunity to say goodby to their friends.

Their offices heard nothing of them for two weeks, after which their dispatches began flowing from African ports—much to the surprise of some of London's best-informed reporters who were sure their colleagues were headed for Norway or perhaps for France or even Dakar.

Our Intelligence officers knew that preparations for such a huge expeditionary force could not be kept from the enemy, but they could and did execute the best plan of this war for confusing the enemy as to the objective, and even after the vanguard of the armada had assembled at Gibraltar and had been seen by Axis agents on the Spanish border, German-controlled propaganda machines could come no closer to the truth than to guess that the huge convoy was headed for Malta.

It was not all smooth going, either, for our Intelligence or for American reporters assigned suddenly to various forces. The expedition was given the most thorough news coverage of any operation of this war, and, of course, American press associations and the newspaper bureaus of London were pledged not to reveal to their New York headquarters the departure of newsmen selected to make the journey.

They were not, however, prevented from appealing to headquarters for reportorial reinforcements, and there must have been considerable indignation in New York offices when well-staffed London bureaus suddenly began calling for help for no apparent reason. But the reason was apparent in London where cub reporters had taken over diplomatic runs, and office managers had to roll up sleeves and return to extra-hour tricks on the copy desk. United Press, for instance, sent six men from London to secret foreign assignments of indefinite duration in the space of six days; Associated Press sent four, and International News Service four.

Impending Vacation Postponed

The strangest case was that of one big American newspaper's London bureau. One staff member was an American on leave, another was ordered by the home office to transfer to Cairo, leaving only a bureau manager, who might be called Jones, in London. Jones was one of the first assigned to the African expedition and, as head of the bureau, he began searching for some way to persuade his foreign editor in America that the Cairo transfer should be delayed. He recalled that during his editor's recent visit to England they discussed the possibility of some Allied expeditionary operation and agreed that Jones should take the assignment. They jokingly referred to it as a "vacation" from London routine.

In a moment of inspiration, Jones cabled his editor urging that the transfer of one man from London to Cairo be postponed and adding the significant words: "Because of my impending vacation." But the editor at home had forgotten. His reply was sympathetic, but suggested that Jones postpone his vacation. Jones read it with a shrug that meant there would soon be one London bureau without any staff.

"Imagine me suggesting that Eisenhower postpone the invasion of Africa!" he remarked. "Somehow I just can't bring myself to do it."

Exaggerated secrecy—attention to little things for which the enemy was watching—made the African expedition a success, but Allied officials had a wide background of experience on which to base their preparations. Some of the thousands of instances of carelessness that cost lives in the past have come to light in recent months, and these served as guides for our Intelligence staff, which operates from headquarters that once was one of the most expensive apartment houses in Britain—a luxury building with the fanciest varicolored bathtubs in the country.

It's a busy place these days. Its luxurious drawing rooms and spacious lobbies have been partitioned with wallboard. Its dining rooms provide space for secretaries' desks. Its walls are plastered with posters warning against loose talk. It's a building that houses many secrets and perhaps some tragedies. But it also houses many amusing stories that may help the public to understand how important it is to get over the American tendency to boast a good deal on the basis of little information.

Our officials here are convinced that Americans are less security-conscious than any other people. We have yet to learn the lessons the British learned the hard way, and which today inspire hundreds of messages from private persons to British officials every day, reporting suspicious circumstances and incidents.

One illustration of the American viewpoint of security, even among the Armed Forces (which receive special instructions), arose soon after American troops began arriving in these islands. In one company there was a soldier of Chinese origin. He wrote a letter home, a handsome letter in Chinese characters painted with the greatest delicacy on fragile paper. It was turned over by the Army censor to a translator and proved to be a shocking violation of all the instructions given troops in regard to security.

It was such a grave instance that headquarters decided it should be used as an example to troops and that the soldier should be severely punished.

The translation was therefore sent to the soldier's captain, with a note pointing out the circumstances and ordering appropriate disciplinary action. A few days later the captain replied: "I have complied with your instructions, and Private Blank has been punished by being required to write Paragraph 40 of Article IX of the Basic Field Manual, regarding security, ten times in Chinese and ten times in English." The captain's idea of punishment was rather typical of the American attitude toward security when we got into war. It's that attitude which our G-2 is forced to fight, day after day.

Frequently, the American habit of talking freely shocks our British hosts into vigorous private protest. One telephone switchboard girl at a post in a London hotel rang up United States Army headquarters and exclaimed: "This place is full of American officers who keep calling one another on the house telephone and talking about things they shouldn't. Why don't you make them stop it?"

She was switched to the proper G-2 officer and was asked for room numbers. Talking over house phones, on which almost anyone might listen, quickly stopped, much to the chagrin of a dozen loose-tongued officers.

Then there was the American Army colonel who worked for months to get an assignment to London. It finally came through, and he was overjoyed. On the day he left Washington, he was given a packet of confidential papers to deliver to General Blank at United States headquarters. He arrived in London, by air, late one evening—too late, he decided, to report to headquarters. So he called an old friend and they dined at a small, popular restaurant to which the colonel took his brief case containing the papers. His friend was charming, and the dinner was good, and it was not until he was back at his hotel that the colonel discovered his brief case was missing.

Missing Brief Case Found

It occurred to him that his companion might not be all that he imagined—or rather might be more—but he could not believe that an enemy agent could be in Britain. He started out to retrace his steps, but the taxicab he had hired was long since gone, and the restaurant where he had dined was closed. He kept at it all night, telephoning friends and reporting his troubles to the police and pacing the streets, but without result. At last, in desperation, he called his dinner companion and was convinced rather coolly that nothing was known of the missing papers.

Despairingly, he went to headquarters the next morning and reported to General Blank. When he had been ushered into the office, the general sat impassively at his desk—in the middle of which was the colonel's missing brief case.

"You've found it!" the colonel exclaimed joyfully. "It's something I brought for you."

"Yes, we found it," the general replied. He stood up and held out a packet of papers. "And I have brought something for you."

He handed the colonel an authorization for an immediate return trip to Washington by slow boat, and orders to make use of it, starting that evening.

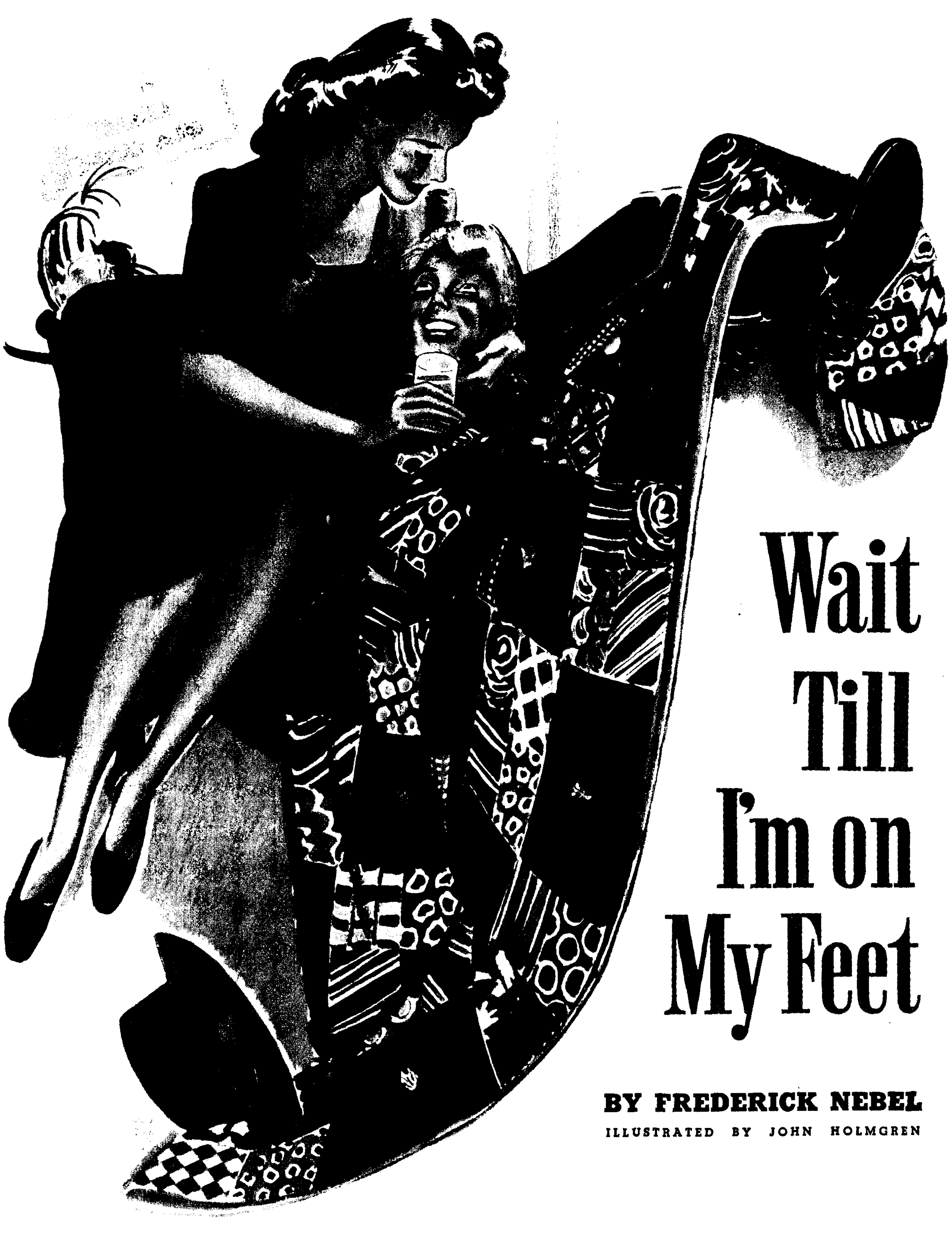
The colonel's case was an illustration of the comprehensive nature of the organization built up in the British Isles and vastly extended since the war began. It now has the co-operation of our own Intelligence and the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"The colonel's missing brief case was in our hands an hour or so after he walked away and left it in the restaurant," a high official explained. "If he

(Continued on page 58)

Natives of Oran line the streets to watch the first American troops enter their city. Surprise nature of the move contributed greatly to cutting down of American casualties

ACME



When Chip came to he was lying on the couch. His feet were higher than his head and he was wrapped in a patchwork quilt. Tracy smiled at him. "You're a hopeless case. Here, drink this'

Wait Till I'm on My Feet

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The problem of a convalescent seaman who fell in love with his nurse. It seems the lady had made other plans

BY NOON he was all dressed and ready to leave the hospital but he wanted to see Tracy first. He had something he wanted to give her. It was a silver dollar. It was his good-luck piece. His Uncle Shack had given it to him, saying, "Chip, my boy, it saw me safe and sound through the last ruckus and I hope it'll see you through this one." Chip valued it. It was the only thing besides his papers that he had escaped with when his ship, forty-one days out of the Plata, had been torpedoed off the Florida coast. But he wanted Tracy to have it. He thought that much of Tracy.

Gina Antonelli said she was probably on the floor somewhere and told him to wait on the back veranda and she'd find her and tell her. Gina made it seem like a jolly conspiracy; she even went so far as to squeeze Chip's arm reassuringly.

He paced up and down the back veranda but in a little while his legs began to shake and beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. He sat down and wiped his face. The doctor had told him to take it easy, to rest, to get a lot of sleep; but he was young and restless and as a patient he had been quite a problem, always wanting to get up. The hospital was small, on the outskirts of this small coastal city, but it was strict.

When the screen door clicked, Chip jumped up and said, "Hello, hello!" in his best buoyant manner. He felt a momentary giddiness from having jumped up so abruptly; but he grinned—not convincingly—and smacked fist into palm. "Well, here I am, on my way out, at last. It's wonderful."

"Yes," said Tracy Gibbs in cool, detached reflection. "At last. It's truly wonderful." She gave him a level glance. "Well, what do you want?"

He chuckled hollowly. "Gosh, you're not very friendly."

"Right. I'm not very friendly. Now what do you want?"

"Well, I want—I want to say goodby and—"

"Goodby," she said. She turned and yanked open the door.

He jumped. "Hey, wait a minute!" In his excitement he caught hold of her arm. "Please, Tracy—"

She whirled, wrenching her arm free, and glared at him. The color rose in her face and made her very beautiful in a wild, stormy way.

She said in a low, tight voice, "Look here, Mr. Adams; let's get this straight. For two weeks, ever since they dragged you out of the water and brought you here, my life has been a walking nightmare. I stood it—I took it all—because you were a patient here and I wasn't going to the super and be a crybaby. I stood your stupid grins. I stood your silly attempts to hold my hand. I stood your ridiculous, anonymous letters, signed Anonymous. And your crazy telegram, 'Wait till I'm on my feet. Oh, boy!' and signed, The Horizontal Kid. All that I stood—in silence. But now you're no longer a patient here. You're on your feet, thank the Lord, and I don't have to put up with you!"

In urgent haste, Chip said, "But I like you, Tracy. I admit maybe I did some crazy things, but I couldn't help it. Why, the first time I laid eyes on you I said to myself, 'Chip, old kid, there she is. There's the girl for you.' "

She shuddered and closed her eyes tight. He took hold of her arm again, feeling her become instantly rigid.

"Let me go," she growled, not opening her eyes. "Let me go or I'll scream."

He patted her shoulder. "There, there, now don't get upset, Tracy. I know this must seem kind of sudden to you. Two people can't see the same thing in the same light at the same time. One sees it first, sometimes, and has to try hard to make the other see it. I am trying hard, Tracy. All I ask is a chance."

SHE looked at him with a kind of bitter commiseration, saying, "I must remember. I mustn't lose control of myself. You're no doubt mentally ill."

"I'll find a room in town. When can I see you? Can I see you tonight? Please say yes, Tracy. About eight. Okay?"

She put her hand to her forehead. "I am slowly going mad," she said.

"Tracy," he said, "look." He held up his good-luck piece. "This was my old Uncle Shack's. I want you to have it. It's a little thing, I know, but it's brought me good luck and I hope it will bring you good luck too. You're the only person in the world I'd think of giving it to." He took hold of her hand and placed his talisman in it.

"I see," she said, glassy-eyed. She held it out. "Here."

"But it's for you. It's my own personal good-luck charm."

"If I keep it will you guarantee my good luck will be such that I'll never see you again?"

He looked miserable. "You must have led an awful life, Tracy. Did somebody hurt you once? You're acting now like somebody that hates the world and everybody in it. And I'll bet you hate yourself too."

Her face grew white. She still held out the talisman. "Here, take it."

"No," he said. "If you don't want it, chuck it out on the lawn."

She threw it out on the lawn and he watched it land and bounce softly in the grass. A couple of tears ran down her cheeks and her lips shook.

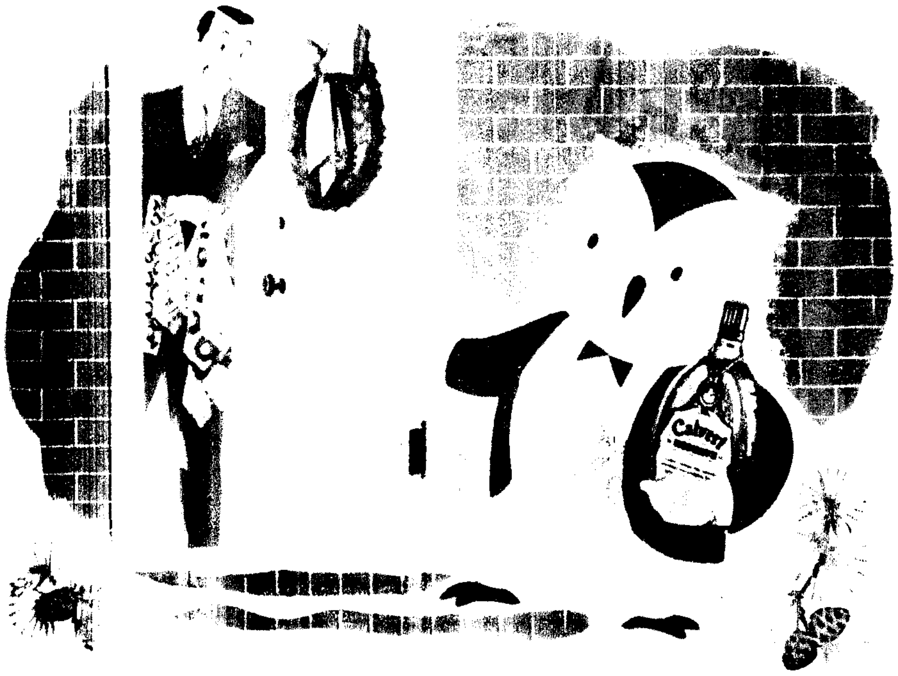
"You're crying because you threw it away," Chip said. "You do mean things and you cry."

She went out to the lawn, picked up the silver dollar and brought it back. She said, "I lost my temper. It was an ugly thing to do. I apologize."

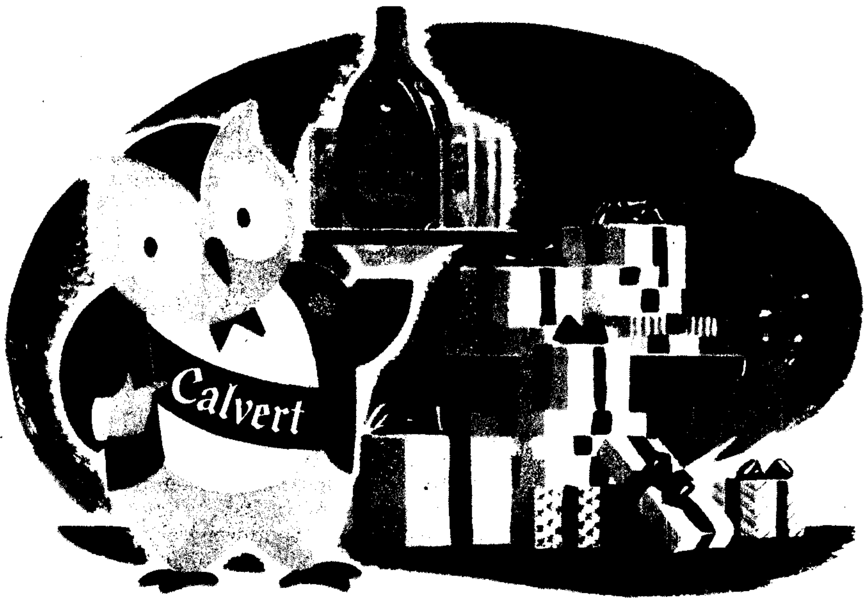
"Ah, forget it, Tracy," Chip said, taking heart again. "I guess it was my fault

(Continued on page 47)

Calvert shows how—
with holidays near—
To triple your wisdom,
and triple good cheer!



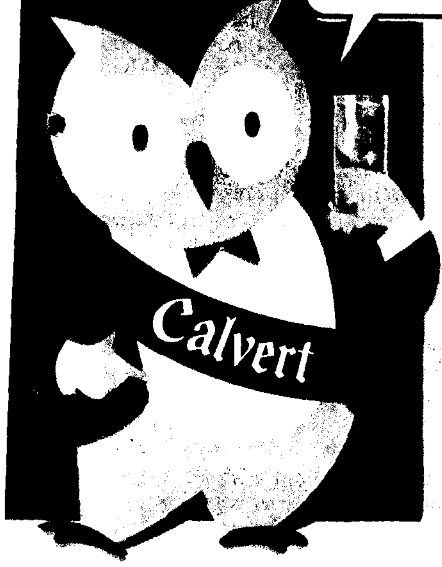
"**Give wisely,** my friend," says the Owl,
"You *know* Dad has quite enough ties;
But you'll tickle him pink with this glorious drink—
Give him CALVERT, the grand whiskey prize!"



2. '**Serve wisely,** if friends should drop in
To join in a holiday toast;
Serve CALVERT, whose flavor wins connoisseurs' favor—
You'll be hailed as a *prince* of a host!"

3. "**Drink wisely!**" concludes the Old Owl,
"Drink CALVERT—that's friendly advice!
It's smoother, old fellow—deliciously mellow!
And a word to the wise should suffice!"

GIVE WISELY, SERVE WISELY, DRINK WISELY



Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
THE GIFT WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

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SPECIAL
Blended Whiskey
The whiskey of good taste
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

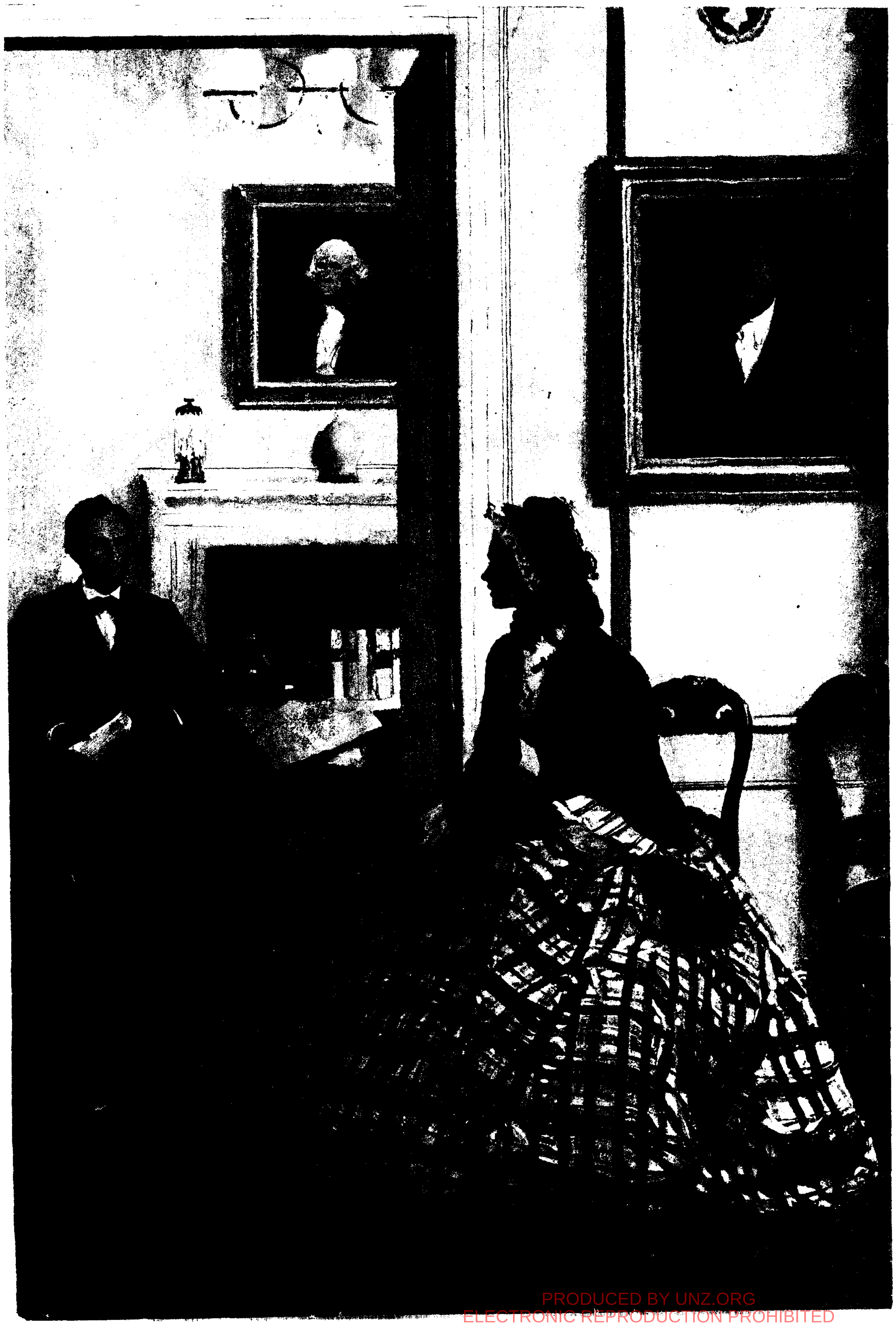
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

Lincoln's LAST CHRISTMAS

BY PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

There is no record of his voice, nor is there a man alive who remembers it. But the pages of time are more than eloquent with his imperishable goodness



He pushed her written statement away. When he glanced up, he saw that she was smiling at him

FROST laced the edges of the windowpanes, vignetting the bleak winter landscape. Snow does queer things to places, he thought. In the twilight, the wide mud flats near the ice-covered Potomac looked like the Illinois prairies, and the Virginia hills on the other side of the river might be the Kentucky mountains he had known as a boy. Winter sounds were the same everywhere. A guard marching up and down under the White House windows crunched the hard, frozen snow crystals under his boot; some boys playing in the meadows near the river were shouting—their voices were brittle in the cold air. They were familiar sounds that brought back many memories.

A man in his fifties remembers many Christmases. Worst of all had been the one during that first terrible winter in Illinois when his family had been snowed in for weeks in the hastily built cabin on a bluff above the Sangamon. They had stayed in bed eighteen hours a day to keep warm and to forget their hunger by sleeping as much as they could. He shivered when he thought of that desolate cabin where even the firewood had to be used sparingly because it was almost impossible to go out in the shoulder-deep snow to get more. But he smiled wistfully when he recalled the gingerbread man his stepmother had made for him every Christmas during the long hard years in Indiana.

Yes, a man in his fifties remembers many Christmases. There was that awful day in New Salem when he had walked for miles to a lonely country cemetery to brush the snow away from Ann's grave. He could never bear the thought of the rain falling on her, and the snow was even worse. Yet it must be lying deep there now on that deserted hill, and there was no one to brush it away. It was lying on so many graves—thousands and tens of thousands of them made during the last four years.

BUT all his Christmases had not been so bad. He remembered the first one after Robert had been born. Mary had lighted a candle at the foot of the cradle before there was any sign of dawn in the sky, and the waking child had crowed with delight when he saw the yellow flame. They had stood beside the cradle while the shabby room that was their temporary home lightened with the coming of day. They had let the candle burn down to a sputtering end long after the winter sun had flooded the room with its snow-reflected light.

And then, during the later years, after the other three children had come, the big house in Springfield had resounded with their shouts and laughter each Christmas morning. Some day they would return there, after all this was over. But only two of the children would be with them. He forced his mind away from those unhappiest of all times. Bob would be home from Harvard for Christmas, and Tad would soon be coming in to say good night in his odd childish lisp.

He left the window and walked slowly toward the long table piled with papers and reports, knowing that he had to take up the business of the day. Word should be arriving soon from Sherman, whose ever-advancing army had reached Savannah and the sea. The war could not last much longer now. The coming year might see it over, and then there would be the complicated problems of peace to face. Sometimes he thought he dreaded them more than he did the war. He sat down wearily in his big chair at the head of the cabinet table and called out to Billy Slade.

The old colored manservant opened the door noiselessly and came in to light the gas. In the growing light, the long white room took on shape and became more cheerful. Billy told him that Gideon Welles, his Secretary of the Navy, was waiting to see him.

"Send him in," he said gladly. He knew why Welles had come. There would be Christmas pardons to sign,

THEY'LL GIVE YOU A FRESH START IN LIFE

THIS is a Nazi court. Maybe none of us will ever have to face one...we hope.

They specialize in giving people fresh starts in life. All that you've ever had...your home, your bank account, the very clothes off your back, your family, even your self-respect...they take from you.

They start you off fresh, with nothing. They don't even leave you the opportunity you have now.

Millions of people have gotten fresh starts at their hands...millions of human beings who have worked and scrimped and saved all their lives for a little comfort, a mere modicum of happiness and security. Millions of men and women in Poland and Russia and France. Millions like *us.*

But this will never happen here...we hope. This is only something that happens to other people... we hope.

Yet how effective can mere "hope" be in *keeping* this from happening here?

Hope can't carry a rifle. Hope can't build a tank. Hope can't finance a war.

It takes action and human effort. Action from *all* of us. Human effort from *all* of us.

For this is a people's war. This is a war in which we, the people, win or lose...in which we, the people, earn the right to live our own lives or to lose them. And you—and we who sign this advertisement—*are* the people.

There is no time to wait to be *told* what to do. *Each* of us must *find out* what to do and *do* it. For with every minute, every precious minute, the decision grows closer. Win or lose. Have or have not. Live or die.

Not just for the other fellow. For *you...*

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

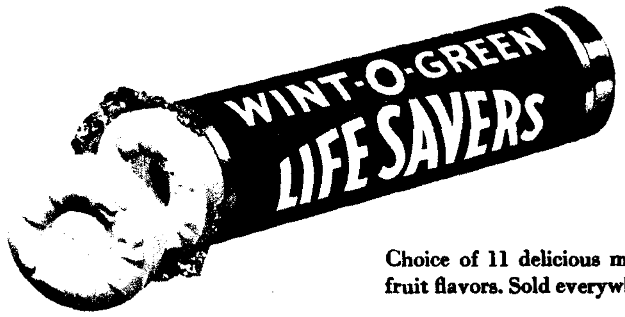
30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. • MANUFACTURERS OF TANKS • GUN CARRIAGES • ARMY AND NAVY ORDNANCE • STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

⬅If she's taken in this...

When you're longing for this➡

⬅TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours.



Choice of 11 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

and his face brightened at the prospect. It was a pleasant custom that gave the holiday meaning.

Secretary of the Navy Welles entered, his long white beard making him look oddly like Santa Claus. He seemed quite embarrassed, as he always did under such circumstances. He thought it a weakness on the part of the President to grant pardons so easily, yet he aided and abetted him, even going over Stanton's head to see that they reached his attention.

"I have some papers for you to sign," he began in a brisk voice. "Christmas pardons. We've discussed most of them already. You'll remember this case, I'm sure." He deftly slipped a sheet of paper covered with writing in front of the man at the table. The President put on his glasses and nodded when he recognized the case. "You agreed to commute the sentence," Welles said, speaking rapidly as if to ward off argument. "It's a routine matter now, needing only your signature to make it official."

The President reached for his pen, wondering whether the commutation of a death sentence could ever be a routine matter. He marveled, as always, at the power that flowed from the fine steel point. The words "A. Lincoln" would set unseen wheels in motion; telegraph wires would carry the good news to a distant family; and somewhere a boy in a prison cell would be told that he did not have to die. He glanced at his signature with pleasure. There were some advantages in being President—especially on Christmas Eve.

THEN Welles gave him other pardons to sign. When they were duly inscribed and dated, the august-looking Secretary of the Navy stood anxiously folding and refolding a small sheet of letter paper that was obviously not an official document.

"I have a favor to ask, sir," he said hesitatingly. "Or rather Mrs. Welles has. It's a bit difficult to explain." His eyes wandered to the burning gas jets, and his voice died away. The President waited patiently.

"It has to do with a Rebel female," Welles blurted out at last.

"A Rebel female?"

"Yes, sir. A young one. A friend of my wife."

Welles stood shifting about unhappily under the President's gaze. "I know what you're thinking, sir. That the family of a cabinet officer shouldn't have such friends. We don't make a practice of it, but this case is different."

Lincoln's expression was quizzical. He leaned back in his chair and put his finger tips together. "And what does th Rebel female want?" he asked in a amused voice.

"Well, to put it bluntly, sir—she want to get married."

Lincoln grinned. "She doesn't need my help for that. There's no law forbidding *marriage—even for Rebel females* Whom does she want to marry?"

"That's just the trouble, sir. Some Rebel whelp in Richmond. She can't get through the lines."

"So you want me to give her a pass?"

Welles nodded vigorously.

"Has she taken the oath of allegiance?"

Welles frowned. "I've talked to her—and so has my wife. But she's stubborn. *I regret to say that she refuses to take the* oath. Says she owes her allegiance to *Virginia, and not to the United States*"

"Yet you want me to grant her a pass. That might be interpreted by some as giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

"Yes, sir, it might," Welles said grimly.

"But you still want me to do it?"

"I don't think it would do any great harm, sir. We have never recognized the Confederacy, so Virginia is still part of this country. There still have to be marriages—and children. We have to think of the future. The nation has been seriously depopulated by this war."

"Perhaps you'd better tell me more about this Rebel female," the President said quietly. He motioned toward a chair. Welles sat down uneasily, spreading out the letter which he had folded so often that it looked like an accordion pleat. He glanced at it with surprise as if he had never seen it before.

"She came here at the beginning of the war," Welles began. "Her mother was sick, and she had to take care of her. The mother died, so she's been stranded here ever since. As she says herself, the years of her youth are passing away. She's nearly four years older now, and—"

"Just how old is she?"

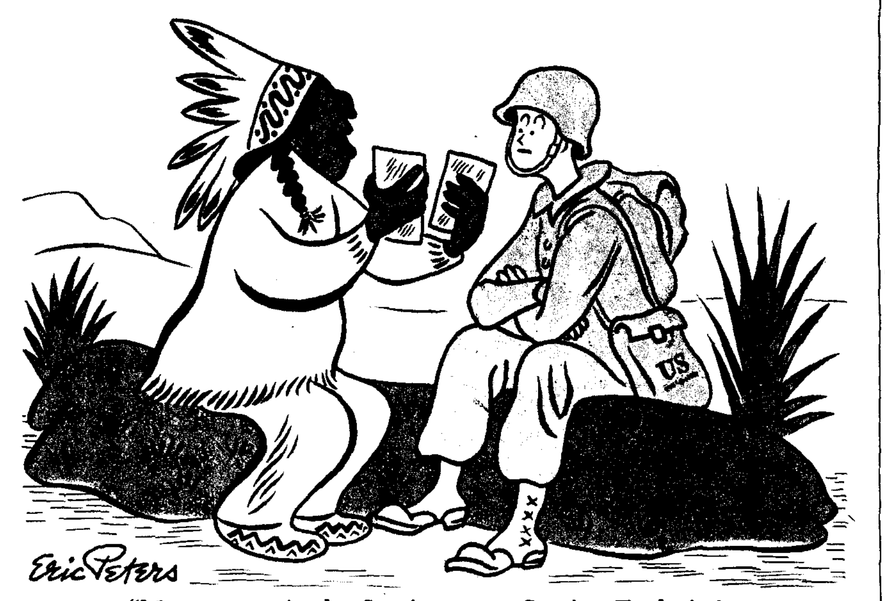
"I don't know for certain, sir. About twenty-three, I'd say."

"H-m. Twenty-three. Practically superannuated for a Southern girl. We'll have to do something about it, Welles."

"I suggest you read her own statement first. It's rather intemperate, I'm sorry to say." He handed the letter to the President, who laid it face down on the table and shook his head.

"I'd rather not read it," he said, smiling. "It might prejudice my decision. Tell me more about her, Welles. Who is she, and where is she now?"

"Her name is Laura Jones—and she's



"My sons are in the Service, too. Soaring Eagle is in the Navy and Fish Under Water is in the Air Corps" ERIC PETERS

COLLIER'S

ting right outside the door this min-e.”

The President looked startled. “Does e want to talk to me?”

“She said she ought to be here in case ou wanted to talk to her.” He studied e President's face. “Do you?”

“I don't think it will be necessary. But would like to see what she looks like. ou can tell a great deal from a person's ce.”

WELLES checked the impulse to say, “Especially when it's young nd pretty.” Instead he stood up and sked rather doubtfully, “How do you ant to arrange it?”

“You might go out to ask her some uestion,” the President suggested. “You ould leave the door open accidenally.”

Welles' face was properly sober as he vent to the door. Before he reached it, he President spoke again. “And then ou might find some errand down the hall to keep you busy for a minute. I want to get a good look at her.”

NOT WANTED for the Duration

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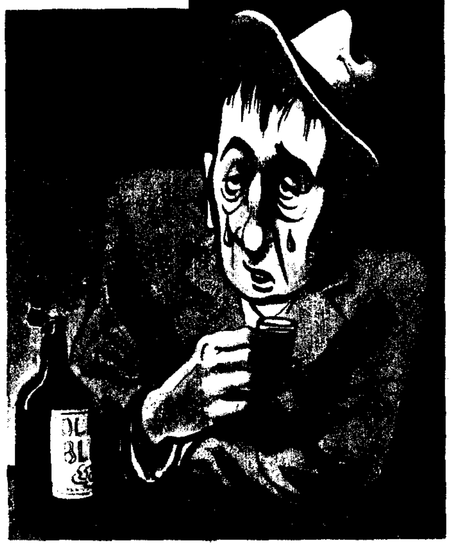


QUITTER

Man who caves in because his own petty ambitions are stalled by the war. He whines, “What the hell,” and gets drunk

The girl in the visitor's chair half arose when she saw the impressive-looking figure of the Secretary of the Navy advancing toward her. He motioned to her to remain seated and spoke to her in a whisper. Then he was gone, padding softly down the hallway.

They sat looking at each other through the doorway for a long moment, the aging man at the cabinet table and the young Confederate girl who had refused to take an oath of allegiance to his government. They were supposed to be enemies, he thought sadly. Her people and his were engaged in a death struggle on battlefields that covered half the nation. Yet she was as American as he was, both citizens of a republic that had been born in war and revolution. The state of Virginia to which she gave fierce allegiance had provided Washington and Jefferson as his predecessors in office. They had many things in common, she and he, and not the least of them was the heritage Virginia had given the nation.

Hostility between them was unthinkable, he decided. His eyes sought her written statement, but he pushed it resolutely away. When he glanced up at her again, he saw that she was smiling at him.

Her thin, forlorn face was transformed. He was tempted to get up and speak to her, but he heard Welles' footsteps coming down the hallway. He sank back in his chair and assumed a stern, Presidential look. The girl was murmuring something to Welles. A moment later the secretary entered the room and closed the door behind him.

“What do you think, sir!” Secretary Welles inquired.

“I think she should be allowed to return to Richmond.”

Welles smiled. “I thought you would. But don't you want to read her statement first? She makes no bones about her Rebel sentiments.”

The President picked up the sheet of paper lying before him on the table and deliberately tore it into pieces. Then he took his pen and wrote out a pass. “I don't suppose it matters if I date this tomorrow?” Without waiting for a reply, he wrote the words, “Christmas Day, December 25, 1864,” and appended his signature to the document.

“That makes it a Christmas present,” he said, handing it to Welles.

His Secretary of the Navy bowed and put the paper carefully in his pocket. “I thank you, sir,” he said gravely. “The young lady just whispered something to me which I think I may repeat.” He cleared his throat. “She said you weren't at all like the monster you had been pictured. She said you reminded her of her father. And she wished you a very merry Christmas.”

“You told her I was going to sign the pass?”

“Yes, sir.” Welles' face was expressionless. “I didn't have any doubt of it—even from the beginning.” He bowed again and went to the door. “Mrs. Welles and I wish you a very merry Christmas, sir. A very merry Christmas and many of them.

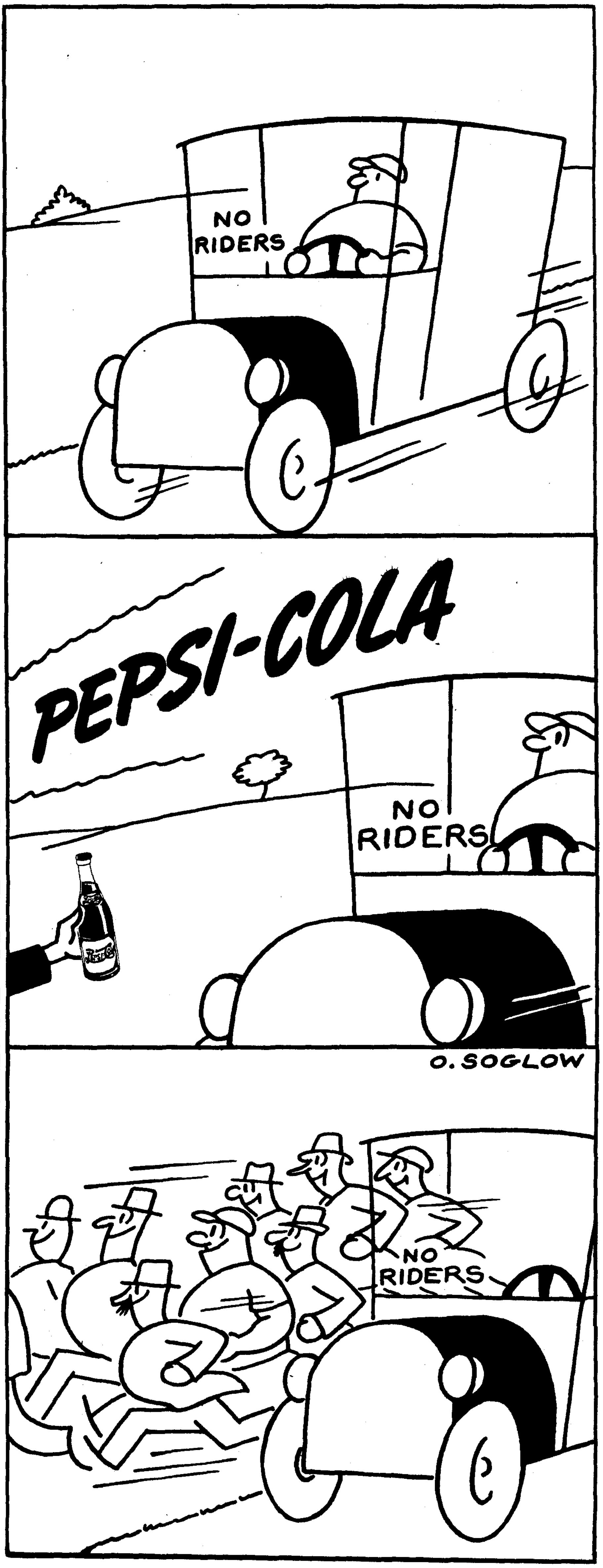
HE SHUT the door silently and was gone. The President got up from the table and went to the window. It was dark outside now, and there was a faint glow of light on the snow from the gas lamps on the lower floor. He could hear the steady crunching of the guard's booted feet. Somewhere a church bell was ringing, calling worshipers to vespers on Christmas Eve.

Yes, a man in his fifties remembers many Christmases. What was it the girl had said? “The years of my youth are passing away.” They had already passed for him, he knew. Suddenly he felt very old, as though he had lived out all his life and there was nothing left. In a few weeks he would be fifty-six. He had seen many Christmases come and go, three of them in the White House—and tomorrow would be the fourth. But by this time next year, the war should be over. In another four years, he and Mary could return to Springfield to stay there in peace.

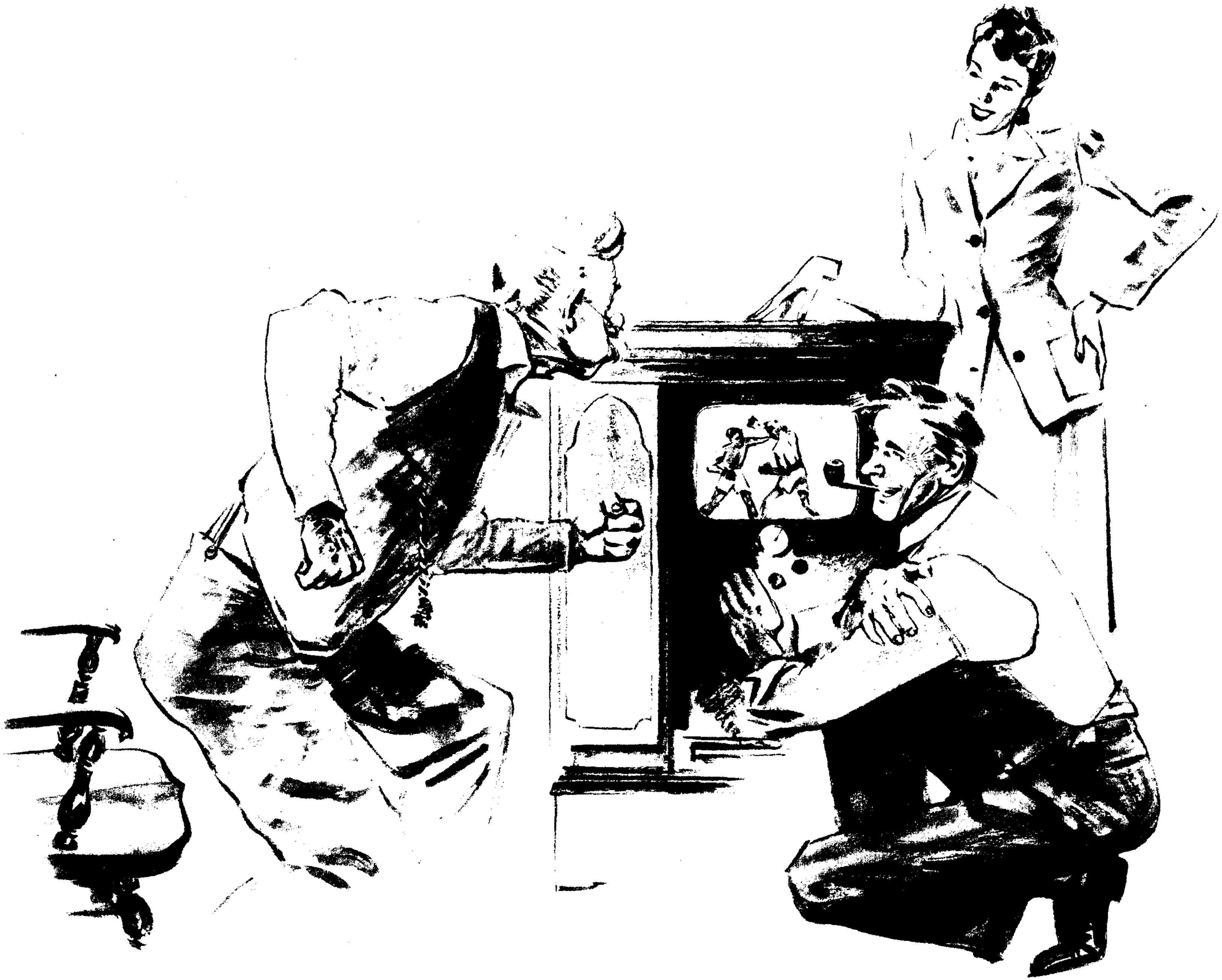
As he stood looking out at the darkness, the melancholy that had haunted him all his life returned. The brief glow of happiness that had come from signing the Christmas pardons was gone.

The frost was riming the windowpanes again, reaching out with icy fingers to shut the world away. His hands and legs felt cold, as they so often did these days. He shivered. Tomorrow would be his fifty-sixth Christmas. How many Christmases could a man in his fifties expect to see?

THE END



How American it is... to want something better!



MAYBE we have to wait till the war is over and television comes from around the corner before we can all have this *particular* "something better." But how American it is to *want* such things. A better camera or a better watch or a better baking potato—it makes no difference what the product is—we are forever looking for "something better."

ONE OF THE "BETTER THINGS" America discovered long ago is a moderate beverage, an Ale in fact, with a trade mark whose 3 Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." Since 1840 this Ale has been acclaimed by many. *So* many, that in this land of something better it has become . . .

PURITY BODY FLAVOR *America's largest selling Ale*

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ALE

To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Holland's Last Stand

By Martha Gellhorn

A Collier's correspondent finds Americans and Dutchmen working hand in hand in the lonely land of Surinam, gathering precious war material in the last outpost of Dutch freedom

INTERNATIONAL

Above: Bayonets and more will welcome any attempt at an Axis landing on Surinam. Mosquito-netted helmets protect faces from insects

Dutch troops aiding U. S. forces in guarding the Zandary air base line up for rifle inspection before Lt. Col. R. L. Wood

PRESS ASSOCIATION

WHEN the American soldiers write home saying that they are in Surinam, they get letters back saying that it must be very exciting in Australia or that it must be terribly hot in West Africa. Surinam is the kind of outpost that practically nobody can place.

The Dutch themselves, who own it, spent $1,600,000 a year on it and forgot about it. Surinam was just 3,000 square miles of matted jungle and stale, coffee-colored rivers, with a capital, a very few so-called towns, a strip of coast more or less chopped free of jungle, 1,900 Europeans who lived there to administer the colony or make money, 162,000 other folk ranging in color from amber Javanese to the soft-black Bush Negroes, gold mines, bauxite mines, cane and coffee plantations, balata trees, other oddments in the way of agriculture and small local industries, and a climate that you just about cannot stand but which you finally get used to.

It lies, hot, unknown and unimportant, between British and French Guiana on the northeast coast of South America. The Atlantic, which is usually gray or blue or green, stretches along the pancake-flat coast and is pure brown mud for twenty miles out. On the south are the jungles of Brazil. By air, Dakar is 1,500 miles away and Miami is 2,323 miles.

The inland country was mapped mostly by guesswork, because no one has been able to survey it. Some of the rivers are navigable for a certain distance into the interior, in case there is any reason to navigate them. There are, in all Surinam, 120 miles of railroad and, since the war, 117 miles of road. If you want to get anywhere else, you can cut your way through with a machete.

You would not think such a country would be interesting to anyone except explorers and those people who collect native music and measure the heads of native tribes. But Surinam is now, since the war, intensely interesting to the Dutch and to us. For the Dutch it is no longer a forgotten colony but the last big piece of land that remains their own and free. For us, it means aluminum from the bauxite mines—an enormous percentage of the aluminum we must have for our war industries.

The Dutch territorial forces and the U. S. Army and Air Forces divide the work, and it is as fine an example of co-operation as you could hope to see. The Dutch have learned from disaster, and nothing any longer seems too bad to be true.

They do not imagine that invasion is a near possibility, but they believe in being ready for anything, including the worst. Dutch officers and men who have seen service in Europe and the Netherlands East Indies are training a native army. The Dutch do not believe that anything is going on next door in French Guiana except a growing brutality to the convicts, and starvation and intrigue. But they take nothing for granted. they prepare against what could happen, not against what is now happening.

Now, in the flat, blanketing heat, you cannot believe that Axis forces would ever get this far: nor can you imagine a couple of enemy bombers roaring through this hard blue sky. Even though you know it is true, it is hard to believe that the submarine pack, moving south as it is harried down the Caribbean, operates fatally outside the quiet band of mud-colored sea.

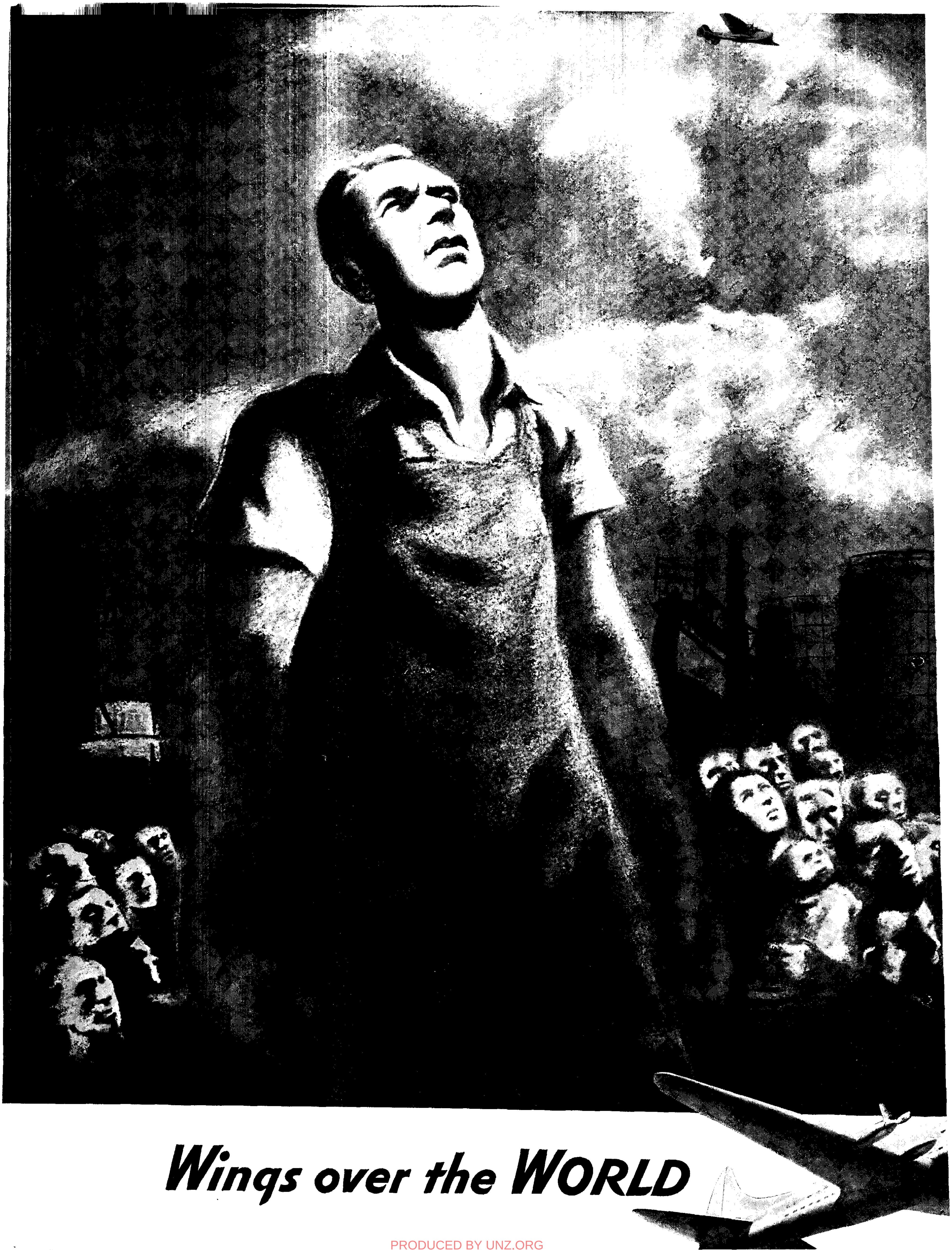
But one thing everyone has learned from this war: Anything can happen and no place is too far off. An outpost is meant to guard, warn, put up a fight and delay.

There are not many men and not many tools: they must work with what little they have, making something out of nothing. Only those who have lived in an outpost can know the strain of this long readiness and this long wait.

You get out of the silver passenger-plane, and you are on a white sand airfield. There are big thatch hangars and the jungle has been pushed back until it forms a wall around the outer edges of the sand. The jungle, called the bush, looks like a solid snarl of green ropes. There are no trees on the field and the heat rises around you in solid layers. You stand, a little sun-blinded with the heat folded around you, and a dry wind picks up the sand and rattles against the white office building and against the gas drums that grow all around the office. A man says, "You better not walk in the sand with those shoes; you'll get chiggers under your toenails. Some sort of local chigger you have to cut out." You are the only passenger getting off and everyone is very surprised that you have done so.

The only people who get off planes here are Army personnel or civilian engineers working for the government. The airline manager takes you to town in his car. You drive through the Air Forces camp, where there are duckboards over the sand between the buildings, most of the time. You see men coming back from the showers with a towel wrapped around them and wearing good solid shoes (the chiggers again); you see a jeep looking as if it were afloat on a sea of sand; you see men in khaki with sun helmets or forage caps, walking briskly from one identical boxcar to the next.

There is a bareness and a hard, final, end-of-the-world quality about the camp that makes it seem unreal. Later, when you have been there often, you stop seeing it and just feel happy to be there. The officers sleep in barracks, as do the men; the officers' club is a wooden building with ten easy chairs (of the least easy, cheapest variety) and some card tables and a bar; the officers' mess is separated from the men's by an unpulled sheet. The C. O. is twenty-nine and the squadron commander is thirty-one and it is a very fine outfit, all of it. They have the planes to fly and to keep in repair; they


Wings over the WORLD

"That Their Sufferings Will Not Have Been in Vain"

by THE LEADER of FREE ITALY, CARLO SFORZA (former Italian Foreign Minister)

What kind of post-war world are we fighting to create?

Pan American has presented answers to this question by such leaders of thought as Dr. John Dewey, Dr. Hu Shih and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Foreign Minister and now leader of the FREE ITALIANS throughout the world, tells you what he sees—for the future.

THESE ARE TIMES when certain problems, once faced, are rapidly solved. During two thousand years, philosophers asserted that slavery was a "law of nature"; and yet more was done towards its abolition in the half-century around the American Civil War than in the whole preceding Christian era.

That is why I declared, in a recent speech at Montevideo, that the first duty of a free Italy will be *"ardent support of an organized world with no more place for the anarchical independence of the nationalistic States."* I was not surprised when this statement met with cheers from Italians who had assembled to meet me from all parts of Latin America.

What is true for Italy, which has bitterly learned the folly of aggressive wars, is equally true for America. No American should forget that in the coming world even the Ocean will be no more than a big river; and that, if only for that, the era of isolation is gone forever. Those who cannot see this are like certain *dannati* in Dante's *Inferno*—people walking eternally with their heads turned backwards.

The highest duty of the present generation of Americans is to fight in order to make impossible a repetition of the Nazi-Fascist plot against peace. This American duty was foreseen by the Declaration of Independence when it stated in 1776: *"... that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive [of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness] it is the right of the People to alter or to abolish it."* In Jefferson's mind, *"right"* meant *"duty"!*

War always means suffering. But our sufferings in this "toughest of all wars" will not have been in vain since we are beginning to learn:—

(a) INDIVIDUALLY: that Liberty is a right which must be won anew by the common people in each generation;

(b) NATIONALLY: that the previous complete independence of Nations must cease. They must submit to a superior international law which will make it impossible for peaceful nations to be again at the mercy of adventurers. Never again must it be possible for a Nation, having first destroyed Freedom at home, to prepare satanic aggression behind its closed frontiers.

We must resolve that frontiers will no longer mean what they meant up until 1939. I foresee a Peace Conference at which we might agree to draw in frontiers very lightly—with a pencil and not in indelible ink.

Sforza

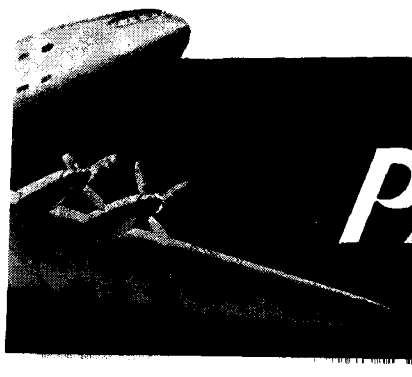
THE DAY THAT VICTORY is earned by the United Nations, aviation must be ready to demonstrate that it is a great *con*structive, as well as a great *de*structive, force.

Air transport travel costs will, we believe, be brought within the reach of common men everywhere. Two weeks' vacation in Italy? Certainly, since Rome will be only 16 hours from New York by air. Round-the-world air cruises in two weeks? Nothing will prevent them when Victory comes except the barriers of habit and disbelief.

When peace comes, Pan American looks forward to playing its part, through technological research as well as with trained personnel and flight equipment, in providing widespread distribution of the world's culture, science and goods.

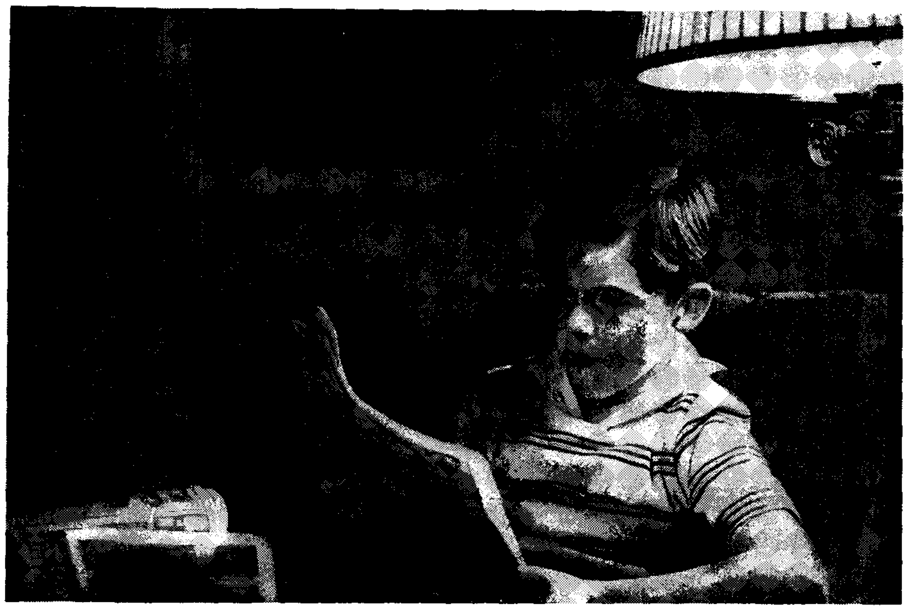
Today, of course, everything that we can offer—120 million miles of over-ocean flight experience, trained personnel and service to over 60 foreign countries and colonies—is at work for the government and military services of the United States.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM



PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

The right way to read the funny paper



Yes This is the way to protect young eyes, keep them bright and alert. Sit up straight when reading. Place the lamp so that it shines fully on the reading matter, and so that there are no shadows on the page. The pages should be held at the recommended distance from the eyes —from 14 inches for younger children up to 18 inches for adults.

No The wrong way to read is with the paper spread on the floor, with shadows falling on the paper. This causes eye strain and unnecessary eye fatigue.

No Don't put the paper between you and the light. Sit next to the lamp so that the light falls on the page you are reading. Then there will be no cause for frowns and eye strain.

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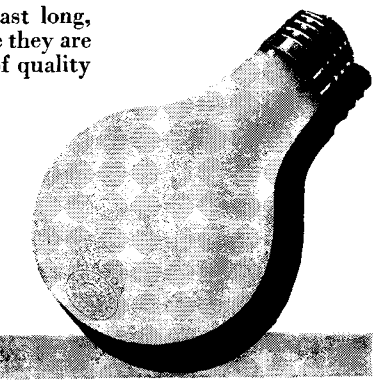

have the sand and the heat, a movie, couple of radios, something to drink, one another to talk to, canned food, and they know what a good station it is, except that everyone would like to be where the action is. The camp has the goodness of all real places. But that comes from the men who are there and the way they handle their work and their lives.

You pass the sentry at the camp gate and are on a new narrow road made of bauxite clay, bright red and swirling with dust. After an hour or more of good solid bumping you get to the capital, and it is wonderful. Paramaribo is shabby and needs paint; wooden houses with fretwork balconies line the dusty streets. There are shops everywhere: Javanese cobblers, Hindu drygoods shops, Chinese restaurants, Dutch department stores, a bar saying, "Drink California Fruit Wine, the Best," a store saying, "Jonas Home Industries," where you can purchase every local product from preserved tarantulas to honey and Bush Negro combs.

Capital by the Jungle

The small women of the East—Javanese and Hindu—pad around barefoot in the dust; there are colored policemen in green uniforms; a lovely white lady on a bicycle, with a wicker basket on the handle bars holding her chubby blond son; Creole women, enormous under their starched dresses, with baskets balanced on top of their bandannas; American soldiers; an occasional staff car; an occasional shining black limousine; the Navy station wagon; government clerks with white suits and brief cases; girls who have Malay and Chinese and Negro blood (which makes a handsome mixture), dressed as nearly like the last movie magazine as possible. The town has everything; it comes straight from a book about how a city at the edge of the jungle, lying along a flat brown jungle river, ought to look.

There is one hotel and when the soldiers have two days' leave they come to town and stay in this hotel. They sit in the lobby and listen to the radio and drink beer; at night they go to the movies or play poker. These wild and varied pleasures are all obtainable at camp; but in town there is always the chance they will meet somebody new. And if they meet somebody new they can talk about their home town and what they used to do there, and a little later they can take from a breast pocket the now dog-eared snapshot of wife or girl or child and show it to the newcomer.

"She's lovely," you say.

"Yeah," smiling, and the picture goes back into the breast pocket.

The lobby is dark and soiled; the matting is torn on the stairs, the tablecloths are spotted; everything needs paint; the food is awful. It is a dreadful hotel, run by wonderfully kind people, and we all liked it very much. It was the center of excitement; you have no idea how much goes on where nothing happens, where there is nothing to do, where everyone knows everyone else; in a place that does not even offer an escape to the country because the country is bush and you cannot walk four feet into it. You cannot imagine how jolly and good a place can be even if the mosquitoes ("Union mosquitoes," the ensign said) come out at five P. M. and settle on your arms and neck and legs, mosquitoes as big as ducks armed with knives. Everyone has to make some sort of life, and everyone does; you have a lot of friends in Paramaribo.

At five in the morning you are wakened by the Dutch army. On the square, white noncoms are drilling native troops. You do not understand the orders but you can lean out of your window and watch the small Javanese and Hindus, stepping along with wooden, concentrated bodies. It is cooler at five anyhow and you might as well get up. It is all very cozy and boarding-school at the hotel, with two showers at the end of the hall for everyone. The censor is sick, across the hall, so you stop in to see if he needs any more books; you bow politely to the consul as you pass each other going to the showers, the soldiers (unequipped with dressing gowns) duck their towel-clad bodies into their rooms when anything female passes; you can exchange badinage with the Navy (which is also getting up) on your way downstairs.

Downstairs in the lobby is a tired-looking young Air Forces major, who has not been able to sleep because he had a bed with a mattress and some sort of springs. "Just couldn't get used to it, after all this time," he says sadly. You watch the Dutch army through the window. "Those boys sure work," he says admiringly. And how they work! The Marines have turned tankists; every officer, no matter what his previous service was, is now responsible for drilling and training a certain number of raw native troops (and for doing his other work besides). They work all day, and at night the lights burn in the Territorial Command offices. They work with that fierce and patient determination that the Dutch had in Java. Anything that will keep the rain off is good enough quarters.

And they have wives and children in Holland, and they do not hear from them. They write via the Red Cross through Switzerland, and if they get a letter back it can tell them nothing, but as long as a letter comes in the known handwriting it means that the wife, the child is alive. It is just the handwriting that counts; an empty envelope would be proof enough. Meantime they work. They are a tough race. And it is wonderful to see what the Americans have done to them; the solid, thoughtful formality of the Dutch gets blown sky-high under the impact of these quick-talking, quick-laughing guys from home.

The War Comes First

Of course, here as everywhere in the Caribbean, American money has capsized all local economics. Wages and prices rocket up, there is a labor shortage because of all the war construction; the Americans being in a hurry and having the money will pay what is asked to get what they want. Someone will one day have to tidy this up. It certainly cannot go on as it does. But that is not the concern of the American soldiers or officers, nor is it now especially the concern of the Dutch. The war must be won first. The Dutch think the Americans are okay and the Americans think the Dutch are okay, and what social customs the Americans do not understand they laugh at, and the Dutch treat American oddities with understanding and laugh too.

We went up to the biggest bauxite mine by boat, the only way to go. Being lucky, we got a ride on the Army crash boat which patrols the river. The river is coffee-brown, like all the others, and winds through walls of jungle. We stopped off at a Bush Negro village, as there was an officer along who had never seen one. He had thought it would be something like a native village by a waterfall in a Dotty Lamour movie. He was not prepared for the smell. The Bush Negroes rub themselves with rancid oil, and that, combined with sweat and the nonuse of soap and whatever smell they naturally have, makes an odor (shall we say?) which is pretty nearly unbearable.

The village came out to see us and cluster round. Bush Negroes are small, the men with well-developed shoulder muscles (from paddling native canoes and lumbering) and with spindly legs. The women are small, too, and after they are fifteen years of age, they are old and increasingly ugly. They wear tattooing on their faces, between their breasts and on their backs. This tattooing is short black marks cut and burned into the flesh. They wear little flat sacks tied around their necks to keep off evil spirits, and a piece of checked cloth wrapped around them as a skirt, and they part their hair as if they were cutting a pie, in segments from the crown of the head, and they are full of giggles.

I asked one serious-looking savage what they thought of the war.

"War?" he said, very puzzled.

"You know," I said, "all the fighting that is going on."

"No, no, no," he said; "we no fighting. We do nothing bads."

"Not you," I said; "the war in Holland."

There was grave thought for a while. Then the type said, "We sorry for Missy Wilhelmina."

"Why?"

"She cannot go home."

That was as far as I ever got on the subject of the war. Beyond the queen, whom they regard as a personal friend if not a near relative, the Bush Negroes are as innocent about war and politics as they are about life, love and clothing. They are very nice, amiable people, if you like savages, and I am told you can get used to their smell.

When the Bush Negroes' ancestors were brought here as slaves two centuries ago they escaped. These descendants never paid taxes, never obeyed rulers other than their own, never grown dependent on the white man. They set out to be free men and so they have remained.

Close-up of a Bauxite Mine

The lieutenant and I did the bauxite situation up brown, in no time at all. He showed me the mine. It looked like an open gravelly field, dug at, chewed, plowed: a mess. You picked up some of the clayey mud, reddish with white streaks in it and it crumbled in your hand. We looked at it. The driver looked at it. "That's what we're here for," he said with resignation. He came from Alabama, I think. The plant was the same thing: it looked like a collection of silos and barns, red with dust and silent. A soldier marched steadily around.

"Interesting?" the lieutenant said.

"Oh, very." We did not get out of the command car.

"You've seen the river?"

"Yes."

"We've got the skin of an eighteen-foot boa in the P. X.," the driver said.

The day before, with the major and this driver, I had gone over the narrow road to Albina, which is the Dutch frontier post opposite French Guiana. Albina is a row of faded houses facing the silent river and French Guiana. It is a trading post—gold and balata are paddled down in native canoes from the upper reaches of the Marowijne.

On the Dutch side of the river, near Albina, there are Javanese and Arrowak Indian and Carib Indian and Bush Negro villages. (The Caribs were all drunk as goats that day, either lying in their hammocks or sprawled in the shade under their thatched roofs. They had had a bang-up funeral and you could smell the cassava brew on their breaths. They were friendly and embarrassed and not working and very, very tight.) Across the river is the penal colony of Saint Laurent. It looks quite pretty until you get there. Just in front of the French pier there is the rusty hulk of a German freighter, which was sunk there in 1923 when the captain (like the Caribs) was feeling fine. Little trees have grown up on the lopsided deck. Behind these little trees are two little machine guns pointing across to the Dutch.

Behind the dock, two convicts are sawing wood. They look seventy, and are probably about fifty years old; their bodies are all bone, with the arms no bigger than your wrist and the ribs like the ribs of starved horses. The men's stomachs are bloated on the skinny, sick bodies. They pant out numbers to each other: One, two, one, two, trying to pull the heavy saw through the hard wood. There is no one else to be seen.

The Walking Skeletons

The Dutchman who got me in (I was a tourist from Paramaribo wanting to buy convict-made trinkets) warned me not to speak English, so we spoke ungrammatical German loudly and everything was fine. We passed convicts in red-and-white-striped suits and straw hats, dead-faced, starved men, walking slowly as if they had no strength to walk faster.

One wall of the prison faces the river and is considered escapeproof. On the town side, there is an iron fence, ten feet or more high, iron rods tipped with spikes. At dusk the guards come out like hunting dogs, armed with Mausers, and range up and down the street in the shadow of the trees across from this fence. If anyone comes near the fence, they shoot. The guards have faces suited to their work; it is a horrible town. You would not think a town could really look like starvation and cruelty and loneliness and the slow rotting of wood and men, but that is what it looks like and feels like.

I had talked with escaped convicts in Albina. They said that since the Vichy government, the authorities were simply wiping out the convict population, by starvation and overwork and punishment. The prisoners estimate that, once the punishment starts, a man can live about three months. Since the Vichy government, half the prisoners in the penal colony of Saint Jean de Maronie (about 700 men) have died. Seeing Saint Laurent, that afternoon, I wondered that anyone could escape from these guarded morgues-for-the-living. The prisoners who escaped came to join De Gaulle's forces, but it's a long way from Surinam to West Africa, and there is no transport for them. They do odd jobs and wait and hope and are grateful to the Dutch, who treat them like men, and not like fierce animals who must be tormented before they are killed. French Guiana is a shameful country and always has been and it is worse now.

The soldiers were listening to the radio as usual, in the hotel lobby at Paramaribo. The President is talking about what victory will mean: the Four Freedoms: "Freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, freedom from fear."

One of the soldiers said, gravely, seriously, "Just freedom would be enough."

And, of course, without thinking about it or talking about it or bothering to know it, that is why they are here—and why there is an outpost, this or any other.

So you beat off the mosquitoes and call for another drink, and a boy says, "You know how it would be in Georgia now? Say . . ." And then they are all started.

THE END

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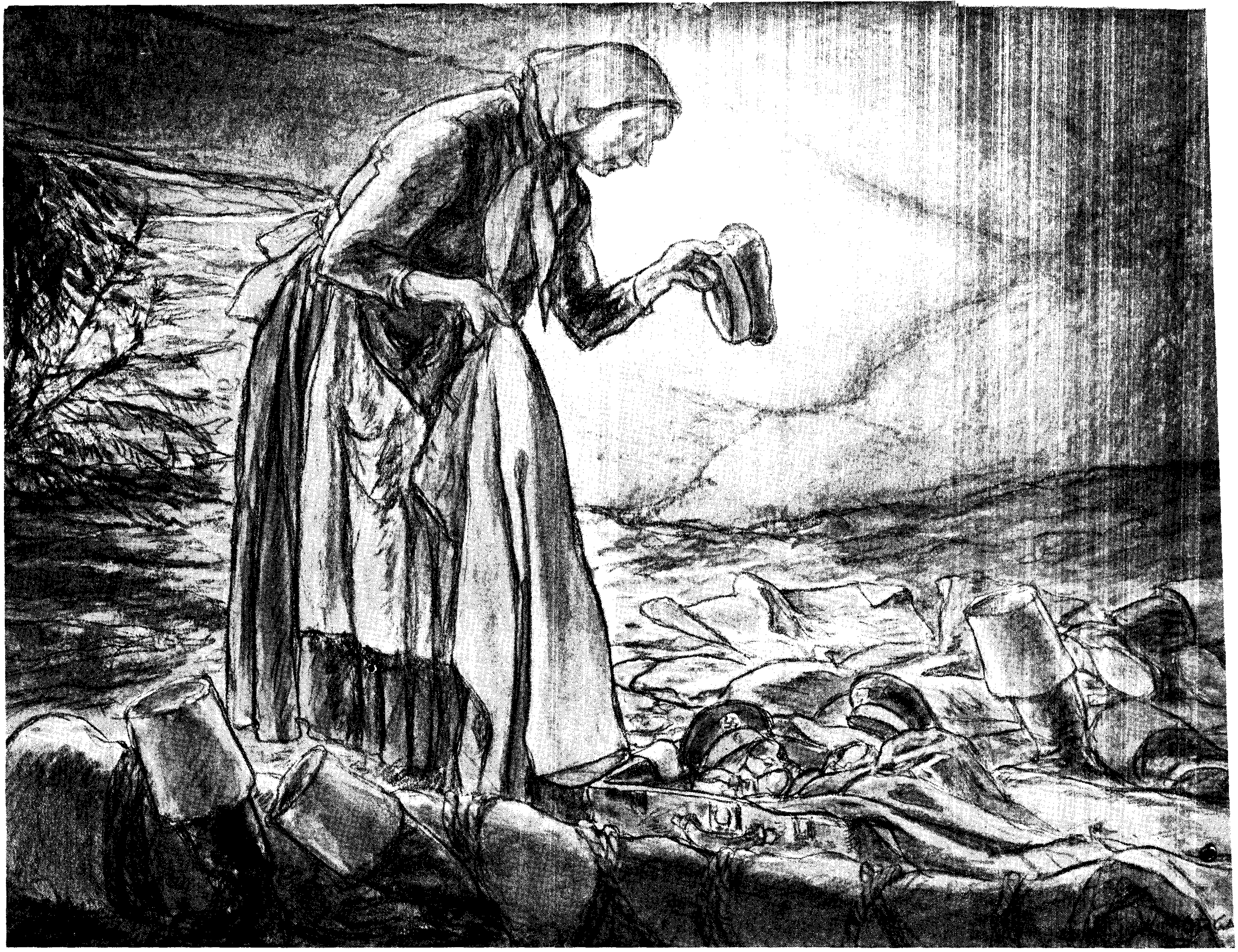


The suitcase was full. *There were four pairs of dungarees, an overcoat, shoes, socks, and three caps marked with a swastika*

THE SERVICE FLAG

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Her heart was as big as all outdoors, and by her lights, too much was too little to give to her adopted country

IF IN the late winter or early spring twenty-three years ago you had driven north along the coast of Maine, and if chance had led you to leave the Atlantic Highway and make a loop toward the coast about twenty miles from Bath, and if at a certain four corners by a small white schoolhouse you had turned aside to drive down to the village of Easterly Cove, you would have passed, a mile or so from the schoolhouse, the barn where that winter Marm Schwefel lived with little Kurt.

Strangers passing there unwarned were apt to check and stare. For in the end of the barn toward the road there were two windows hung with neat white curtains, and in one of these windows there hung a service flag of the sort which people used to fly during the last war, and this flag bore four gold stars.

Those who saw the flag for the first time sometimes exclaimed in wonder; but then they were apt to fall silent, looking back respectfully as they passed, finding it deeply moving that people so poor they must live in a barn had still been rich enough to give the lives of four sons to their country's cause.

MARM SCHWEFEL was born in Bavaria; so she was a German-American, or as people said in the last war, a hyphenated American, or—even more scornfully—a hyphen. Fritz Schwefel came from Bavaria to the United States in 1889, and somehow turned northward into Maine, and went to work for old Ethan Wentworth; and when he had saved enough money he sent for Sophie, the sweetheart he had left behind. Ethan was an embittered old man, hating all his relatives; and Fritz and Sophie tended him, and when he died he bequeathed to them the farm.

Sophie was a compact little woman, chunky and strong and brave. She bore Fritz four sons and two daughters, not counting the daughter and the son who died as babies. The daughters who grew up, married and went to far cities and seldom returned; but of the four sons only Kurt, the second, was married when in 1917 the United States went into the World War.

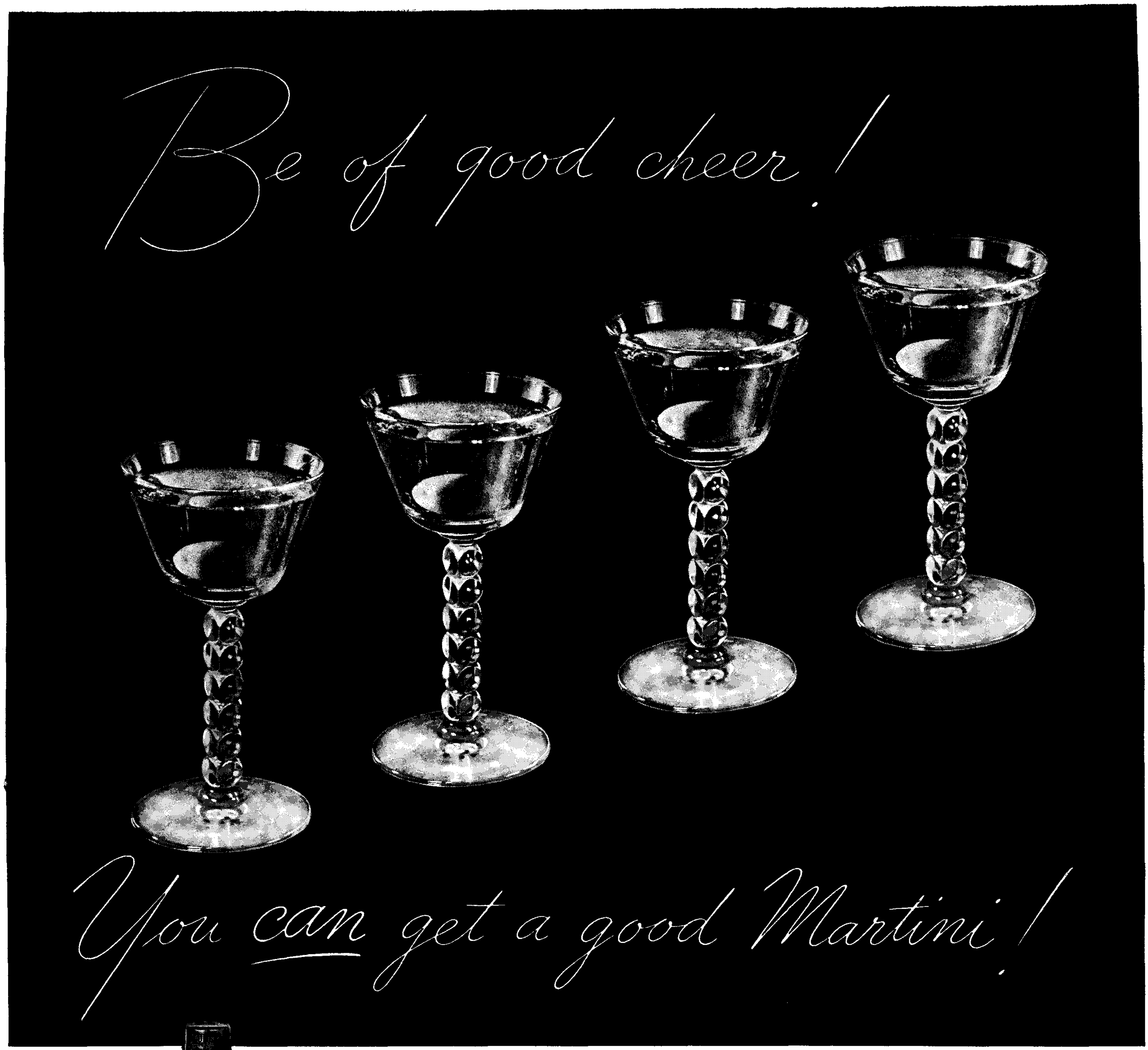
Kurt and the other boys all went away to war. They did not wait for the draft, but went together to the recruiting station in Bath, after a family council in which they and Fritz and Sophie had agreed, with no dissenting voice, that they should go.

After they were gone, Mrs. Jeff Penrod told Mrs. Schwefel that she should put up a service flag with four stars, and she did so.

During the months that followed, Marm Schwefel carried her cross to Calvary. In December, the War Department notified them that their youngest son, Hans, had died of influenza in France. It was again at Mrs. Penrod's suggestion that Marm Schwefel bought a bit of gold cloth and neatly cut out a star and sewed it over one of the stars on her service flag. In January, Kurt's wife, who lived with them, gave birth to Kurt's son and died. Marm Schwefel sewed two more gold stars on the flag in June. In August, a lightning stroke killed Fritz and set the house afire. Only the luck of wind and rain and the combined efforts of every man in the neighborhood saved the big barn. They were able to get a few sticks of furniture out of the house, and the first thing Marm Schwefel saved was the service flag.

Neighbors were quick to offer Marm

(Continued on page 42)



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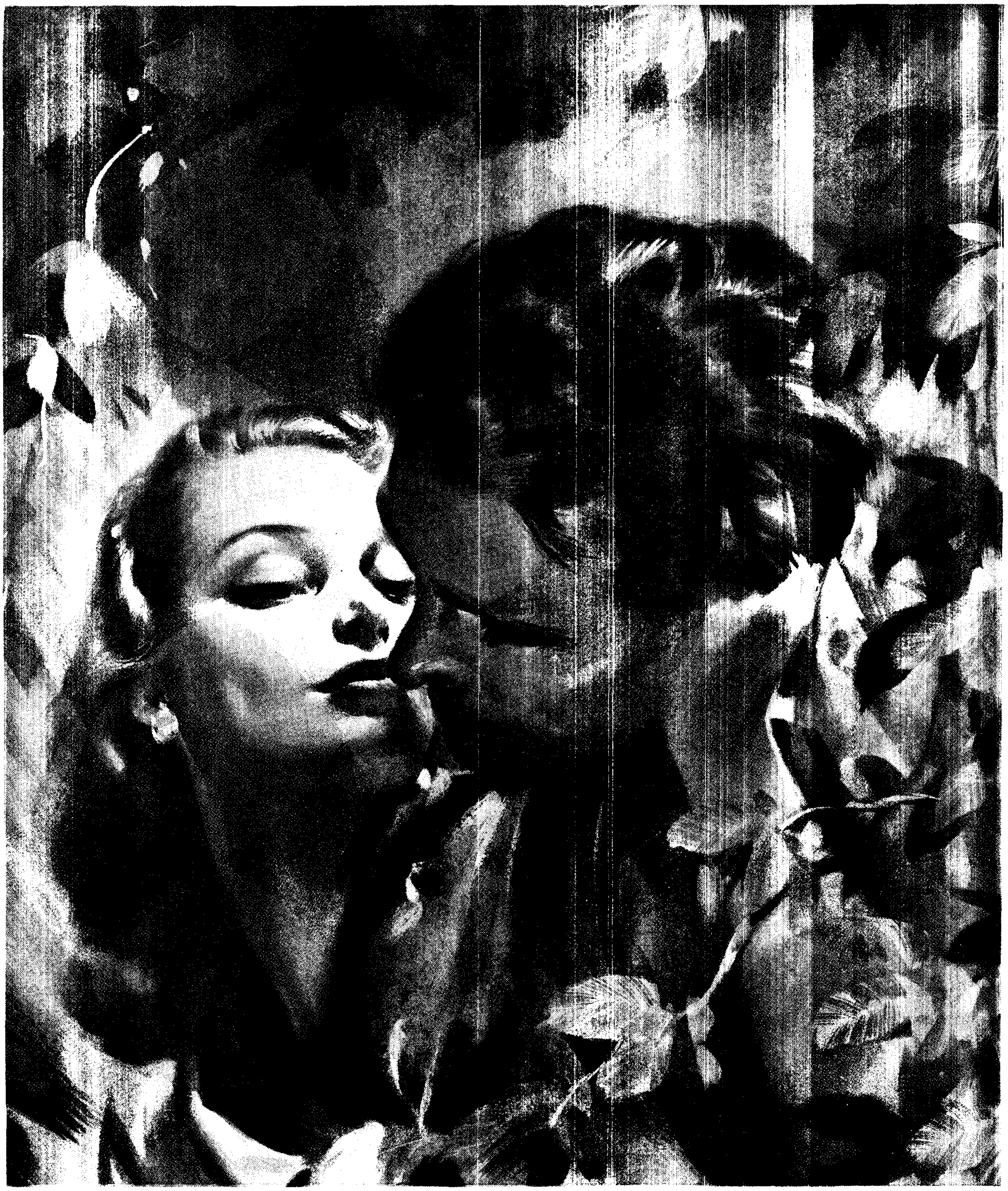


Her hand went softly to the back of his neck. His skin trembled under her light fingers. The joy in him was almost too fierce to be borne. He breathed, "I'm sick of everything in the world but you"

THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

A GOVERNMENT employee, in Africa, Michael Garrick, learns that Claire Alloway, his English fiancée, has jilted him to marry a wealthy older man: John Winston. Desperately hurt, he becomes a hard drinker, plunges into various "affairs;" and he is soon forced to resign his position.

Meeting a charming girl, in Cape Town, he marries her—although he does not love her. After which, drinking steadily, he tries to forget Claire on a coffee plantation in Uganda. . . . Among the Garricks' neighbors is a young Englishman: Robert ("Bob") McNare. During one of Michael's sprees, he and Michael's wife ("Tommy"), who is far from happy, confess to each other that they are in love.

That is as far as they go. . . . Bob inherits a baronetcy. He goes to England to claim it. When he returns, Tommy (still in love with him) soon discovers that he is infatuated with a blond young widow, who had come out on the same boat with him!

The young widow is Mrs. John Winston! Meeting, neither she nor Michael gives any sign that they have ever before seen each other. So, Tommy and Bob—now "Sir Robert McNare"—are unaware of their former relationship.

Bob wants Claire to see something of real African wilds. He asks Michael, a veteran lion man, to arrange a hunt, a safari. Michael is aware that Bob attracts Tommy; he knows that Claire Winston, free of civilization's restraining influence, may cause trouble. But, telling himself that he no longer cares for the woman who had hurt him, he organizes the safari; and they head for the Congo's lion country.

They have two small cars, a truck and five black boys. As they move along, Michael makes an interesting discovery: he is still in love with Claire! And she? He is not sure. But once, in a weak moment, he kisses her. . . .

The party reaches its camping place. There, Tommy observes that Bob is becoming jealous of Michael. Alone with Bob, she breaks down, admits that she is unhappy with her husband. Bob—remembering how he had once loved her—feels sorry for her. But he is crazy about Mrs. Winston—what can he say to Michael's wife? So, without a word, he turns on his heel and leaves her.

IV

MRS. WINSTON had moved toward her tent, and Michael strolled across her path.

"Sweet dreams, Circe. . . . And a nice walk with Sir Robert."

She made a little face at him. He laughed. Then their eyes on each other grew intent.

"He's too darned possessive," said Michael slowly.

There were porters about but no boys, and the porters did not understand English.

Claire's lips curved. "So are you."

"Haven't I the better right—?"

She said, in a low voice, "Your wife might not think so."

"I'll take care of that."

He was thinking that if his dream came true he would be taking care of Tommy very nicely indeed. Tommy would be glad to be free of him, glad to comfort Bob.

But he could not tell that to Claire. He had a queer honor about Tommy and her love. And he was too shrewd, too distrustful of all women, to introduce any element of rivalry into Claire's consciousness. She found Bob dull company. Let her think that every woman found him dull.

She was glancing at a porter digging a thorn out of his foot. She said, with a little exasperated laugh, "This camp's a goldfish bowl!"

He agreed. "Worse than the car."

"Rather!"

"That car—had its moments."

They looked at each other and laughed softly. He had raced his car, when she was with him, to keep ahead; they had stopped for snatched kisses, quick embraces. The young Michael and the young Claire again, on holiday.

The porter stopped digging at his thorn to watch them; he did not know English but he knew voices and he knew men and women and he showed his white teeth in an understanding grin.

"I'll manage something," said Michael. "We might have a look at the moon tonight."

Her eyes consented, then grew doubtful. "Not if it's too obvious, Michael. Be careful."

"Right."

He walked away, confidence high in him. She was as eager to be with him as he with her. The old magic had not died for either of them. She owned that. She had said, with a little, uneasy laugh, "I think I have you in my blood, Michael." She must, in her mind now, have looked ahead, as he had looked ahead; she must be averse to separation, to frustration. They had had enough of that. . . . Of course she might hesitate, but he could urge her past her hesitation.

Tommy could get a quick Uganda divorce. He'd sell the place, give her half the money. Bob would marry her then, like a shot. . . . Claire and he would live in England. It would be rotten, living on your wife's money, but why not? Winston owed him something. He and Claire belonged together. They always had. They would have a fine life, as long as it lasted, and if he felt himself crocking up he'd make a quick end to it. But, by George, the way he felt now, he was good for years. He was through with drink. He'd take care.

He thought, "Give me even one year!" Life was a good show, after all. . . .

Tommy was surprised that Michael

was in such good humor when they went out after buck. She put it down to the sleep he'd had. He joked about Bob's caution; he said, "We'll go far enough for old Never-Take-a-Chance!" and led toward the woods, pushing through thickets and across gullies at such a pace that when he had climbed one steep slope he flung himself down, panting.

Tommy sat down quickly, hugging her knees; her mind was churning with thoughts of that miserable flare-up in the mess tent, and she forgot how long she was sitting there, unstirring, till suddenly she was aware of Michael's black eyes looking up at her derisively. "Not much good, am I, Tommy? . . . The last time I was here I ran up this slope after a buff."

"You're fine, Michael. You just go too fast." She said with sincerity, "I haven't seen you look so well for years."

He seemed to think seriously about that, then he gave her a quick grin. "Must be the sobriety. . . . They say the crocks always live the longest, if they take care. Who knows?" He jumped to his feet. "Come on, young thing."

BOB McNARE and Mrs. Winston were walking back to camp, gun boys and guides trailing behind them. The sun was gone but a splash of blood-red brightness gleamed on the high face of the cliff ahead of them. That would go quickly; there would be only a few minutes more of this soft, shadowless clarity, then everything would grow dimmed, as if you were seeing it through depths of water, and suddenly darkness would black all out.

It had been a futile lion hunt. Bob said encouragingly, "We'll get up very early tomorrow and have a proper scout. . . . You're not too tired, are you?"

"Oh, no. I think it's very jolly." She turned a bright face toward him. "I expect it's all rather a bore for you, though. You've done it so much."

"Oh, no, I haven't." He wanted to say that even if he had, he hadn't done it with her, but he got no further than, "Even if I had—" and hoped she'd know the rest. He explained, "I haven't had a lot of time, really, for hunting. My place keeps me busy."

Her gaze wandered off, across the plains. The tall grass was beginning to look silvery, like wheat in moonlight; a fresh-sprung breeze was rippling it. She said, as if speaking out an impulsive thought, "I wonder if it will seem enough now—?"

"Enough—?"

"Your farm. With your position now."

He said nothing for a moment, then, "I don't see that I have any different position."

"Oh, but you have! You're a baronet, and though you may laugh at titles—you did on the boat—they do make a difference."

He turned that over. "I don't see it," he said, with an uncertain laugh. "It's just a handle."

"No, it's more." She hesitated. "It's something rather—special. Something handed down. Something to be lived up to."

"But—I don't see—"

"Perhaps I shouldn't say this. It's not my *shauri*, as you say here. But it seems to me that this life out here, all very pleasant for a young man, is a sort of exile, as a permanent thing. And for you—! I can't help but feel that what you've learned out here, in the Colonies, ought to be used at home. They need people with experience like yours. You ought to come back and take your place—"

"I haven't any place."

"Oh, but you have! Not in the House of Lords"—her laugh dismissed the House of Lords—"but you could get into Parliament."

He said, incredulously, "You think I ought to go home and stand for—"

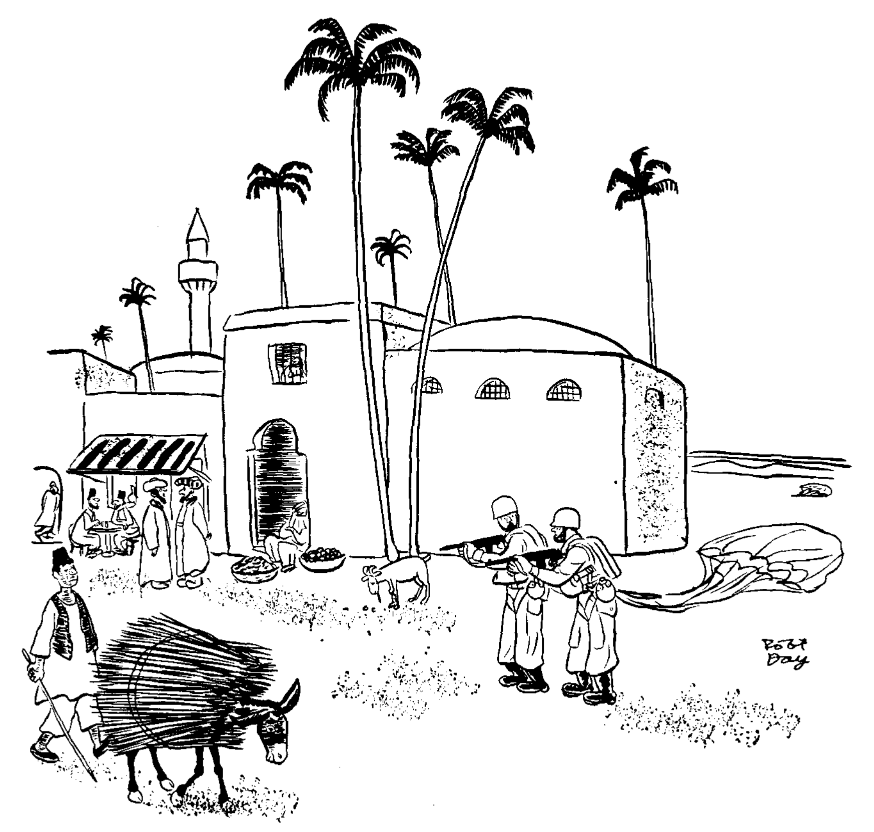
"I do. I think you have a real responsibility. I don't think you ought to leave it to other people. These aren't such easy times, you know."

"But—look here—I don't know the first thing about politics. And I wouldn't like it, at all. I wouldn't know the first thing about getting elected."

"It's very simple. That borough where your uncle lived—or the one where you were brought up—you could stand for either one of them."

"I wouldn't know the first thing about it."

"You get a hundred and fifty names,"



"I can't understand this. Our appearance is supposed to throw the populace into a panic"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

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Unless batteries are LEAKPROOF, be sure to remove "dead" cells to prevent possible corrosion damage.

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said Claire gaily. "That would be easy."

"Oh—that. That's not getting elected. And I haven't the cash. You have to put up a bond or something."

"Three hundred pounds. That could be—arranged."

"I'm not that sort, really I'm not. To go about kissing babies—"

She laughed, amusedly. "Your secretary—or your wife—could do that for you. And I rather think that the constituents now like a more intelligent appeal."

"I couldn't make it. I hate speeches."

"You made a very good one on the boat."

"Oh, about that fund! That was simple—there was something to say."

"There's something to say about the issues of the day. You'd soon know all about them."

"It's not my line at all," he said earnestly. "I'd be no good at it."

She said slowly, "I think you are too modest a man, Sir Robert."

Her voice was sweet and sincere.

She went on earnestly, "No, don't stop me—I know I'm saying what I have no right to say, but let me finish. I don't think you appreciate how much you are needed at home. There are too many old men. And there are eager young men, but not enough experienced young men. You have good sense and you think a thing through and face what has to be done. People at home aren't facing what is happening—at least they aren't taking any line about it. Not even after Czechoslovakia. You know how Uncle went on about that on the boat. He thinks there wouldn't be any Polish question now if we'd stood firm, then. But you've heard all that."

"BUT what could I do? How do I know what to do? Poland—"

"You could put your mind on it and take a line! I do think you are needed. And the fact that you are Sir Robert McNare does mean something."

She paused, then said, in a voice that sounded as if trying to say serious things lightly, "I have a notion that if you don't do this now you may be sorry—later on. Because you aren't—fundamentally—an escapist. . . . Please don't think that's a hard word."

He was staring ahead of him, at the bright path of color on the cliff's face. It was a thin band now and the air was graying about them.

"Just think about it," she urged gently.

"I haven't the choice."

"Oh, yes, you have. Where there's a will, you know. . . . And you might not dislike it, after all." She gave him a tentatively smiling look. "London can be rather nice, you know."

"I dare say."

He was speaking mechanically. He was thinking a good many things at once. He was not a dense young man and he was not deceived by Mrs. Winston's presentation; she was telling him that the only life she would consider was the life at home. She was undoubtedly quite sincere in thinking that his duty, but that was, perhaps, a little because she wanted to think it. There were two sides to that, and she did not see the other. He was no "escapist." He was doing a good job out here; he was making his own way, standing on his own feet, helping to settle the country. It was a good life for any man.

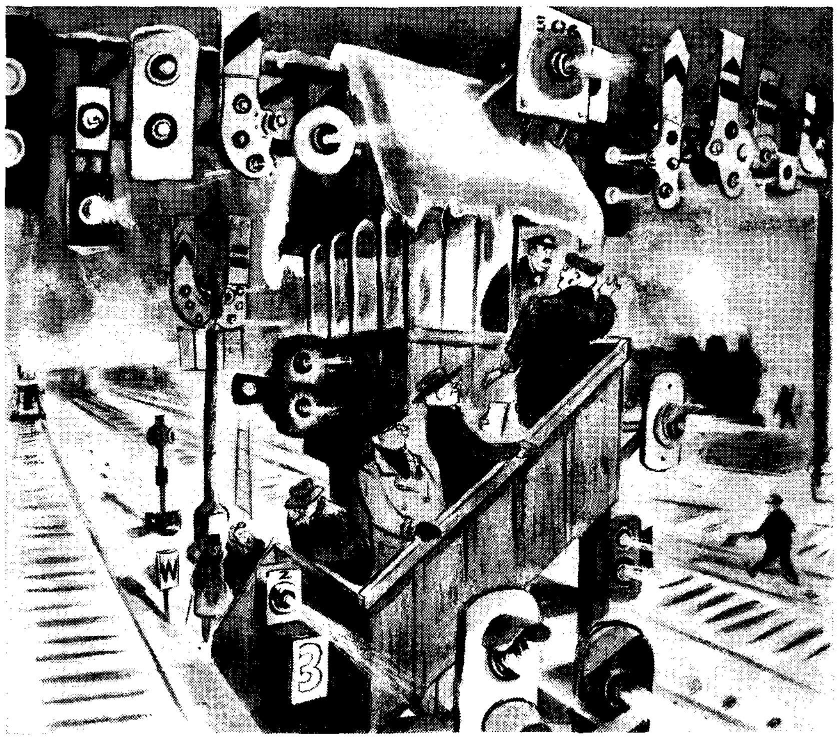
Perhaps he was deceiving himself; perhaps he thought it was a good life because he enjoyed it so much. Perhaps a man owed something more to his name. . . . He didn't know. . . . He would hate to leave this country. But if it was his only chance with her—

He wished he could ask her straight out: "If I go home and take this on, is there any chance for me?" But that had a bargaining ring. And it was dashed presumptuous. Or was it? She had said his wife could kiss the babies, and who did she think his wife would be? She knew he wasn't interested in any other woman. (The thought of Tommy struck him fleetingly, but the pang was faint now.) Did she mean—?

She had said the money could be "arranged." He'd hate to have his wife fork up to get him a seat in Parliament. That was what it amounted to. But he could pay it back. . . . Perhaps she did not mean all that. Perhaps he was misreading her kindness.

He almost hoped so. He did not know what he wanted. So he kept still.

Dinner was rather a silent affair for the four whites. The porters were hilarious about their campfire with the meat Michael had shot and the *pombe* they had brought on from the village.



"As judges of the Christmas Outdoor Lighting Display Contest it gives us pleasure to inform you that you have won first prize!"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

The moon was under a cloud. Michael remarked on that to Mrs. Winston and she said something back in French and they both laughed. Bob McNare glanced quickly at them, and Tommy watched him covertly. She had been desperately afraid that something decisive would happen on that walk of theirs. She was living from moment to moment now, apprehensive, then reprieved.

THEY all went out next morning, going early, while the moon was still up, sending their shadows ahead of them. Then the east grew light, a pale green lightness, and a red sun shot up in it, and the moon shadows fled, and sun shadows unrolled behind them, thin and long. The plains grew clear and they saw antelope and crane, lovely golden-crested crane whose topknots glistened in the sun, and a jackal scuttled through the grass. They found where a lion had feasted during the night, the vultures black on a branch above the kill, and they beat the bushes all about, but there was no glimpse of the lion.

Then, sharply, the guide froze in his tracks. One black arm went out back of him in warning. A buffalo got up out of a thicket and stood staring at them. He was so near that they could see the stupid-looking astonishment in the staring eyes. He looked enormous, and his horns looked enormous, swooping down, then up. Their guns went up and Michael fired.

The roar of the gun shattered the stillness and a bellow from the buffalo roared with it. The buffalo crashed down, thrashing horribly, and Michael sent in a blind shot, ran forward and fired again. When the noise of the shooting died away the thrashing and bellowing had stopped.

He turned back to Claire with a faint smile. "Sorry not to give you the chance. Too near."

Her face still looked astonished. She started forward but Michael said sharply, "Stay there! Wait till we're sure."

"Kufa, Bwana!" his gun boy said, triumphantly.

"All right. Let him have plenty of time to *kufa* thoroughly. I smashed his shoulder, that first shot, to bring him down, and sent the last into his heart, but these chaps are the devil of a time in dying."

But the buffalo was quite dead. "Quick work," said Bob, as they finally stood about him. He spoke with an approval that tried not to sound grudging. Then he added, "I had my gun on him, but—"

"No time to waste," said Michael, carelessly. "You know, those are uncommon horns. May I present them to you, Mrs. Winston?"

"Thank you, Mr. Garrick, I should love them."

Tommy was sorry for Bob. She did not want him to be a hero in Mrs. Winston's eyes, but she was sorry for him, just the same. He was getting to have an inferiority complex about Michael on this trip, she thought; Michael did everything too easily.

Bob was trying to make it clear why he had not fired sooner. "I waited to see if Mrs. Winston—if you had given her just an instant—"

"I didn't want an instant," said Claire positively. She stared down at the great horns. "I wanted that buffalo killed."

"He might have barged away," said Michael. "But we couldn't wait to find out. And it's meat for the pot. . . . We might as well go back now, and let the men come out and bring this in."

They went back, though McNare walked slowly and scanned the plain hopefully. . . .

That afternoon they heard a lion grunting early in the distance and Michael said negligently, "There you are, Bob." Bob and Claire quickly made ready; to Tommy's surprise, Bob asked her to come, too. "Might run into two, you know." She thought, very gladly, that he wanted to show her he was not angry about her outburst the day before.

The fact was, he did *not* want to be alone with Mrs. Winston, not till he knew more clearly what he meant to say. He felt harassed. He wished he didn't have to commit himself just yet. He wanted to enjoy the present, which could be so jolly. . . . If only Michael would let Mrs. Winston alone. His distrust of Michael made him tense. He told himself that his distrust was warping his judgment, that he saw things in an exaggerated way, but the distrust persisted.

"WE'LL have to try the *boma,*" Michael declared. "It's folly to waste this moon."

They were sitting out, their cigarette tips bright gleams in the shadow. The moon he spoke of was high, sending a wash of whiteness over the world before them. A little thorn tree stood out in that light as if done with chalk and charcoal. Far out on the plain they heard a lion's hunting grunt.

"We ought to be out there now," he said.

Bob said slowly, "Perhaps you're right—"

"I'm jolly well right. It's an extra shot in the locker. Try everything." Michael jumped to his feet, walked over to Mrs. Winston, and spoke down to her:

"How's for using this moon for a look at hippo? May I have the honor, Mrs. Winston, to present to you, Monsieur l'Hippopotame?"

"Why, thank you. . . . Just for a moment, then." Those words, over her shoulder, seemed as much for the others as for him.

Tommy said quickly, "Sing out, if they're worth seeing," and Bob called after them, "Take a gun!" and Michael called back, "I've got my revolver, *mon brave.*"

They were out of sight of the others now, walking down a path between thickets. Claire said in a doubtful voice, "I don't know that we ought to do this."

"Why not? He had you this afternoon, didn't he? That's a jolly lot more than he's entitled to."

"But your wife, Michael. She won't think—?"

He could not tell her that Tommy was more than grateful to be with Bob. It was rather curious, he thought, that Claire had no inkling of the undercurrents there, but then, Tommy had played up well. She had had years of practice.

"No, she won't think," he said aloud. He was walking first, holding back branches for her. The light ran like quicksilver along the edge of the branches; it touched the contours of her face to an almost unearthly loveliness. His throat felt choking. He said thickly, "Come this way."

They were in a little glade on the edge of the river, sheltered by thick growth. The water was white in the moon with black zigzags of ripples where something had suddenly gone down. "Watch," said Michael softly, drawing her close to him.

Out of the whiteness shot a dark head, outlined in light. The silhouette was comic, the long head and aggressive, perky ears. Then there was a snort, ludicrously expressive, and the head was gone.

"He'll be back," said Michael. "They're curious beasts, when they've not been shot over."

His arm was about her, now; he was

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drawing her against him and she turned, and they were locked in each other's arms. He held her tightly; he kissed her cheek, her mouth, her throat. Her hand went softly to the back of his neck and stayed there. His skin trembled under her light fingers.

The joy in him was almost too fierce to be borne. He breathed, "I'm sick of everything in the world but you."

"I know."

"To find you again—like this—"

He held her close against him, against his pounding heart. He must have been happy like this before, he thought, but he had forgotten that a man could be so happy.

She stirred a little, as if wondering at his stillness.

He said, "You'll marry me, Claire? . . . Tommy will let me go at once. Then you and I—"

He felt her stare up through the dark, and a cold premonition went through him before her laugh came, soft, amused, gaily cynical.

"Not *marry,* Michael! You never thought I'd do that!"

THE shock was profound. For a moment he was almost that younger Michael, standing in the dusk of his Congo camp, staring at a wedding announcement while his boy held the lantern to the white page, but that moment passed so swiftly it might never have been, and every instinct in him rallied to deny his feelings, to deny to her what he had hoped. His voice, when it came, was empty of everything but a light irony:

"I thought you'd want marriage. Gesture to the *mores.* You come of a strait-laced stock."

"You donkey!"

Claire said it softly, teasingly, caressingly, her laugh inviting him to share her amusement. Marry him—a penniless planter, a seedy chap of forty-one, with nothing to recommend him but his worn good looks, his rakish air?

A burning mortification seared him; her words and accent had stripped him of every pretension.

"You're marrying Sir Robert?" he asked.

She ignored the ironic inflection of his "Sir Robert," and said serenely, "That's as may be."

"You'll get bloody sick of him," Michael said.

"Oh, no. He's nice."

"You don't know him. He can be set as the devil and strait-laced as your mother."

She smiled. The moonlight showed him that smile, its suggestion of a cool, feminine confidence. It was a smile that scoffed, "As if I could not manage men!" Then she murmured, "Do we have to discuss him now?"

Michael was shaken with fury, sick with humiliation. Treating him like a gigolo, was she? Taking what she wanted. Cuddling up to him behind Bob's back, meaning to marry Bob. . . . Twice she had done this, married one man while wanting another, but this time she meant to have what she wanted first.

Now he hated her! Now he—

"Circe, Circe," he muttered.

Her lips clung to his. Something unregenerate in him grinned up through his anger, asking him, "Why can't you enjoy this?"

But he felt only smarting chagrin and the fierce compulsion to hide that chagrin, to cover his egregious blunder as best he could. He wondered that she did not taste his despair on his lips. He wrenched himself back from her. The sickness in his heart was choking him.

"I can't stand this," he said thickly.

Let her think he was dying of passion for her! Let her think he adored her too much. Anything so that he could draw back, could get himself in hand.

"I know," she said breathlessly. She flung out, irresolute and resentful, "But we've got to go back. . . . This abominable camp!"

He managed a grim smile. "It's a rotten cage, isn't it? . . . But I'll fix up something."

"But what—? It's just a huddle."

"Leave it to me." Mechanically his voice pretended confidence.

She warned, "Michael, you be careful!"

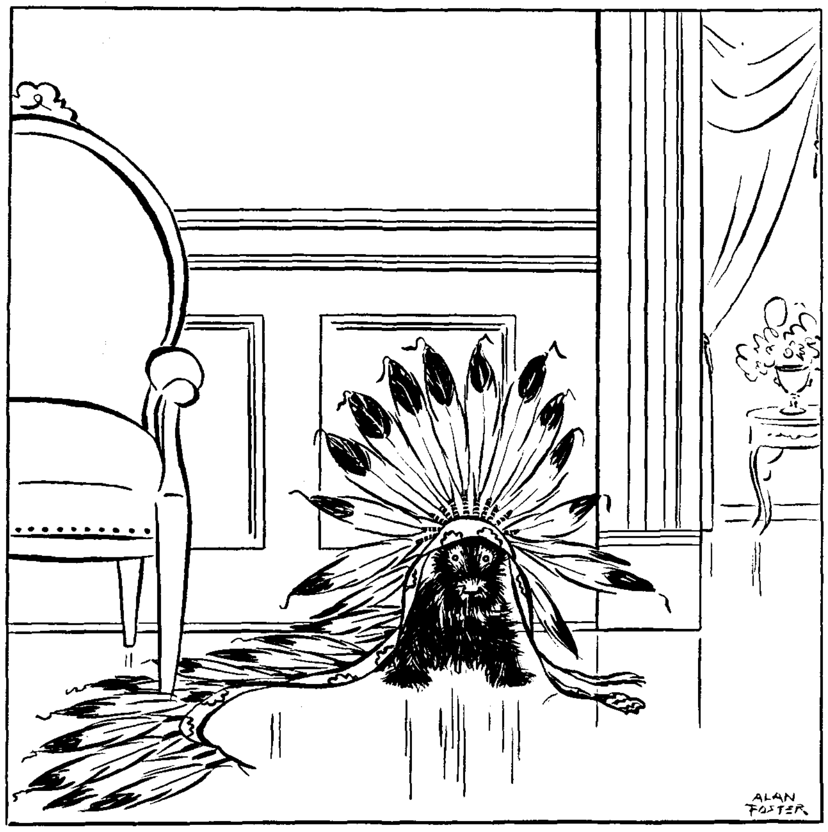
"I'm always careful."

"You weren't with Mrs. Roniff."

"I was younger then. And she was—importunate."

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "They've just made me an 'Honorary Seminole'!"

"You blackguard!" said Claire in a fond voice. She smoothed her hair, straightened her dress. She said, "Wipe off your mouth, Michael. I had color on my lips."

He wiped his mouth, his face. He gave her a sidelong look. "Gad, you sound competent!"

She glanced at him with a curious expression. There was a touch of amused surprise in it, a subtle but almost arrogant affirmation of competence in all possible situations. It was the expression of an extraordinarily initiated and self-satisfied experience.

HE KNEW, then. He thought, "Of course. I wondered, that first night." But that first night, at the club, she had been unreal, an apparition. It didn't matter what her life had been. Since then she had become Claire again, his long-lost love. She had been Claire to him ever since that moment in the car when he had kissed her.

He put his hands on her shoulders and spun her lightly about. From the chalky whiteness of the river two dark heads were fixedly regarding them.

"Now you've seen hippo," he said. "Talk about them when you get back."

He led the way, holding, as before, the branches from her.

She began talking vivaciously about the hippo as they neared the camp: "I'm spoiled for zoos now. After seeing the creatures like this, in their own wilds—"

Bob McNare and Tommy Garrick were still in their steamer chairs, with no pretense of conversation between them. Bob looked up, as the two approached, but did not speak.

"We saw two hippo," Claire told them gaily. "Hippo or hippos—which do you say?" She sank into the chair on the other side of Bob, her voice running on animatedly: "First there was one—a huge beast, wasn't it, Mr. Garrick?—and he kept going under and coming up, and at last he came up with another, not quite so vast. Do you suppose it was his wife?"

"Let's suppose so," said Michael. He smiled sardonically down on them from the shadow where he stood. "Let's suppose the very kindest things about the hippo's night life."

"*Méchant!*" said Claire swiftly up at him. There was irrepressible laughter in her voice. Then it took on childlike sweetness. "I mean," she protested, turning the loveliness of her face toward McNare, "do you suppose he'd been keeping her down there until he decided it was safe to let her come out and see the strange white intruders?"

"I wouldn't know," said Bob briefly. He had the offended voice of a man who knows and resents that he has been excluded from the stroll his lady had taken with another, and who doesn't propose to be appeased by any trivial chat.

"They're frightfully curious beasts," said Tommy, her voice stoutly maintaining that there was no tension at all in the air, that it was quite natural for her husband and Mrs. Winston to stroll off in the moonlight to the river.

"I expect we're as much of a show to them as they to us," said Claire.

"What would you say were their conclusions?" queried Michael.

Claire ignored his question. "How long can they stay under water, Sir Robert?" she was asking.

That was a mistake, Michael thought critically. If they had been chatting of hippo she would have been sure to ask that. It was a mordant pleasure to him to feel Bob's suspicion in his stiff, "Five minutes, I believe."

Abruptly Michael swung about and went into his tent. The Garrick tent was the nearest to the circle of steamer chairs and though the porters were making their usual racket about their campfire, talking and guffawing and strumming out their music, he could hear the voices of his companions, though not their words. Claire was keeping up her animation—bright arrows of it against Bob's taciturnity—and Tommy was playing up, filling in the silences that Bob did not fill in.

Michael thought of his wife in the little yellow dress she put on for dinner to look feminine for Bob, sitting there knowing herself unwanted, pretending not to know, desperately afraid to leave those two together in the moonlight.

The little fool. They were a pair of fools. Stretched out on his cot, his hands clasped behind his neck, he stared up at the dark roof of his tent.

He felt deathly sick of everything. His fury had burnt out, leaving a dry ash of chagrin and mockery. Why should he trouble to hate Claire for taking what she wanted? He did not hate her. She did not matter any more. Nothing mattered.

IT WAS all very funny. There was Bob McNare, sulking jealously out in the moonlight, thinking her a silver saint, worrying for fear that scapegrace, Michael, would contaminate her, and there she was, exquisite as Diana, faithless as Becky Sharp, smiling inside her at Bob's moodiness, smiling at memory of Michael's passion, meaning to marry Bob, to make herself Lady McNare, meaning to have Michael first, if it were quite safe and convenient.

She wouldn't want him after she got back to the world. He wouldn't stack up well against the Brass Hats, against men rich and successful and well placed. It was only here, on safari, under the wild and lonely African moon, that he seemed desirable.

It had not always been like that. The young Michael could have won against odds in any drawing room. That confident young Michael . . . that brilliant young career man. . . . What had he done to himself? . . . Never before had Michael Garrick felt so sharply the finality of time. A shudder went through his thin body.

Time was remorseless. Year after year, making its mark . . . pushing you along. No going back to the crossroads. . . . There was no going back for her, either. The years had left subtle traces on her, too. . . . Her face when she had looked at him in that wise way. . . . The look of a shrewd wanton. . . .

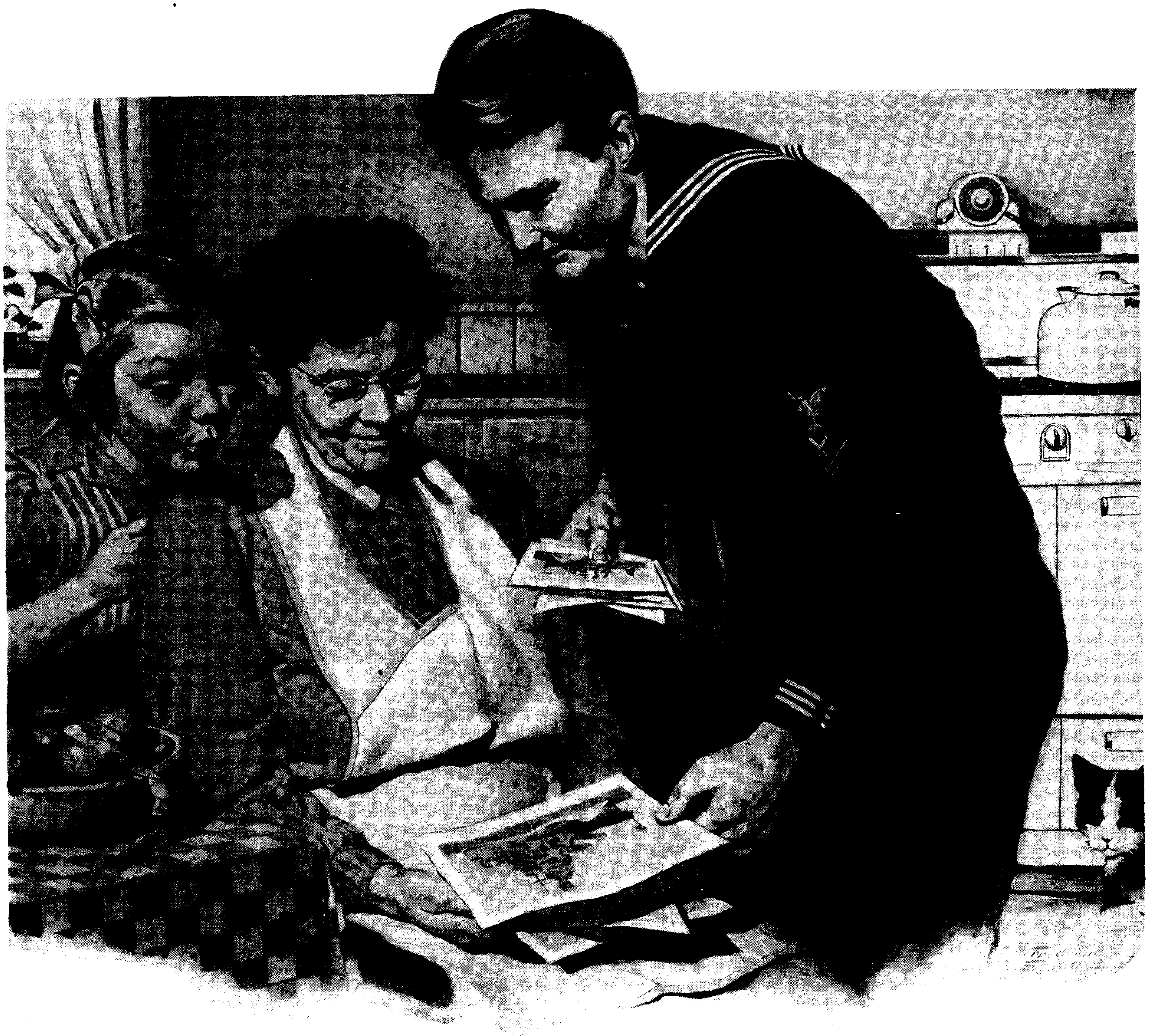
It was funny! A joke on him. He had started out to be so jaunty and aloof, to pique her vanity, and feed his own by keeping untouched, indifferent. And then that kiss. . . .

He'd been a fool. The same fool of sixteen years before. No, not the same fool. Sixteen years ago he would have gone mad at losing her—he had gone mad. Now it was quite all right. His ironic judgment applauded her. Feeling was dead. It was only his pride that writhed in its ashes.

He wondered if he had carried it off. She was too acute to be completely fooled. Still, he'd done rather well, he thought. And if he went on with it, kept after her—

He didn't want her. . . . Why not? Ah, he flinched from looking into that, did he?

(To be continued next week)



"What on earth has a battleship got to do with my cooking?"

JACK: Plenty, Mom . . . plenty! They tell me down at the Navy yard almost everything that goes into making those babies is cooked with *Gas.*

MOTHER: *Cooked? What do you mean cooked . . .*

JACK: Heat-treated . . . to give the metal proper toughness. For instance, Gas cooks armor plate so it will shake off big shells and not shatter under gunfire. And the steel for tanks, guns, planes and bombs . . . they're all cooked with Gas!

MOTHER: *But why Gas?*

JACK: Why Gas! You ought to know . . . because it saves time and money makin' a battlewagon—just as it saves you time and money cookin' a meal!

MOTHER: *So that's why they say we may be asked to conserve Gas for home uses this winter.*

JACK: That's it, Mom . . . Gas is mighty important stuff, and they need lots of it to win the war!

MOTHER: *Well, if I can help . . . I'll be glad to do my bit.*

JACK: Now you're cookin' with Gas . . . Mom!

★ 85,000,000 Americans depend on Gas to save time, money and food in cooking . . . to preserve food safely in silent Gas refrigerators . . . to heat water and homes. That's why they've made the Gas Company community headquarters for cooking and nutrition information! If you want the latest advice on these all-important subjects . . . consult your Gas Company.

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. . . use it wisely!

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LENINGRAD UNDER SIEGE

A people's struggle against cold and hunger and disease. This i how Russia's second city survived these enemies and the impact o 6,000 cannon, 4,500 trench mortars, 1,000 planes, 19,000 machin guns and nearly one million troops hurled against it by the Nazi

LENINGRAD has become a synonym for endurance and a symbol of valor. Here workmen laid down their tools, took up rifles. Women and children replaced men. With the city's supply lines cut, the harbor facilities disrupted, and the city's water supply severed, hardship became a common lot. Five thin slices of bread a day was each defender's ration. Only hospitals and factories received what fuel and electrical energy there were. People worked eleven hours a day but found time for military training.

Behind its barricades, 90,000 children went daily to school. Colleges graduate 2,500 pupils. Publishers brought ou many books. A best seller was Tolstoy' War and Peace—100,000 copies. Her Auxiliary Fireman Dmitri Shostakovic wrote his Seventh Symphony, a probabl immortal work.

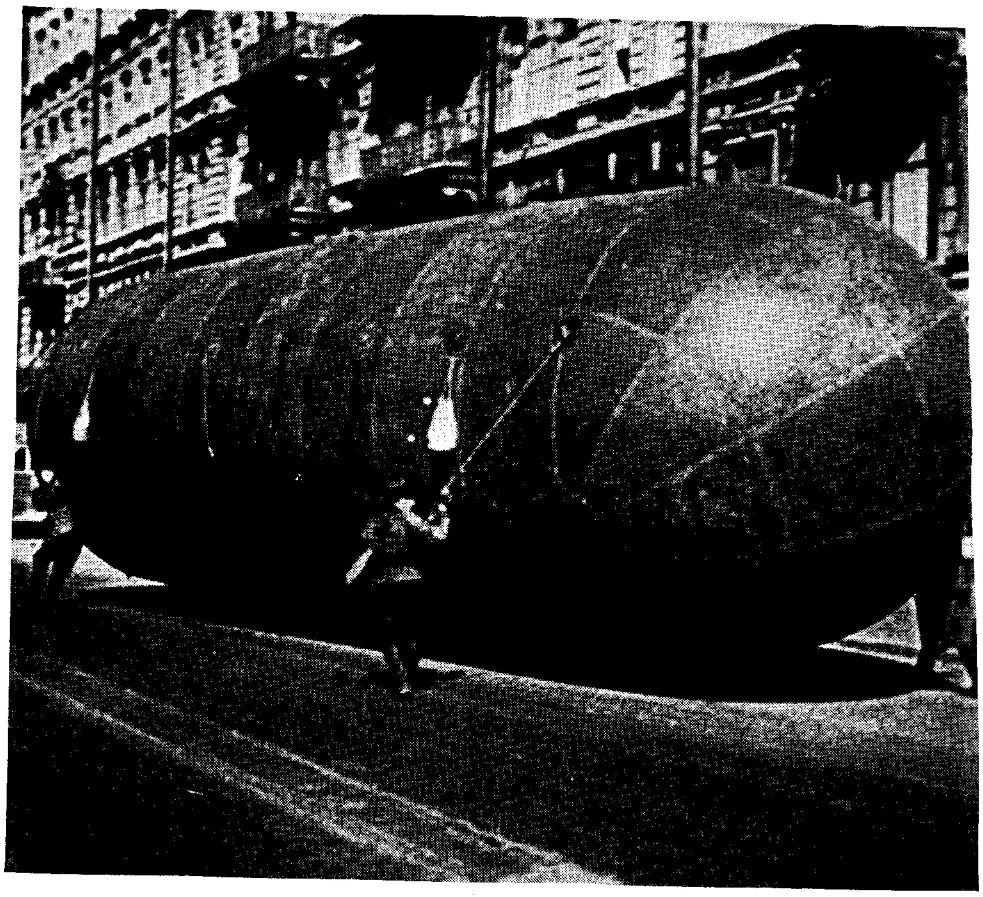
The pictures here tell the story of sacrifice and courage and faith of the Russian people, of the indomitable will to victory which has aroused the admiration of the whole world. They are exclusive prints from a new Soviet film, The Siege of Leningrad.

VERNON POPE

EXCLUSIVE COLLIER'S PICTURES FROM SOVFOTO-ARTKINO

THE PEOPLE Their houses bombed, the people remove their possessions. 3,000,000 people barricade themselves, hold off an army of 800,000 Germans

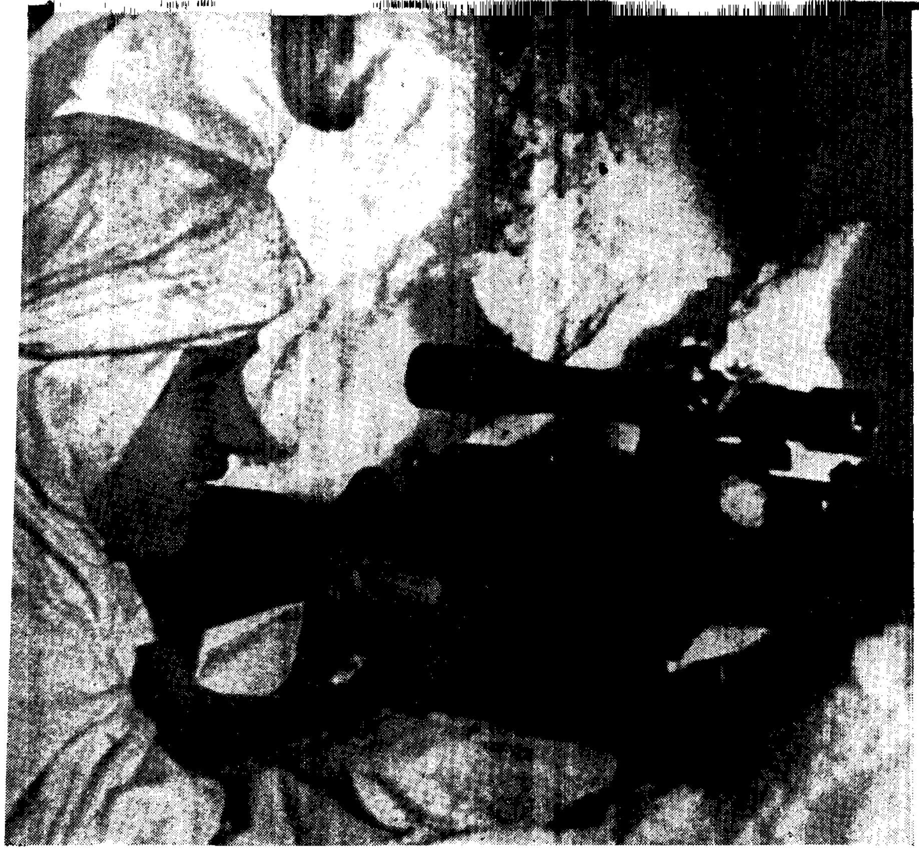
STREETS Death was commonplace. A volunteer army cleaned the city, carted away their dead in rough coffins, placed on sleds (above)



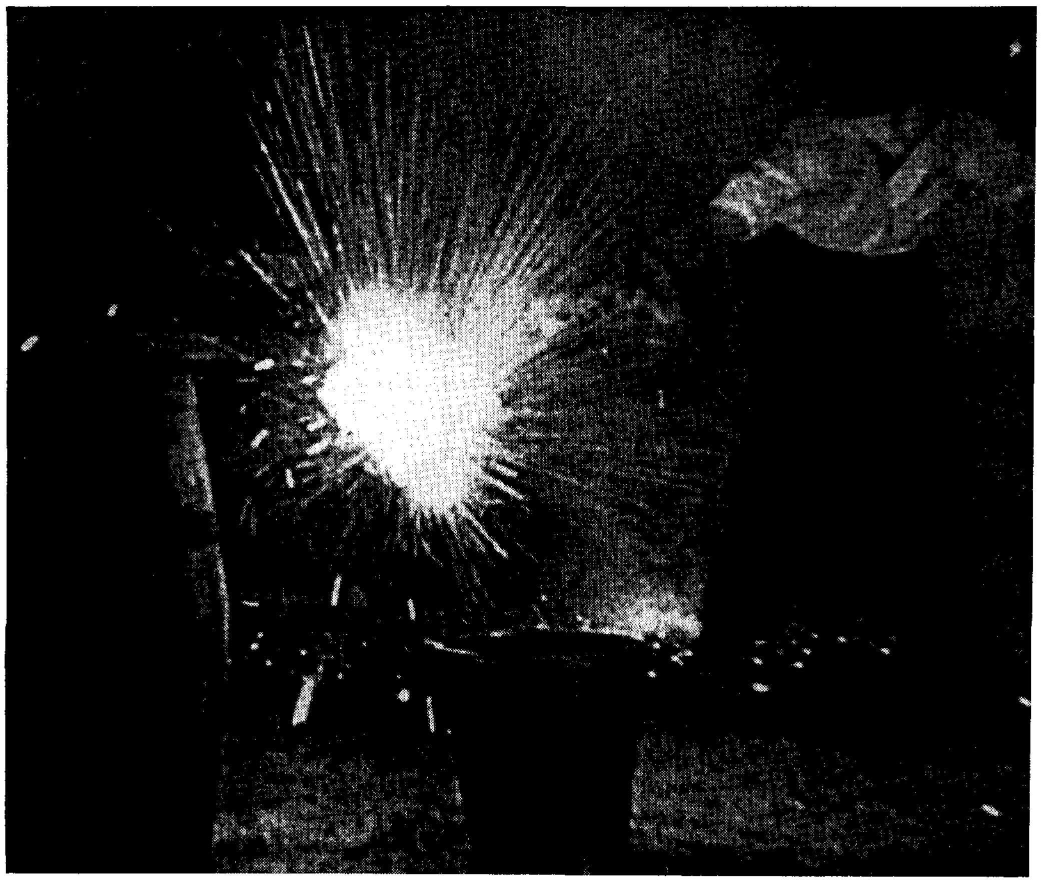
DEFENSE Women soldiers haul a barrage balloon through streets. Antitank traps were built on every street, every house was a fortress

WATER City's reservoirs and water mains bombed, water for drinking, cooking, washing, was drawn from Neva River (left) and canals (right), carried in containers.

2,000 children carried 4,000 pails to supply bakeries with water for city's bread. (No child had strength to carry more than two pails)



SNIPERS Uniform camouflaged, armed with telescopic sight, Russian sniper (left) takes careful aim, kills German (right) fleeing in field outside city. German price on snipers' heads is high, but few are caught. Pictures taken after 6 months' siege, help explain Leningrad's stand today after 17 months

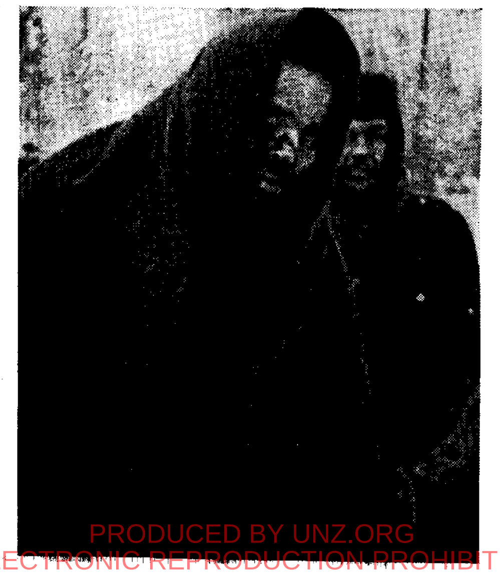


FACTORIES Limited wood was doled out to factories. Here, at 30° below zero, worker repairing 42-ton Russian tank warms hands

AIR RAIDS Against 1,000 German planes, 6,000 cannon, 19,000 machine guns, Leningrad held. Above, factory worker douses incendiary bomb

PRISONERS Guerrillas and Leningrad militia captured tens of thousands of German prisoners. Starved, frozen, fear-crazed "supermen" (below) were fed, jailed.

Despite encirclement, Russian guerrillas smuggled a 200-car trainload of fuel, clothing, farm produce into city, all taken from Nazi-held territory



The Service Flag

Continued from page 30

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Imperial
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

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TABLE WINES
SAUTERNES · RHINE · BURGUNDY · CLARET
DESSERT WINES
PORT · SHERRY (PALE & DRY) · MUSCATEL · TOKAY

AMERICAN WINE COMPANY ★ ST. LOUIS, MO.

Schwefel and the baby a home; but she elected to move into the big barn, partitioning off two rooms in the front part of it. She was sure that she would be all right till Kurt—he was the son still fighting in France—came home. His death was not reported to her till after the Armistice. She left the service flag flying till the treaty of peace was signed, then took it down and folded it away with a scrap of gold cloth which she had had left over, and packed it safely in the trunk she had brought with her from Germany.

Marm Schwefel's insistence on living in the barn was, everyone agreed, completely in character; and so was her refusal to accept from the government the war risk insurance on the lives of her sons. She could never quite explain that refusal even to herself, not in words; but she was deeply sure that she would never take the money. She had given her boys as a free gift and without reservation, and she would not have that giving marred.

She continued to live in the barn for a year or two, tending little Kurt and yet finding time to keep the farm a going concern. Walter Frame took her milk to the creamery in Carvel every morning, and she sold eggs and butter, so she made enough money for taxes, and spent little for anything else. There had been some small insurance on the house; but she did not touch it until she was sure she could support herself and Kurt. Then she hired Wilbur Tempest to build a small house big enough for her and for Kurt and moved out of the barn.

WHEN Kurt was six, he trudged away up the road to the school at the four corners. He was from the first a good student, and as he grew older he showed in many ways a ready ingenuity. He was always fascinated by the lobster boats that put out from the cove every morning, and before he was old enough to take the bus to Carvel and high school he knew more about two-cycle engines than the men who owned them. He worked before school for Jeff Penrod, rising early to go out with him to pull his pots, returning in time to help Marm Schwefel with the chores, working till dusk every evening after he came home from school.

But he found time too, to explore the countryside in every direction with fishing rod or gun; and one day when he was still short of his teens he led Marm Schwefel down across the pasture and into the swampy woodland beyond to show her a secret cave he had found there. The old glacier had tumbled together three huge slabs in a sort of tepee. It was necessary to crawl to enter the cave, but inside there was room to stand erect. For the rest of that summer and all of the next, the cave was Kurt's greatest delight. He leveled the ground inside it and built a bed and a fireplace, and half a dozen times he slept there alone, a fearless, towheaded youngster lying wide-eyed in the dark and silent wood. He blazed a trail that ran near the cave, but the way to the cave itself he hid from every eye, and he took no one there except Marm Schwefel.

The year he was twelve years old he shot his first deer, and after that, he killed many another. The day he shot one out of season and brought the best cuts and the liver proudly home, Marm Schwefel thrashed him, calmly and without heat, but thoroughly for all that. "We're good people, Kurt," she explained, finding it hard, as she always did, to put her thoughts in words. "We're good people, and we want to do the way we ought to." She went further, notifying the game warden of Kurt's crime, and requiring Kurt to pay the fine out of money he himself had earned. She found it impossible to make Kurt understand her point of view; but it was clear enough to her. A man—or a boy—had not only rights but duties and obligations too; and if he failed to meet them he must face the consequences, no matter how painful they might be.

When Kurt graduated from high school in 1935, Marm Schwefel sat proudly in the audience of admiring parents and grandparents, watching him through swimming eyes, so happy she could scarce endure it. She had decided that he should go to college, and he was eager to do so. To celebrate his graduation from high school, she gave him a wonderful suitcase with a combination lock which he could take with him when he went away.

Kurt's four years in college immediately preceded the outbreak of the war in Europe; and during these years Marm Schwefel began to be increasingly troubled by the boy's opinions. He declared that if the United States became involved in the approaching conflict—which everyone foresaw—he would not fight. "None of the fellows will," he said. "The Allies made suckers out of us last time, but they won't again." But he went further than this, declaring that Germany had been maltreated at Versailles, that she deserved the sympathy of the world. When Marm Schwefel protested, he reminded her that she was German born. "You ought to be proud of it," he said, "and proud of Germany now."

She tried to tell him her heart. "We are Americans now for a long time, Kurt," she urged. "Your father and your uncles fought for this country against Germany in the other war. That was because they were good Americans, and we are good Americans too. I think Germany is different since I was a girl there. In Bavaria we were good friendly people then."

But she could not hold her own with him in any argument; and she heard him sometimes argue too with Walter Frame, or with Jeff Penrod, till it seemed to her there was something suspicious and unfriendly in the eyes of these her old neighbors when they spoke to her. Once she pleaded: "I wish you wouldn't make arguments with them, Kurt. You might be right, but they don't think so, and they are mad when you say the things you say."

The year after he graduated, the first year of the war, he stayed at home, putting into effect on the farm the scientific methods college had taught him; but when it became clear that a draft bill would be passed by Congress, he told Marm Schwefel strongly: "They're not going to draft me. I'm going to get myself a job in a preferred occupation—war work or something."

She was more troubled than she could say, but she was helpless. The Bath Iron Works was hiring men to build destroyers, and Kurt's old interest in engines made him turn that way. He found a job there and came home triumphantly. "I'm all set, Grandma," he cried, embracing her. "They won't get me into their damned Army now."

SHE told him that he was a bad boy to talk so, and he laughed at her fondly; but she was troubled and unhappy then and thereafter. He worked at Bath all that winter and next spring and early summer; but in August, 1941, he came home one night so abstracted that she asked him what the matter was, and he hesitated and then said he had quit his job. "I had a row with the foreman," he told her; and she thought he was telling her less than the truth. "I told him where to get off," he said.

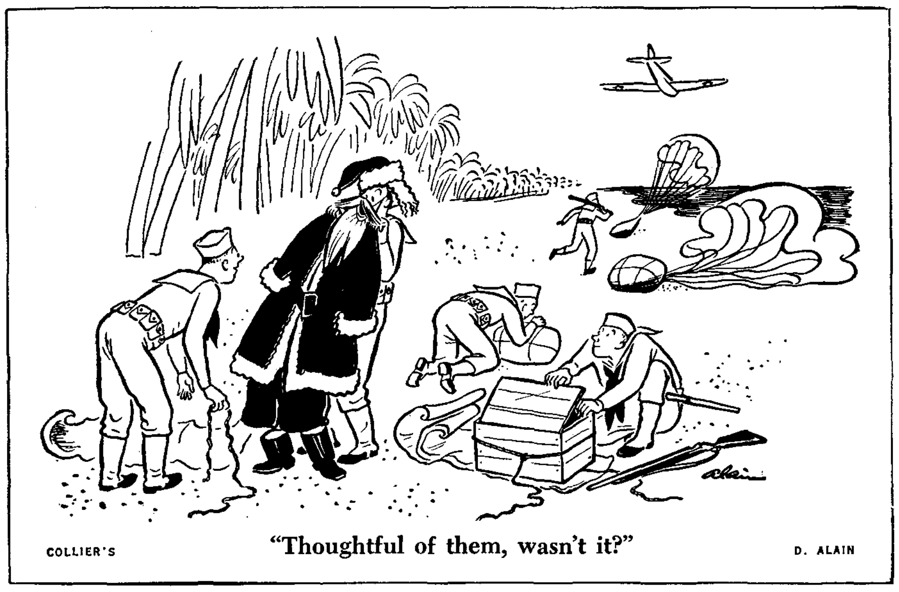
"Maybe you can go into the Army now," she suggested hopefully; but he laughed.

"Not me, Grandma," he assured her. "No, I'm going to Boston, get a job on some ship, go to sea."

She tried to comfort herself with the assurance that even as a sailor he would be helping to beat Germany; and she tried to shut her mind to the dangers of the sea. But when he was gone, when she read day after day of ships torpedoed, of drifting boats picked up at sea half full of dead men, she trembled with dreadful fears for him.

He had not written her the name of his ship, so she did not know whether he lived or died; and through the long winter after Pearl Harbor she seemed to grow visibly older day by day. When spring came, she had begun to give up hope. Surely, since he never wrote her, never came home, Kurt must be dead.

She would soon be seventy years old, and her hands, from many years of hard, long toil, were knotty at the joints, and they ached with fatigue when she



"Thoughtful of them, wasn't it?"

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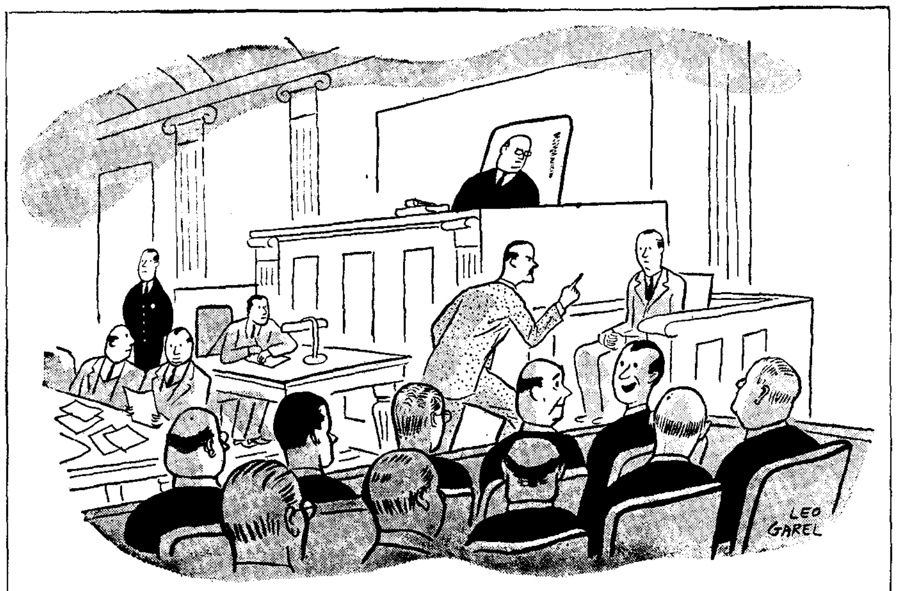

COLLIER'S "I saw the same thing in the movies. The butler did it" LEO GAREL

worked. Milking was hard, for instance; but Walter Frame stopped at her door at a quarter past seven every morning to pick up her milk and take it to the creamery, so she still rose early to get her milking done. Usually she made herself a bite of breakfast first, so she was up and around by five o'clock almost every day.

This June morning she waked a little earlier than usual, and the kettle on the stove was beginning to simmer, and the kitchen door was open to let in the dewy morning air when someone stepped boldly up on the porch. She turned and saw a tall young man, and thought for a minute it was Kurt, so that her eyes filled and she took an uncertain step that way; and then he swung the screen door wide and caught her in his arms, and it was Kurt indeed!

THE unbearable bliss of this homecoming made her tremble and go weak and weep helplessly in his arms, and she uttered small wordless cries, patting his cheek, pulling his face down to hers, lapsing into the almost forgotten tongue of her childhood in Bavaria; and he too spoke in German, reassuring her and comforting her and loving her, till she remembered to be surprised and said in wonder:

"But, Kurt, it is German you speak. You have not done that since you were a little boy."

"I never forgot it, though, Grandma," he told her. "The mate on our ship was a German, and we used to talk together, and it came back to me quickly."

She wept again in gladness that he was alive, and pushed him away to look at him through her tears, and cried delightedly: "Just the same, you are. Even the very suit you wore when you left."

He laughed teasingly. "I saved it to come home again, so you'd be sure to know me."

"You, now!" she cried in merry reproach. Then she remembered that he was the little boy that she had tended so long. "But so early, you must be hungry. Sit down while I give you breakfast." Then she remembered the cows. "Only I must hurry to milk before Walter Frame comes to take it to the creamery."

Kurt helped her with that milking, answering her questions while they worked together in the warm and steaming tie-up, fragrant with the sweet breath of the cows. He told a tale of long voyages and a hard homecoming when they kept watch every day for the plume of a periscope. It was an enemy raider, he said, which sank his ship off the Chilean coast; and he was eleven days in an open boat before they made port, and there were long delays on the homeward way till he reached Boston and took the bus for home and walked the last mile from the four corners this morning.

And now he would stay with her? Yes, he said; but first he must go to Boston again, just for a day or two, to collect his pay. When Walter Frame stopped for the milk he too asked questions; and he was one who had never liked Kurt.

"Guess the draft board will be wanting to see you," he said maliciously. "You ain't in no shipyard now."

"I'm going to be a farmer," Kurt told him. "Grandma needs me here."

Walt shook his head. "She's got along all right up to now," he pointed out. "When'd you git here? Last night?"

Kurt's eyes narrowed. "You ask a lot of questions. I'll let you know I'm coming, next time, so you can meet me."

But Marm Schwefel protested: "You hush, Kurt! Can't Walt be neighborly?" And she told Walt: "He came on the early bus, got here this morning." When Walt was gone she said: "But, Kurt, you can go in the Army as well as not if you're a mind to. You don't have to stay home account of me."

He kissed her smilingly. "Don't you worry, Grandma. I'll take care of you. They're not drafting farmers yet a while."

So there was this cloud on his homecoming; but she did not urge him, savoring the great happiness of having him here. When next day he left to go to Boston she gave him a brave goodby. "But this time, come back to me, Kurt," she pleaded. "Or, if you're not coming back, tell me now, before you go. The not knowing is hard to bear, when you're so long away."

"I'll be back," he promised. "A day or two, a week at the outside, that's all."

She watched him tramp away up the road to the four corners, and as long as he could see, she stood in the barnyard, waiting to wave to him with a lifted hand. But he could not see, from that distance, her streaming eyes. When he went out of her sight she turned indoors, moving blindly; and she sat down in a dreadful passivity, her knotted hands idle in her lap, staring at nothing. Kurt was gone. She had an aching certainty that he would not return.

THE Jersey heifer was about to come in; but when the other cows came up to the bars that night she was not with them. Marm Schwefel put them in the tie-up and then went down into the pasture to try to find the heifer. Dark came and stopped her search, and she was worried that night for fear the heifer would, as they say, steal her calf. If the calf were

1917 WAR
RUN BY TELEPHONE
1942 WAR
RUN BY RADIO

For Instance . . .

. . . from Hawaii came news that Lieut. Gen. Emmons was to discuss maneuvers and defensive plans with officers and men by radio. . . . Brig. Gen. Boyd commenting in a radio broadcast said: "The use of commercial radio by the commander to contact his troops spread over many square miles . . . is a new and important means of communication." (news item)

. . . during the Dieppe raid, Gen. Roberts commanded from headquarters on a destroyer. . . . along a nine-mile front wireless [radio] messages could be heard coming in . . . . . . a smoke shield was ordered for troops on the "west beach" . . . the [radio] order was given to the Fighter Command . . . two hundred miles away . . . WITHIN A FEW MINUTES Douglas Bostons were dropping a heavy pall of concealing smoke . . . (news item)

Interesting! Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

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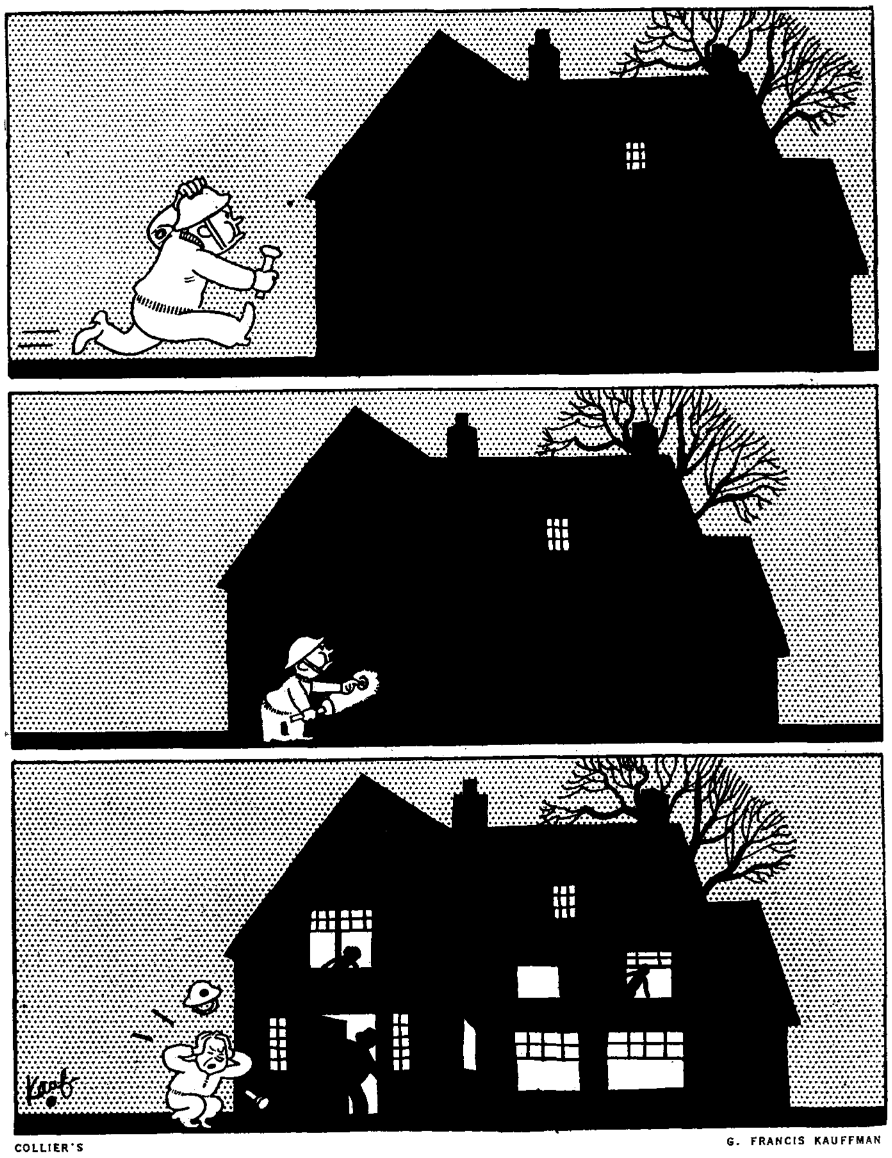


COLLIER'S G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

born down in the pasture somewhere, the heifer would hide it; and the calf and the heifer, unless they were captured quickly, would soon go wild and be useless forevermore. In the morning when Walt Frame stopped for the milk she told him what had happened.

"So I've got to hunt her up today and get her into the barn," she said.

He nodded understandingly, and he said: "See here, ma'am, you told me Kurt come home on the early bus, but he didn't. I talked to the bus driver yestiddy afternoon, the one that drove the early bus that day, and he says Kurt wa'n't on it."

SHE looked at him in a sort of wonder. "Walt Frame, you trying to tell me Kurt would lie to me?" she demanded.

So Walt grinned. "Guess the bus driver made a mistake," he admitted. "You need any help finding that heifer, let me know."

When her chores were done, Marm Schwefel set out on her search. The pasture lay across the road from the house, running down to the spruce woods that clad the point above the rocky beach. The spruces on the point were young trees and they made a tangled fastness through which the cows in search of shade had broken narrow paths. Marm Schwefel began to search this thicket as the most likely place; and she routed the heifer out of its hiding. It plunged through the spruces to escape, and the little old woman, following its trail, came to a place where its hoofs had cut deep into soft soil under a carpet of spruce spills. She herself went ankle deep there, and that was strange, because the point was all ledge or shale, dry and hard. She paused to look around, and at once she forgot the heifer.

For clearly someone had dug a hole here and then filled it up again and swept the spruce needles over it to hide the traces; and Marm Schwefel could think of no reason why anyone should dig a hole here in this almost impenetrable spruce tangle a few rods above the beach. Someone might have shot a deer or a moose and cut away the good meat and buried the carcass here. But for that cantankerous heifer, the spot might have gone unvisited for years on end.

Marm Schwefel did not like these mysterious goings-on on her land, so she took a dead stick and began to dig, scratching away the needles and gouging into the soft earth to find what was buried here. At the depth of a foot or so she struck wood, the top of a box. She worked out to its edge and found another box buried beside it; and eventually she made sure that there were at least four boxes here, nested corner to corner.

And on the top of the boxes she found some stenciled letters and numerals. The characters were German.

When she made this discovery, Marm Schwefel stopped digging, trying to understand; and she wished she had brought her ax with her, so that she might smash open the boxes and find what was inside them.

She left the boxes partially uncovered and looked around for other traces of the movements of the men who had buried them here. She discovered a sort of trail down to the beach—a trail that had been covered, after it was used, with a sprinkling of spruce needles. Among the rocks on the beach she found traces of booted feet. Whoever had brought those boxes had come by boat; and they had presumably departed in the same way. But then she saw, on rocks along the shore, faint muddy imprints. A few rods away, the dried course of a little stream came down through cedars to the beach; but no water flowed there except in time of rain. The imprints led to the mouth f this watercourse and followed it upard, away from the beach.

She took that trail, intent and stern, ooping to pass under overhanging ranches, watching the rocks in the ream bed for traces; and once she saw here a booted foot had stepped on narrow gravel bar. Mosquitoes and lack flies harassed her, but she brushed em heedlessly aside as she pushed on. he was an old woman, but she had been lone woman on a farm for many years, nd not much escaped her eyes. After alf a mile of circuitous progress she ound where the men she followed had eft the brook bed.

THEY left it at a faint path which had gone a long time unused, but Marm Schwefel recognized the path. It was the way by which Kurt, long ago, used to come to his secret cave.

Marm Schwefel watched for traces which would suggest that these men had gone to the cave and she found them. The entrance to the cave had been concealed by throwing a dead spruce across it, but she drew this aside and tucked up her skirts and crawled in. There was enough light for her to see the things hidden here.

She found a roll of some material like rubber, tied up with rope; and there were four pairs of heavy canvas boots coated with rubber. But the thing which fixed Marm Schwefel's attention was a battered leather suitcase with a combination lock; and she had no need to look for the initials on the end to know that it was Kurt's, which she had given him so proudly and so happily long ago.

She even remembered the combination. 1-6-8. That meant January 6, 1918—the day Kurt was born. She set the lock at this combination, and the suitcase opened.

It was packed full, and she examined the contents. There were four pairs of muddy dungarees, a mud-stained overcoat which Kurt had bought while he was in college, a pair of shoes, some cigarettes in a cardboard box with a German label, two or three pairs of socks, and three caps marked with a swastika.

The little old woman looked at these things for a long time, handling them one by one. Then she put them back into the suitcase and closed it. She crawled out of Kurt's cave and once more concealed the entrance and went slowly homeward. She had forgotten the heifer long ago. She was sorely troubled, for she did not understand.

When she came back up through the pasture toward the house, Walt Frame was returning from his trip to town; and he saw her as she approached the bars, and he stopped, for he had a tale to tell.

"Hear the news, ma'am?" he called, as soon as she came within hearing; and before she could do more than shake her head, he was telling his story: German spies had landed from submarines on Long Island and in Florida, coming ashore in rubber boats, with boxes packed full of explosives which they buried in the sand. Eight of them had been arrested, and they had admitted that they planned to strike at vulnerable points in America's war industry.

"The most of them was Americans born in Germany," Walt declared. "They be'n in Germany right on to a year, learning how to blow things up and all." His eyes were shrewd. "Wouldn't surprise me a mite if there'd be'n others land too, in Maine like as not." And he asked: "Kurt got back from Boston yet?"

Her heart felt like a lump of ice, and she found it hard to breathe. Kurt, speaking German easily and naturally, although he had not spoken it here at home for years; Kurt saying he had arrived on the bus, when the bus driver said he did not; Kurt's suitcase and his overcoat hidden down there in the cave of which only she and Kurt knew. "Not yet," she said thickly. "Who caught the Germans, Walt?"

"The F.B.I.," he said. "They're watching out for all that sort of thing, specially where there's any war work going on. There's some of them over't Bath Iron Works right along."

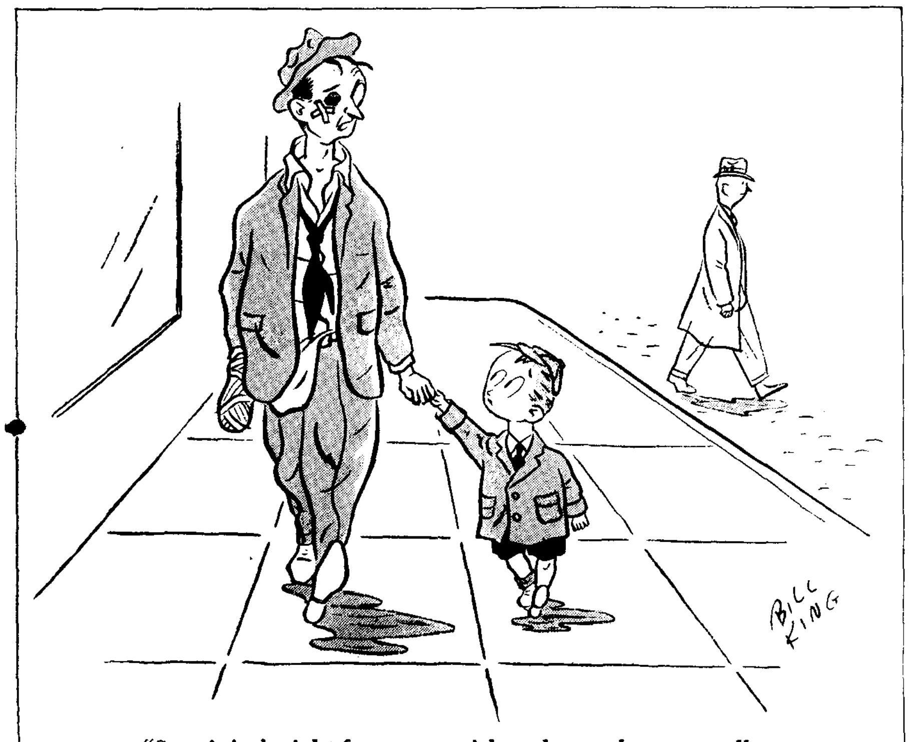
Kurt exulting in Germany's victories. Kurt working at the Bath Iron Works so he wouldn't be drafted.

"That heifer stole her calf," she said in dull tones. "I'll have a time of it to catch her."

"I'll get Jeff Penrod and come up this aft'noon and help you," Walt offered; but she shook her head. She didn't want anyone down in the spruce woods on the point, not now.

"Likely she'll come in tonight," she said, and moved on toward the house, and Walt drove away.

Marm Schwefel went into the kitchen



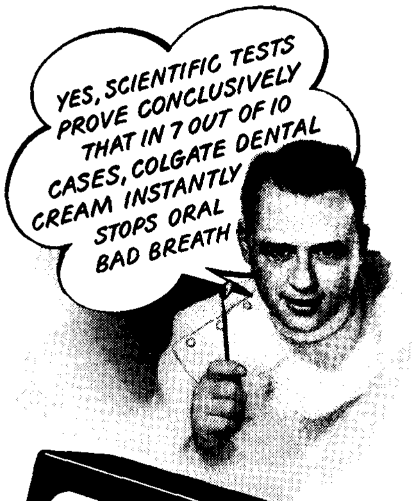
"Son, it isn't right for you to pick on boys who are smaller than you, or who have fathers bigger than I am!"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

WHY PICK ON WOMEN?

Men Have Bad Breath Too!

That's right, men—and she may mean YOU! So here's a tip on what to do... Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!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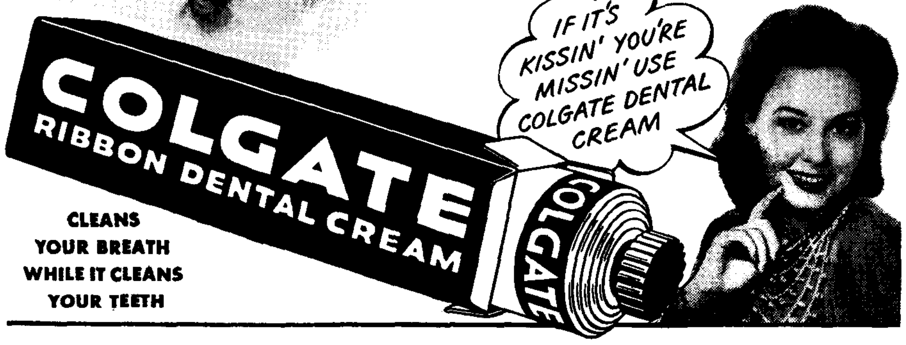
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—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

and she chunked up the fire and then sat down in the rocking chair by the window, rocking slowly to and fro, thinking of many things. Presently she leaned her head back against the chair and closed her eyes and stopped rocking; and after a while, tears squeezed out between her closed eyelids and rolled down her cheeks.

The house was still, except for the whisper of the fire and the quiet murmur of the kettle on the stove, and she was conscious of the stillness and of her own loneliness. She was thinking back through the years, remembering Kurt's boyhood, remembering his sympathy for Germany. There was no doubt of the truth in her mind; and while she sat there alone in her empty kitchen, with the kettle softly purring on the stove, her heart broke quietly.

She sat there for a long time, and the day drifted away. Toward sunset she stirred at last and went to her bedroom, and from the little trunk she had brought when she came to this country, she drew out a folded packet and unwrapped it, and sitting on the edge of her bed she smoothed across her knees that service flag with the four gold stars. She touched the four stars gently one by one; this for Hans, and that for Johann, and that for Karl and this one for Kurt, for her own Kurt who was this Kurt's father. He had died as they all had died for this country of her adoption. She had been born in Germany; but birth was an accident. She had chosen to live in this country, and for the country of her choice her sons had died.

But Kurt, this Kurt had made another choice. To choose was his right. If he had chosen to go back to Germany, to fight for Germany, she would have been unhappy, but that unhappiness she could have borne. This secret, shameful treachery was another matter altogether.

There was stern strength in old Marm Schwefel still. When Kurt was a boy, if he did something that was surely wrong—like killing the deer out of season long ago—she had punished him with an even-handed thoroughness, ignoring her own suffering for his sake.

Now again he must face stern, inexorable justice, even though she too must suffer unbearably. The stars on the flag across her knees demanded this of her.

She put the flag away, her resolution taken. When Kurt killed the deer, she had reported his offense to the warden, made him accept his punishment. This offense was different only in degree. She would go to Bath in the morning, find the F.B.I. men there, tell them what she knew.

Dusk was falling, but she was not hungry, and she went supperless to bed.

MARM SCHWEFEL slept little that night, slept lightly when she slept at all. She was awake when toward three o'clock in the morning there was a brief spatter of shots from the direction of the spruce wood on the point below the pasture.

She got up and lighted the lamp and went to the door to listen, but she heard nothing more. She returned to her room and dressed and carried the lamp into the kitchen and lighted the fire and put the kettle on. But she was not hungry, and it was too early to go milk the cows, so she sat down in the rocking chair and waited. Somewhere she heard a rooster crow, and then she heard the first bird song, so she knew day was near. She sat rocking quietly, waiting in an infinite patience for whatever was to come.

After a while a car stopped beside the road in front of the house, and she rose and opened the door. A man came toward her from the car. He paused and took off his hat, stood facing her.

"Is this Mrs. Schwefel?" he asked, after an instant, in a low tone.

She nodded. "Come you in," she said. When he did so, she bade him sit down. "I'll make you some coffee," she told him. "You must be ready for it."

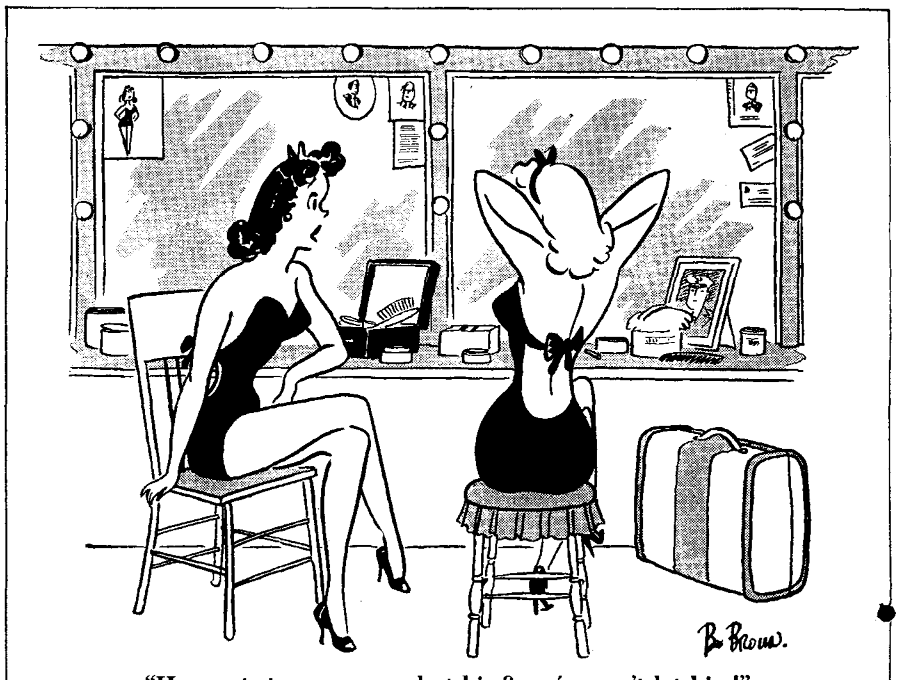
"Don't bother."

"It's no bother," she said. "A body needs something, up this time of day."

"My name's Sloan," he explained. "I've heard your grandson speak of you. Kurt Schwefel."

SHE turned, the coffeepot in her hand, to look at him slowly. Then she set the pot down on the stove. "How come you to know Kurt?" she asked quietly.

"I'm in the government service," Mr. Sloan told her. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation. My job has been, for months, at the Bath Iron Works. Kurt used to work there. It was reported to me that he talked like a German sympathizer." She sat down, her hands tight on her knees. "So we kept an eye on him," he said. She rocked slowly to and fro, not speaking.



COLLIER'S "He wants to marry me, but his fiancée won't let him!" BO BROWN

"Then one night last summer he came to me, secretly," said Mr. Sloan. "A man in the plant had made friends with him, had proposed to him that—since he was clearly a friend of Germany—he might serve her. The proposal was that he should go to Germany. Kurt said to me: 'I guess he picked me out because I've shot off my mouth a good deal. I just did it for the sake of argument, at first; but after he began to try to get on my good side, I kept it up. Now he wants me to go to Boston and sign on a ship that's sailing for Portugal, and go from there to Germany.' He said he thought we might like to know about this. He said if we wished him to do so, he would pretend to fall in with the man's proposal, go to Germany, play a part. He had decided that we might soon be fighting Germany. He thought he might find out something useful."

The coffeepot came to a boil and Marm Schwefel tended it. There was a brimming thankfulness in her. She did not yet fully understand; but she understood that she had been wrong in her judgment of Kurt.

Mr. Sloan said quietly: "We advised him to fall in with their plans. We warned Kurt that he might be killed and he said his father had been killed in the last war, and that he would be glad to help beat Germany now. So he went to Germany. We heard nothing from him for months, not till two or three days ago, when he came secretly to me again. He had returned to this country in a submarine, and he and three others had landed on the point down below here, and buried four boxes of explosives among your spruces."

Marm Schwefel nodded. "I found them yesterday afternoon," she said. "I didn't know what they were. I found where they'd hid their clothes in a cave Kurt had when he was a boy. His suitcase that I gave him was there; and he'd come home talking German; and I heard about the other men landing and I thought he was working for Germany. I was coming to Bath to see you and tell you about it today."

He looked at her in a sort of wonder, and she said, more to herself than to him: "But he was doing right all the time." Then she asked: "Where is Kurt?"

"He met the other three men tonight, brought them here," he said. "They had a truck to take the things away. But we were posted, waiting for them. He had told us where to be."

Her eyes settled on his. "I heard the shooting," she said. Her knees failed her, and she sat down hurriedly.

"Yes," he admitted. "There was shooting. Kurt led them here, and when we turned on our flashlights and they swung to face us, Kurt was behind them. He drew his gun and told them to put up their hands; but one of them drew and turned and Kurt shot him. But the man as he fell shot Kurt."

FOR a moment there was silence. Then Marm Schwefel said simply: "Killed him, I sh'd judge, or he'd be here."

"He was a brave man. You have a right to be proud of him."

Marm Schwefel rocked quietly. She said at last: "I wish't you'd go bring him home."

So she was left a while alone. The cows were waiting to be milked, but she did not go to the barn. Instead she went to the trunk in her bedroom and took out that treasured packet and found the little gold-starred flag. There was a bit of gold cloth left over. She sought her sewing basket, scissors and needle and thread.

She cut another gold star and basted it into place. There would be time enough to sew it neatly and properly, with proud small stitches, later on. She hurried now so that she could hang the flag in the window before Kurt came home.

THE END

Wait Till I'm on My Feet

Continued from page 18

more than yours. I guess I kind of goaded you. I apologize for everything."

She was silent for a minute. "I'm awfully glad to see you take that attitude. We understand each other, then. Right?"

"Absolutely."

"I'm so glad," she said, holding out her hand. "I hope you'll be well and strong soon again. Take care of yourself. And look out for those submarines. Goodby, Mr. Adams."

She pivoted abruptly and walked away down the corridor, her arms straight against her sides, her fists clenched.

CHIP hitchhiked a ride into town on an ice truck. He went to a barbershop, got a haircut, a shave, a shampoo and a massage. The only clothes he owned were the trousers and shirt and sneakers he wore; but he had two months' pay in his pocket and when he left the barbershop, feeling like a new man, he bought the cheapest suitcase he could find—with the thought in mind of some future sinking—and filled it with new clothes. He bought a pair of slacks and a tweed coat and a pair of shoes and put them all on in the store. Then he found a clean, well-lighted room above a cigar store.

He had written Tracy's address and telephone number—wheedled out of Gina Antonelli—on the inside of a match cover. He knew that Tracy would leave the hospital at five and he gave her half an hour to get home. At half past five he went downstairs to the cigar store, entered the booth and phoned. But Gina Antonelli answered. He knew Gina's voice. Gina told him to wait a minute but it was two minutes before she came back on the wire. Gina stumbled around saying Tracy was hurrying to go out on a date and didn't have time. Chip walked around the block, re-entered the booth and phoned again. This time there was no answer at all. He found a florist shop and bought a pretty little corsage for seventy-five cents.

He inquired the way of a policeman and it was a longer walk than he had thought it would be. By the time he reached the garage apartment he was winded and paused at the foot of the outside stairway to mop his face. Then he climbed the steps. Before he had time to knock on the door, Gina opened it. Her black hair was disheveled and she looked ridiculously happy.

"You must come in," she said, pulling him in. "The most wonderful thing happened. Lefty got twenty-four hours' leave."

"Who?"

"Flew down," a male voice said from the kitchenette. "Got to fly back. Bingo—a month's pay. For what, I ask you? For what?" A seaman first class in Navy blues came in from the kitchenette shaking cocktails. There was lipstick smeared all over his face. "For a little nurse. Hello, Jack. I been hearing about you. I hear you're a radioman in the merchant marine."

Gina said, "Chip, this is William. William Higgins. Lefty. Isn't he cute?"

"Hello, Lefty," Chip said.

"Glad to know you, Jack. Just in time to wet the whistle."

"It'll probably stand me on my head. I'd settle for a beer or orange juice."

Gina said, "Gee whizz, no beer—and Lefty just used all the oranges for the cocktail."

"Well," Chip said, "I haven't been stood on my head in a long time. Besides, it looks like a celebration."

"I like you, Jack," Lefty said. "I like your spirit. Anything I hate," he added, looking at a closed door, "is a pill. Male or female."

THE door opened and Tracy cut him with a cold, blue look. Chip's heart jumped into his throat, she looked so beautiful. Other times he had always seen her in her nurse's uniform. Now she wore a flowing, flowered print and high-heeled maroon slippers. Her hair was the color of red mahogany and drawn in a clean way back and above her ears. Her long slenderness was lithe and vibrant. Her color was high.

Gina said, "Oh, Tracy, you look lovely."

"Wonderful!" Chip murmured.

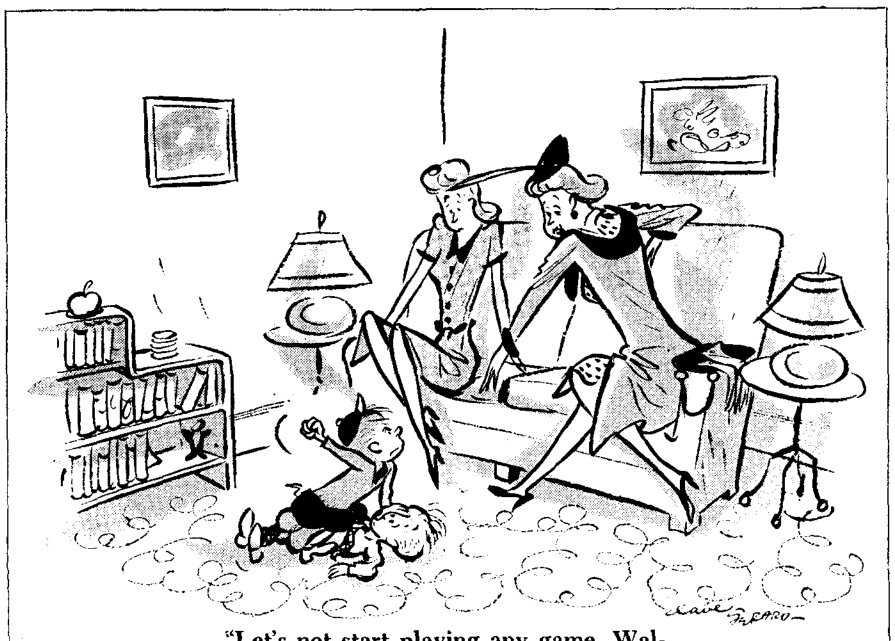
Tracy said distantly, "Good evening, Mr. Adams."

"An iceberg," Lefty said, "wired for sound. A portable air-cooling system. Do you folks notice the sudden change in temperature too?"

Chip was still entranced. "Gosh, Tracy, that's a pretty dress."

"Thank you, Mr. Adams."

He opened the little square cardboard

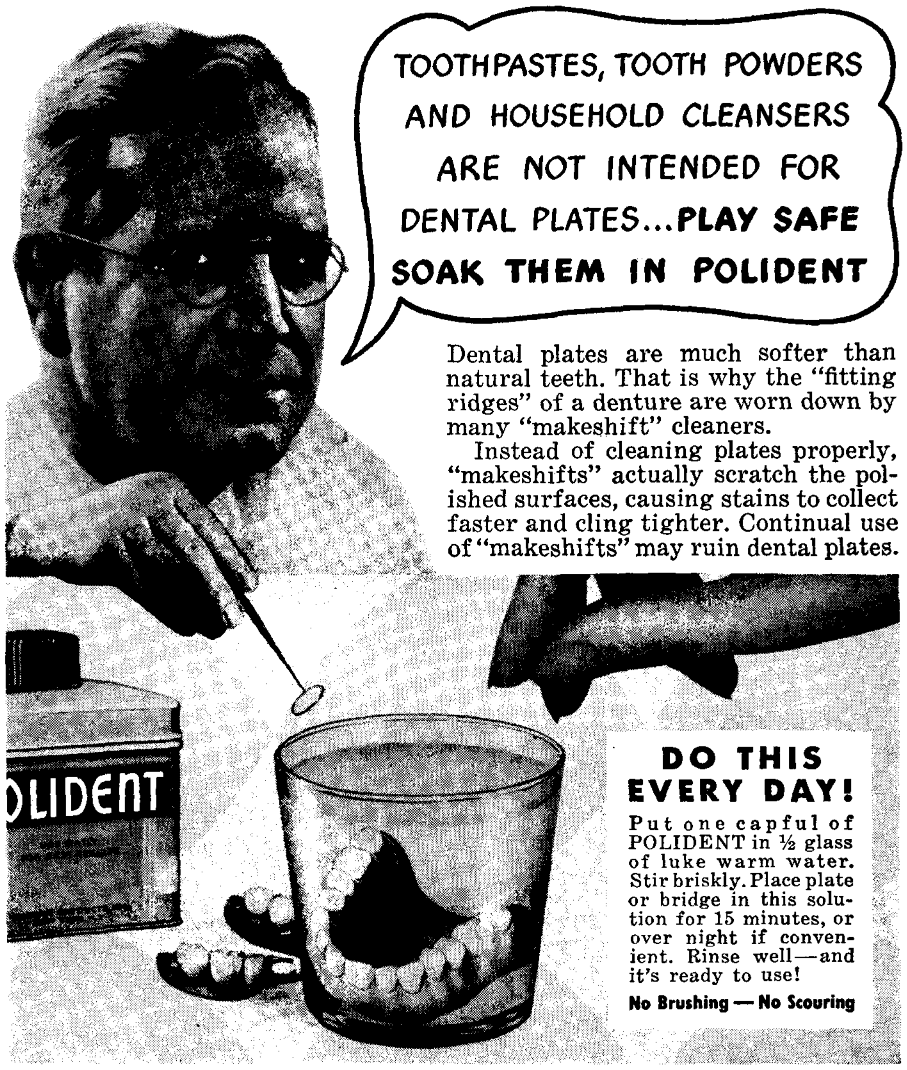


"Let's not start playing any game, Wallace. Mother can only stay a minute"

COLLIER'S DAVID C. GERARD

DANGEROUS TO BRUSH FALSE TEETH

WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



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The film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know if you have it—*but others will!* Yet POLIDENT, used regularly, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

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BUY WAR BONDS **POLIDENT** BUY WAR STAMPS

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

box and took out the corsage. "Do you think this'll go with it?" he said eagerly.

Gina said, "Now, Chip, isn't that just too sweet of you? Look, Tracy. Look, Lefty. Wait, I'll get a pin."

"You—you really oughtn't to have done it, Mr. Adams," Tracy said. Her voice seemed far away and it shook a little. She looked down, her body drawn up, as Gina pinned the corsage on her dress. Gina gave it a little pat.

"Pretty," Gina said.

"Yes," Tracy said thoughtfully, "it's very pretty."

Gina started. "There's Arthur now."

Tracy opened the door and said, "Arthur, I'm just this minute ready."

"Good, Tracy. I'm on time." The newcomer looked at his watch. "To the minute. Six sharp."

He stepped in, nodding with polite gravity around the room, holding his straw hat against his thigh. He was crowding forty years in a sound, solid and complacent way—a rather good-looking man, heavy-set, with a square jaw, thick black hair and thick rectangular eyebrows.

Tracy looked the slightest bit harried. She said, "Arthur, you know Lefty. This is Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams, Mr. Hasbrook."

"Delighted," said Arthur gravely.

Chip wrung his hand. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hasbrook."

"I'll get my things," Tracy said, sweeping into the bedroom.

Lefty said, "How about a snort, Arthur?"

ARTHUR held up his hand. "No, thanks. I take only one and I'd like to take that with Tracy, where we're going. We're going to the Beachway. The music there is nice."

"If you like that kind of music," Lefty said.

Arthur nodded. "I like that kind of music. I like the atmosphere there. Tracy and I go there every Saturday night."

"No!" said Lefty.

Chip was waiting at the bedroom door and when Tracy came out he grabbed her hand. "Have a good time, Tracy," he said. He led her over to Arthur and slapped Arthur on the back. "Have a good time, old man."

"Thank you, Mr. Adams. We always do." Arthur turned to Tracy. "Ready, my dear?" He held the door open, and they went out.

Chip turned around and said, "Quick, Lefty—a drink."

Lefty handed him a cocktail and Chip drained it at a swallow and held the glass out for more.

"Take it easy," Lefty said. "I like you, Jack."

"I like you too."

"Well," Lefty said, "I have never seen a man stood on his head yet. How do you do it—with or without hands?" He poured another drink, saying, "Watch this, Gina. It's going to be good."

Chip drank it down and winced. "What did you put in that?"

"Rum. We had a little orange juice, so we put that in for coloring. Maybe if we tie a mattress on your back you won't hurt yourself when you fall."

"I have a confession to make," Chip said. "I have never before touched liquor. I am twenty-three years old. Last August. August twenty-first. Will two do it?"

"Do what?"

"Lay me out." He sat down heavily and blew out his breath.

Gina sighed. She took hold of Lefty's arm. "It's on account of Tracy. He's mad about her. Every day in the hospital he sent her love letters. My heart aches for him."

"Tell me frankly," Chip said, looking up. "What has Arthur got that I haven't got?"

"Have you got a hundred grand?" Lefty said.

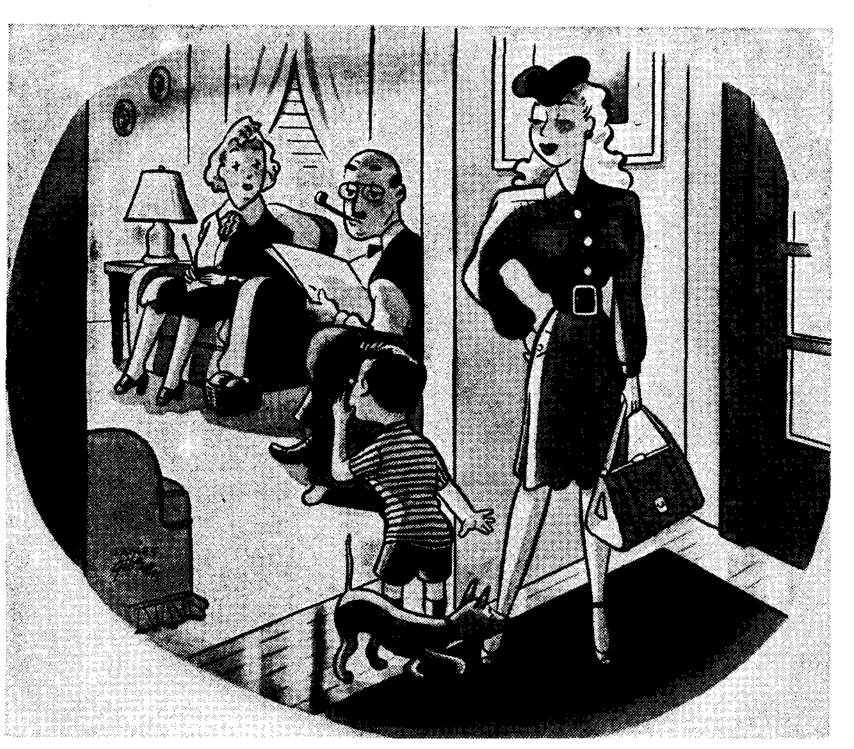
"No."

"Arthur has. Arthur's mother has more. Arthur's two maiden sisters have more also. They all live together. Put them all together, they spell money, a word that means the world to Tracy. To me that dame is poison."

"Don't say that!" Gina said. "It's not that at all. It's just that Tracy is a girl that sets her mind to a thing. Underneath it all she's dear and loyal and very affectionate."

"Is she?" Chip said. He stood up. "Now I'll beat it."

"Come on; stick with us, Jack. We'll all go out and kick the gong around."



"Hey, Mom. . . . Here's somebody selling brushes. Hey, Pop. . . . Wow!"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

Chip shook his head. "I wouldn't think of it. You two want every minute to yourselves."

"He's so sweet," Gina said, "I could kiss him."

Chip kissed her on the forehead.

"I feel as though I want to cry," Gina said.

CHIP slept fifteen hours. When he got up he stuck his tousled head out the window and inhaled deeply. Then he put his trousers on over a pair of swimming trunks, pulled a tennis shirt over his head and walked five blocks to the beach.

In an open-front café where glass wind chimes tinkled he ate his breakfast and watched the waves roll in on the beach. He thought how much pleasanter all this was than spending long days at sea, with the U-boats everywhere on the prowl. But then he thought how lucky he'd been the last time—only fifteen hours in the water, and in warm seas. The time before that it had happened in the North Atlantic, in winter; twelve days in an open boat and a month and a half in a Liverpool hospital. He hoped his next ship would be clean and fast, with good food; and it would be nice if they didn't carry high explosives.

Walking up the beach to settle his breakfast, he saw Gina sitting on the sand, her legs drawn up and her arms wrapped around her knees. She was hollow-eyed. She didn't smile.

"He's gone," she said.

Chip lay down beside her and tossed some shells into the water. She looked small and beaten and so terribly alone. She was huddled in a knot, the wind blowing her hair this way and that. It blew it over her face but she didn't pay any attention.

"He cried," she said. "We both cried. I cried and then that got him crying and we had so much to say to each other but we couldn't say a thing. We were up all night. We went dancing and we ate hamburgers at Riley's at four in the morning and we sat in the park till a cop came along and told us to move. Then we came down to the beach to watch the sunrise. It was beautiful. We took our shoes and stockings off and walked in the water. It was such a beautiful sunrise. We stood in the water there holding hands and watching the sun come up. Then we had to rush to the airport. Then we cried. That big lug crying—it almost broke my heart!"

"You don't want to take it so hard, Gina," Chip said. "He'll be back soon."

"How soon is soon? It's a hundred years since he went."

"Well," Chip said hearteningly, "you've got your work. It's fine work. And you've got Tracy."

"No," Gina said bleakly. "That's part of it. It isn't enough that Lefty had to go away—"

Chip sat up. "Is Tracy going away?"

"No. No, Tracy isn't going away. It's just that we aren't living together any more. Since this morning. Since about three hours ago. It was such a lovely little apartment."

"No!" Chip said, wide-eyed with concern. "You don't mean it. You mean you left?"

"This morning. I packed in half an hour flat, dead on my feet and miserable as I was. When I feel up to it, I'll look for another place. It was such a lovely place, and plenty of hot water. And I think so much of Tracy."

Chip reached over and pushed her hair away from her eyes. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me Tracy put you out?"

Gina shook her head. "It was my own idea. No, Tracy didn't put me out. I guess if I hadn't run into Arthur on the way home this morning, it might have been different. But I ran into him as he was walking to church with his mother and his sisters and I suppose I did look terrible, with my hair stringing and Lefty's sailor hat on my head. He wanted to give me something when he left, but he didn't have anything, so he gave me his hat. I said, 'Good morning, Arthur,' and he just stared at me, as if I were a ghost. And I had only one shoe on, because while we were wading, a dog ran out on the beach and stole my other one. Then when I walked in I saw Tracy hang up the phone and her face was white and I knew, I could feel it in my shoes, that Arthur had phoned."

"Good old Arthur. And anyhow, why should he phone?"

"I don't even know if he did. But there was Tracy, white and staring at me. 'Gina,' she said, 'you've been out all night. What will people think?' And I guess I was just tired and mean enough to say back at her, 'What do you mean? Do you mean what will Arthur think?' And she said, 'Suppose we leave Arthur out of this.' And I said, 'Okay; fine. And we'll leave people out of it too. What do *you* think?' And she said, 'I think Lefty ought to be ashamed to show his face around here again.' So I hit the roof. I said, 'Don't worry, my fine lady; he won't. Because I'm getting out—right now.' And I did. But I'm so fond of her. Poor Tracy—she doesn't understand!" She sniffled. "I'm so hurt. I'm so terribly hurt."

"You poor kid," Chip said.

He went up to the boardwalk, bought a hot dog, a large slice of pastry and a container of coffee. All these he carried down to Gina on a cardboard plate.

"What have I done to deserve such kindness?" she said. "You know, Chip, I'm very much tempted to let you in on a secret."

Chip was intensely preoccupied. "H'm?" he said. He gave her a quick smile. "You mean about Tracy?"

BY THE time he turned into the walk leading to the garage apartment Chip was perspiring freely. He saw Arthur Hasbrook sitting on the top step but this did not in the least slow him down. Arthur was wearing a blue coat, white flannels and white shoes, and he was dangling a very expensive-looking panama between his knees. He looked glumly introspective.

"Excuse me," Chip said.

"Certainly," Arthur said, rising and picking up the handkerchief upon which he had been sitting.

Chip rapped on the door. He waited and rapped again, harder. He said over his shoulder to Arthur, "Anybody home?"

"Yes," Arthur said, folding his arms.

"Hey!" Chip yelled. "Open up!" He pounded the door with his fists and kicked it. He was hot and excited and impatient and in his eyes there was a windy truculence.

Arthur tapped him on the shoulder. "You'll attract attention in the neighborhood, pounding that way."

"I don't care!"

"Let us be reasonable," Arthur said, taking his hat off and fanning himself.

"All right; let's. You take a walk."

Arthur put his hat on again and folded his arms. He looked quite obstinate. "I'll do nothing of the sort. Not until you stop trying to break the door down."

Chip put his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "I guess we're both a little excited, old man." Perspiration gleamed on his face and neck, and his hands were sticky with it.

"I am not excited," Arthur said. "I'm completely cool and collected. I always make it a point to remain so."

"I'm young yet," Chip said. "Give me time."

The door opened and Tracy said, "If

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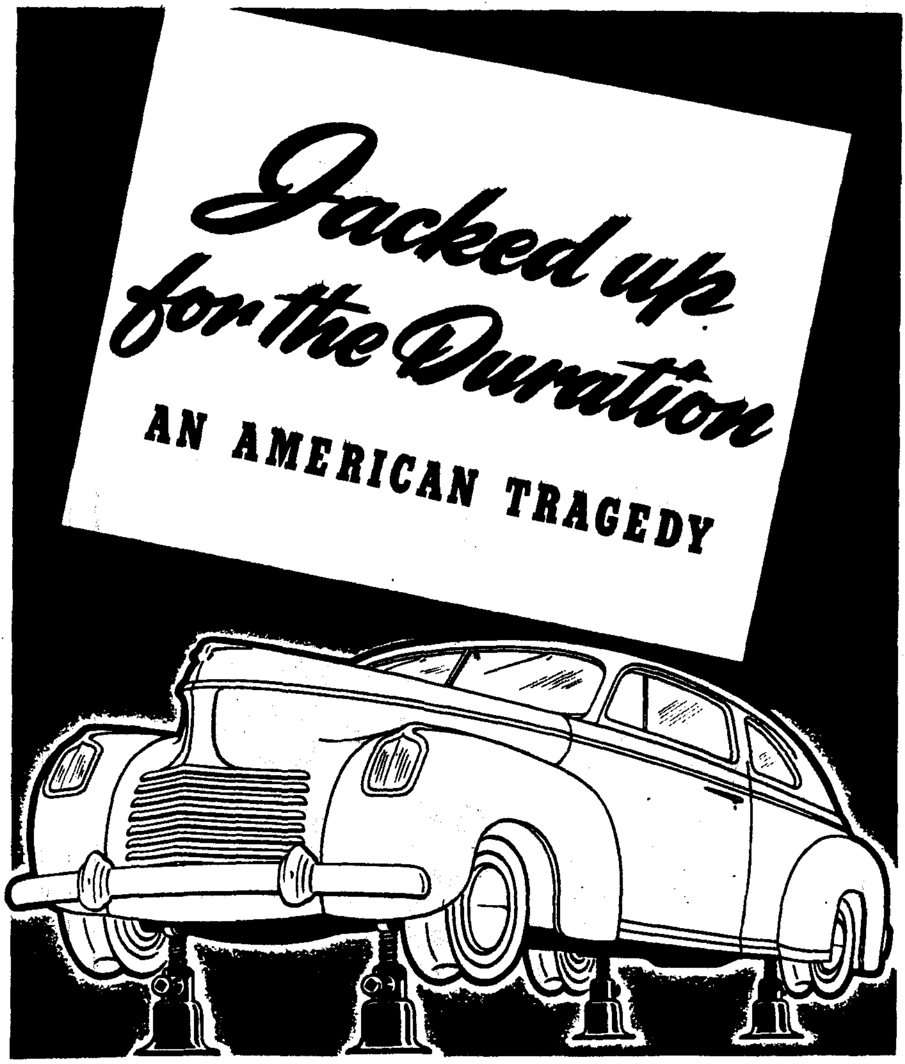
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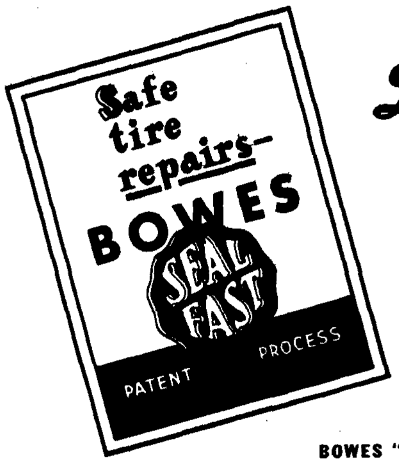

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both of you don't get out of here, I'll phone the police."

"Tracy," Arthur said, "I at least deserve a chance to explain—"

"I mean both of you," Tracy said. She stamped her foot. "Now!"

Arthur colored. "Very well," he said coolly, "if that's how you feel about it." He descended the steps with a measured tread and walked calmly, with great composure, up the street.

Tracy was tapping her foot. "Well," she said, "are you going?"

"Why, no, Tracy," Chip said. "Call your cops. It'll take them five or ten minutes to get here and in the meantime I can talk to you. It won't take me long, sweetie pie, to tell you what I think of you."

SHE wheeled about and strode across the room and Chip went in, picked a cigarette out of a humidor, struck a match and lit up. He felt a little dizzy. The blazing sun seemed to have come indoors with him. He put the cigarette aside. He felt a great desire to sit down but there seemed to be some point in rejecting this desire.

Tracy picked up the phone. She slammed it down again. "No," she said. "If you have something to say, I'd like to have time to get my licks in too. The cops can't do anything that I can't do. State your case, my fine-feathered friend."

He felt perspiration oozing down his chest inside his shirt. "It's not my case," he said doggedly. He had a slight suspicion that he was swaying, so he pressed his back against the wall. "I've got no case. It's about Gina, I'm here. I met her on the beach. She's all busted up. She laughs one minute and cries the next. I can't stand it."

"And why is Gina of such great concern to you?"

He made a derisive grimace. "Haven't you heard? Her man went back to the Navy. Her best girl friend gave her the old brush-off. She is a little girl. Just *so* big. She is crushed and bewildered."

"Gina left. She left of her own free will."

"Well, well, well. How nice an proper you sound. Do you feel prou and virtuous this fine Sabbath day?"

Tracy picked up a pillow from th couch, punched it and threw it back t the couch.

"It's not what I think or how I feel She has her reputation to think of—and just as much, just as important, her job. It's a thing a girl can't get away from. In my heart I know that when she stayed out all last night she did it because she's Gina and that the two of them were as innocent as a couple of babes in arms. But other people don't know that."

"Old Arthur?"

Tracy's eyes flashed. "More important—Arthur's mother. Arthur's mother is on the hospital board. She has a lot to say about the personnel. She saw Gina this morning—limping along minus one shoe, with a sailor's hat on her head."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Arthur phoned me. He was upset. He was shaken. He was shocked."

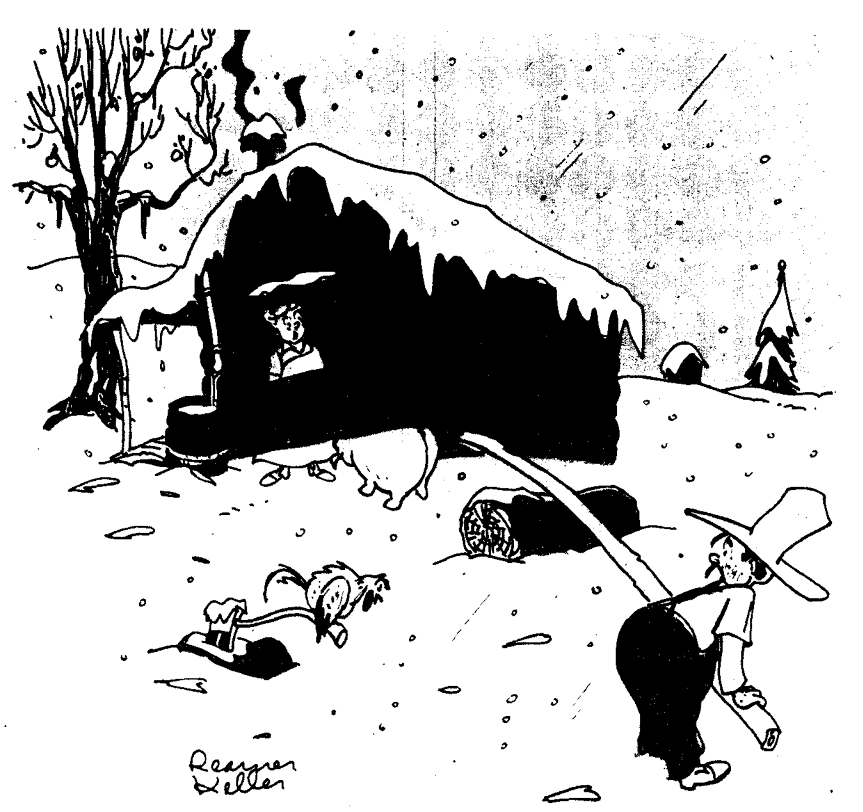
Chip was beginning to feel an immense fatigue. A chill swept over him. His hands felt clammy. He said drowsily, "The world and Arthur Hasbrook. He was shocked. Why? Is Gina any of his business?" he demanded.

TRACY was grimly silent for a minute. "His mother didn't think it was nice that a girl who went with him should room with a girl like Gina. That's what he phoned about. He wanted to know if I would do him the great favor of telling Gina—in a nice way, of course—that I wanted to live alone. He meant well. He was earnest and considerate. He said his mother said Gina would receive her notice at the hospital tomorrow. He said his mother said young girls who work at the hospital simply have to watch their morals."

"Gina," Chip said weakly, "is no longer a young girl. She is now a big girl. She's a woman. In fact, she's a married woman."

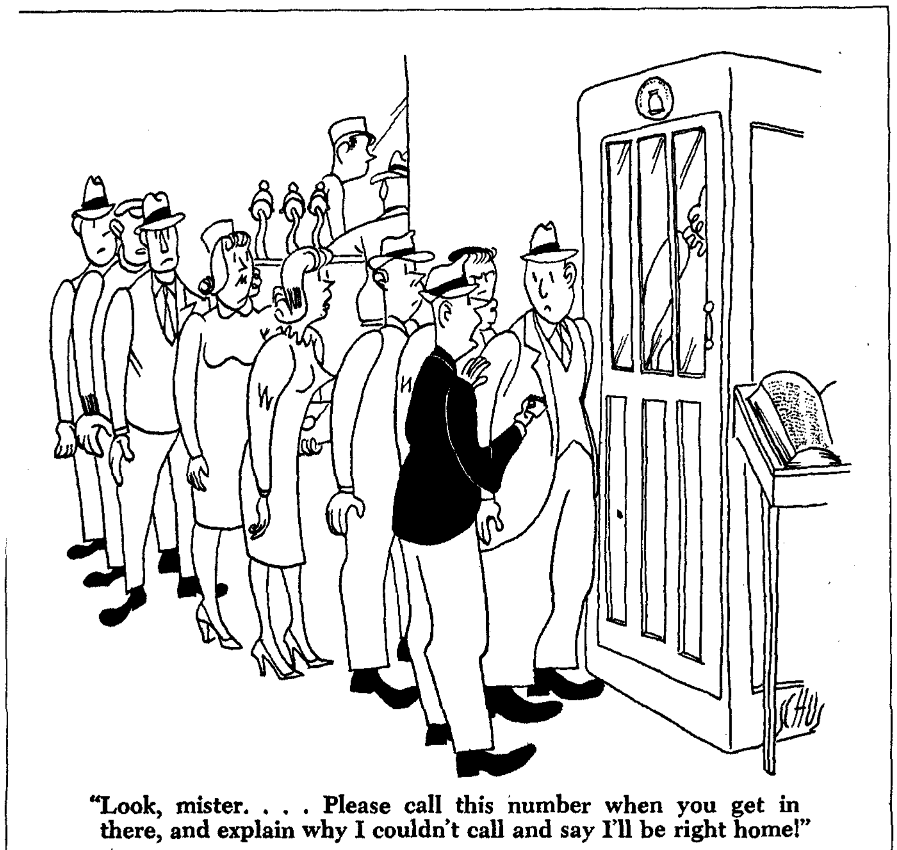
Tracy's jaw shook. "She's what?"

"Last night. Among other things they



"You better widen the door, Kennesaw. The house cools off too quick when you let Betsy in like this"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



"Look, mister. . . . Please call this number when you get in there, and explain why I couldn't call and say I'll be right home!"

COLLIER'S A. SCHUS

woke up a justice of the peace and got hooked."

"I don't believe it. Why didn't Gina tell me?"

"Apparently you didn't give her time. You jumped on her the minute she came in, so just for spite she didn't tell you. She almost didn't tell me. She said it was too sweet and wonderful to tell anybody."

Tracy cried out, "I've been hateful! Oh, how hateful I've been!" She looked wild and distraught as she charged aimlessly about the room. "Poor Gina!"

"Tracy," Chip said feebly, "stand still." He couldn't see her very clearly. There seemed to be two of her, one sliding back and forth across the other. Passing his hand over his eyes didn't help any.

Tracy said bitterly, "I tried to show her, to prove to her, that a girl could get ahead—by using her head. I played up to Arthur. I played up to his mother and his two fishy-eyed sisters. I did everything that Arthur wanted to do—the stuffy Beachway on Saturday nights, lectures on alternate Wednesday nights, the eldest sister on the harp Sunday evenings, and Arthur's stamp collection. But I finally got licked. When he phoned about Gina, everything went smash. Everything. I told him if they fired Gina they could fire me, too. I told him to stay away from me. Everything—all at once—crash! And I was never happier in my life!"

"Tracy," Chip said, moving away from the wall, "you're wonderful. I knew you were. Tracy, you're my girl."

He fell down, his arms and legs clattering on the floor.

WHEN he came to, he was lying on the couch. His feet were higher than his head and he was wrapped in a patchwork quilt and his body felt limp and boneless.

Tracy said, "I don't wonder, tearing around in the hot sun, exciting yourself. Didn't the doctor tell you to take it easy?" She smiled at him. "You're a hopeless case. Here, drink this."

She sat down beside him, raised his head, held it against her breast and put a glass of something hot to his lips. He drank it. It tasted strongly of salt. She brushed his matted hair back from his forehead and touched the back of her hand to his cheeks. He closed his eyes and smiled.

He opened his eyes quickly and saw her smiling down at him in a tender reflective way. She didn't seem to notice that he had opened his eyes. There was a rosy flush on her face.

"What are you looking at?" he said.

"You."

HE CLOSED his eyes again and snuggled his head against her. He was very, very tired. He tried not to think about having to go away soon. But then he thought it wouldn't be so bad if he had Tracy to come back to.

"Tracy," he said.

"What?"

He opened his eyes. "Would you consider being my girl?"

She ran her finger down his nose and lightly tapped his lips. "Why don't you hate me?"

"Why should I hate you? It's like I told you—two people can't be expected to see the same thing at the same time. Sometimes one has to tear the place apart to make the other see it."

She combed his hair back. "I wasn't even decent and civil to you."

"That's why I figured I had a chance."

"You've got nice hair," she said. "I was mad at you because the things you did, the things you said, were all fresh and honest and a little crazy. They showed me how dishonest I was. With Arthur. With myself. They thrilled me, really—but I was determined not to be thrilled. I thought I knew what I wanted. But when Arthur asked me to marry him last night, I got chicken-hearted. I couldn't say yes and I couldn't say no. He didn't persist. He suggested I take time to think it over. He said there was no sense in rushing into things."

Chip said, "I'm certainly lucky about Arthur."

"I don't know," Tracy said. "I guess I'm pretty awful."

"Wait till I'm on my feet, baby."

She smiled down warmly at him. "I like your mouth," she said, and bent down and kissed it.

THE END

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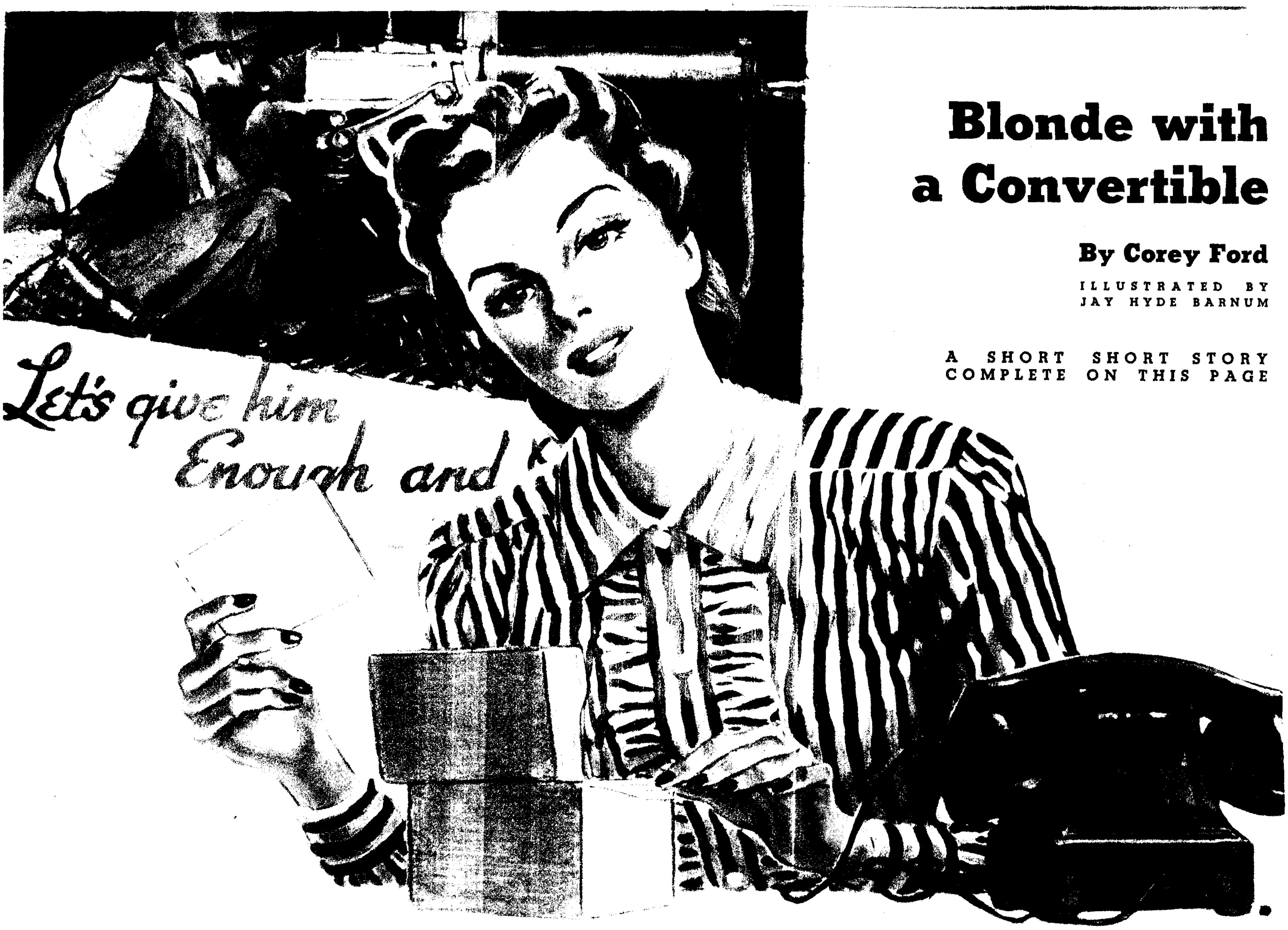


Blonde with a Convertible

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ALL you had to do was go see the Date Bureau, they said. The Date Bureau would fix you up. They had the names of a lot of girls in Montgomery, and you could pick out any name you wanted, and call her up, and if she wasn't dated already, you could date her for the dance. G.I. date, they called it. On Saturday night an Army truck would pick up all the dates in front of the Montgomery City Hall and bring them out here to the post, and somehow you would find her in the crowd, and her eyes would be like stars as you introduced yourself to her. . . .

It was an exciting thought: the big lounge in the Rec Hall emptied of its wicker furniture, the rugs rolled back and the floor polished, the Cadet Orchestra playing and the lights soft and her shoulders cool and white against your tan uniform. Chick tasted the thought deliciously in his mind as he hurried through the Rec Hall. Already the light fixtures had been wound with red, white and blue streamers for Saturday night; the Cadet Orchestra was tuning up for its afternoon practice.

He hesitated outside the door of the Date Bureau in momentary panic. Maybe he was too late, maybe all the dates were gone already. The door was half open on a bare, efficient office, with a bare desk and an efficient girl behind the desk. He cleared his throat: "Is this where you come to . . . ?" and his voice trailed. The girl behind the desk looked up with level gray eyes.

"You want a date for Saturday night?"

"I . . . yes," Chick breathed in relief. It was as easy as that. The girl had pulled out a desk index and was running through the names in her file; the very flutter of the cards seemed to whisper of soft lights and romance. She inquired matter-of-factly, "Anything special in mind?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Blonde, brunette, redhead?"

"Why . . . I don't know, exactly." He hadn't thought it out that much. "I'm not really particular."

The girl's gray eyes seemed to be amused at something, but she flipped the cards briskly. "Height?"

"What?"

"Tall or short?"

"Well, not too tall, I guess, or not too short, either. . . ." Somehow it was hard to describe her in flesh-and-blood terms. "I don't know."

"Do you want her to be able to talk?"

"That's a funny question."

"I mean, how intelligent should she be?"

Chick's frown increased. "I'd just as leave she didn't sit down in the middle of the dance floor and try to catch her finger."

"If you could give me some idea of what you want," said the girl a little severely. "Like a blonde with a convertible . . ."

"How can I?"

"Don't you know the kind of girl you want, even?"

"Why, sure, I know when I see her, but until I see her, how can I tell what she's like?"

"That doesn't help me much."

"A girl isn't like getting a suit of clothes," he explained impatiently. "Didn't you ever think that maybe a fellow gets lonely around here sometimes and wants to know a girl he can be with and not be lonely, and who likes the same things he does? It doesn't make any difference if she's got a car or is beautiful, because if he likes her enough, she'll be beautiful, anyway." He challenged: "You couldn't tell ahead of time the kind of a fellow you'd like, for instance."

"Couldn't I?" the girl murmured; and then she caught herself and began turning over the cards intently.

IN THE lounge, the Cadet Orchestra blared three or four notes, the leader rapped with his baton and the music stopped.

The girl pulled a card from the file. "Now, here's one you might like, blond, twenty-one, five foot six, weight one eighteen, lots of personality, name of Celestine Hicks."

"Celestine?" incredulously.

"She's very attractive, nice Southern family. I know her; she lives near us."

"You from around here?" asked Chick. "I mean, your accent isn't—"

"I'm originally from Illinois."

"Illinois?" He stared at her in amazed delight. "Well, what do you know! I'm from Michigan."

"Oh, I know Michigan," she said. "I used to go there fishing every summer."

"Where?" eagerly.

"Up around Ausable."

He shook his head with the wonder of it. "Why, I bet I know every inch of that country. I used to fish around there all the time, when I was home, or I tell you —something else I used to do a lot is sail. Do you like sailing?"

"Sailing!" She laughed aloud. "That's practically all I ever do. We have a cottage here on the lake, and sometimes I even go out all alone on a week end instead of to a dance in town. I don't like a lot of people, do you?"

The girl pulled a card from the file. "Now, here's one you might like—blond, twenty-one, five foot six, lots of personality—"

"I hate a lot of people," said Chick. "What I like is to be alone with just one person, and maybe go for a sail, or talk, or if there's a moon, not even talk, maybe."

"I'd rather do that than go to a dance any time," she said.

"I don't like big formal dances," Chick confessed. "Do you?"

"I hate formal dances." Suddenly the Cadet Orchestra in the lounge began playing very determinedly. "He we-e-ears a pair of sil-ver wings. . ." There was a curious smile on her face. "I'll write a name down, and you can see if she's doing anything Saturday."

He was looking at her thoughtfully. You wouldn't call her beautiful. Her hair wasn't blond, it was a sort of dark brown and tied in a little knot at the back of her neck, and she wasn't tall, either. She was small and almost plump, and she had a funny upturned nose and freckles. Dream girls don't have freckles. . . .

She handed him a slip of paper. "Her name is Marjorie Willis."

"Look, Marge," he grinned, without glancing at the paper. "You doing anything Saturday night?"

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

ents able to intercept this stream of cts revealing America's future war- ane developments, the results, of urse, would be disastrous. But Vultee gineers have taken care of that. The st-flight recorder's signals cannot pos- ɔly be decoded.

The most important result of the new ɔparatus is that it should shorten the evelopment period of new bombers and ghters considerably. Vultee engineers eclare that, in effect, it enables them to ut a stethoscope on new planes and get t their defects more quickly. "Bugs" ı very hot new airplanes have often de- ayed their appearance on the fighting ronts by many months, due to a lack of xact performance data. The new devel- ɔpment is to be made available to the ntire aviation industry.

HAVE you heard of the Brotherhood of Aerial Hitchhikers? It is com- ɔosed of members of the Army Air Forces Troop Carrier Command who complete a certain number of hours of Army glider flying. When an Army airman qualifies for this informal organization, he is given a handsomely engraved certificate which declares that he has "successfully ignored horsepower and completely relied on thumbpower for the requisite length of time."

The certificates are signed by the head of the order, Brigadier General Fred S. Borum, chief of the Army Troop Carrier Command. He bears the title of Big Thumb, while the other officials of the Brotherhood of Aerial Hitchhikers signing the certificates—also ATCC officers—are known respectively as Ring Finger, Middle Finger, Little Finger, and Index Finger.

•

THOSE Japanese attack bombers you saw in the movie Wake Island were really Ryan SC low-wing monoplanes, painted up for the part. Paramount prop men discovered that this cabin job, formerly turned out for private owners, was almost a dead ringer for the Jap Nakajima 97. They scoured the country and finally leased five of the Ryan planes for the air battles in the picture.

The movie was filmed over Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake. Machine gunners at the Army Salt Lake airfield, where the planes were based, said they always got itchy fingers every time the fake Nips were sighted.

AMERICAN airmen had a lot of fun guying their British brothers-in-arms about the landing one of our veteran Air Forces officers made in England some time ago.

The Yank—we can't tell his name, but he's one of our ranking generals—took up a new model British fighter to try it out. The airplane was just out of the factory and lacked complete installations—radio, direction-finder equipment, etc. That didn't seem to matter, however, as the weather was perfect for flying—for a while. Then one of those sudden English fogs blanketed the Channel and the shore line.

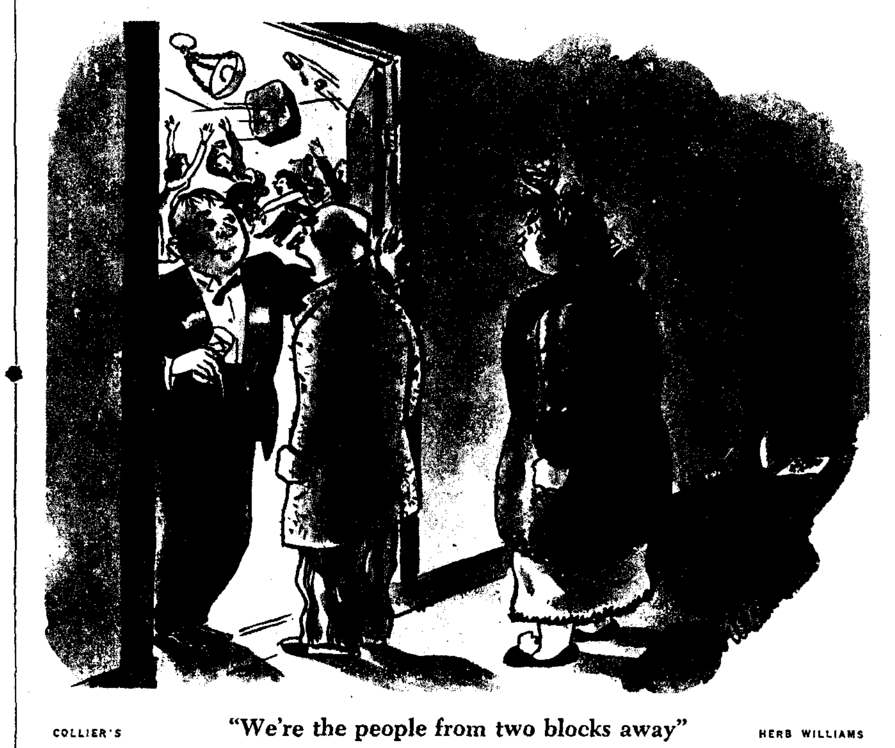
Our American pilot found himself completely lost out over the water. He headed in the direction he thought was west, hoping it would thin out. Finally, there was a break ahead and he could see land below. Luck was with him. It was not only land—but an airfield. He breathed easier, for his gas was getting low. Swooping low over the field once, he turned about and headed in—only to find several men on the ground frantically waving him away. He pulled up, wondering. Was he over the Continent instead of England, and were these Frenchies giving him a warning?

But his gas indicator now showed empty, so it was here or crash. Down he came again, in the face of the signals, and landed safely. Then he learned where he was.

He was in England, all right. But it was impossible. It couldn't have happened. It wasn't conceivable that he had landed safely.

The airfield was no airfield at all, it seemed. It was a dummy, built to fool the Jerries—not only to trick them into dropping bombs there instead of on real airdromes, but to lure the Boche to destruction in case he tried an air-borne invasion. It was a booby trap. Any airplane attempting to land was supposed to crack up without fail.

Note to Reichsluftmarshal Goering: Please, *you* try it! J. G. N.



COLLIER'S "We're the people from two blocks away" HERB WILLIAMS

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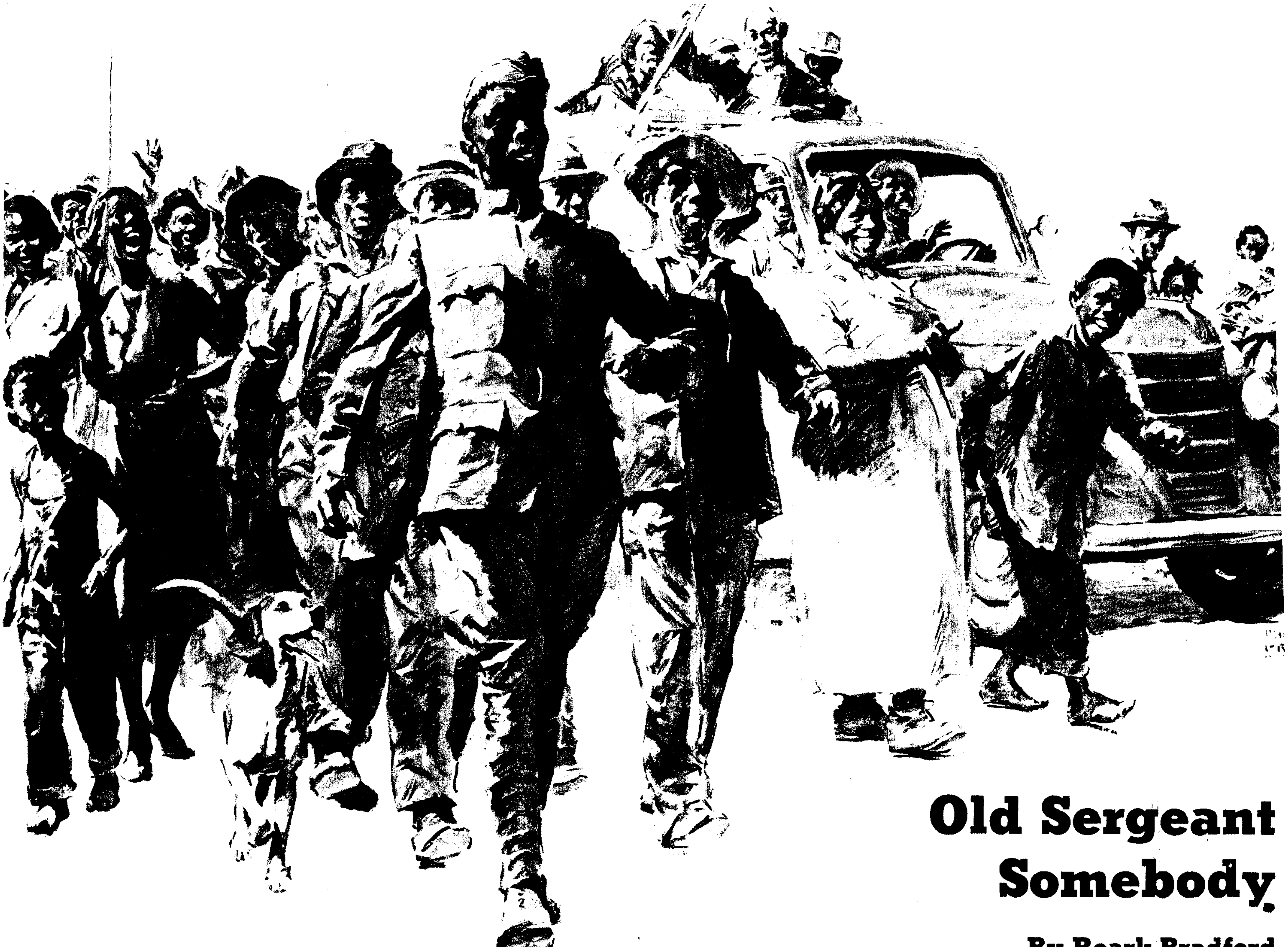

Everybody on Little Bee Bend knew how to march. Even the women and children joined the column and Giles tooted the horn every second step

Old Sergeant Somebody

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Tate was a mighty brave soldier, but he had to do a powerful lot of talking before the folks on Little Bee Bend would believe it

UNCLE HENRY, the lot man, handled the mule clippers on Tate's head, while Riley turned the handle. Usually Riley turned the handle and worked the clippers too, but Uncle Henry insisted this time the job had to be done right.

Tate was seated on a box in front of the barn, flanked by a solemn group of men, women and children. The Widow Duck, assisted by a half dozen other women, was sewing gussets in a 1917-model olive drab uniform. The mule clippers whizzed through the kinky hair on his head.

"I'm fixin' to make dis special, Tate," Uncle Henry said. "I'm fixin' to leave you a ridge er hair right 'crosst de front. You kin stick yo' comb in some er dat number thirty tractor oil and bresh hit back rale nice and hit'll stand up good."

"I c'd put a wet rag on dat hair and steam hit wid a hot iron," suggested Easter, "and hit'll stay back for a month."

Easter was a tall, rangy woman, past forty, but still good-looking. Tate had wooed her spasmodically for twenty-odd years with no success.

"No mind de hot iron, Easter," snapped Uncle Henry. "I'm skinnin' dis hyar cat."

"Git de hot iron and de wet rag," Bobo put in. "You can't burn a bone wid a hot iron."

The Widow Duck flung a pair of scissors at Bobo but she missed. "You'se a scan'lous shame, Bobo," the Widow Duck told him. "Dat ain't no way to talk to Tate, jest cause you's skeered he'll take Easter away f'm you, quick as he gits back f'm de new wars."

Tate had a warm feeling that was almost happy when the Widow Duck said that. The idea of taking Easter away from Bobo was not unpleasant. Two times before, Easter had almost been his.

The first time, when Easter was a long-legged, big-grinning girl of seventeen, and Tate was a somebody-man in an Uncle Sam soldier uniform, just home from the other war with tall tales and big talk, he had almost lured her to the preacher.

But not quite. Tate had strutted about the plantation, overwhelming one and all with tales of his experiences as a private in a labor battalion. His stories, at first, seemed incredibly exciting. But Tate's imagination was not vivid enough to make his tales bigger and better, and as time went along, everybody not only knew all of them, but got tired of them.

Easter was his last audience. Tate selected her from all the young women on the place to be his bride. Long after other people walked away from Tate or passed him by like an evening breeze, Easter sat and listened.

"Tell me 'bout dem airy-planes you and Mister Sergeant shot and kilt?" she asked.

"Oh, dem?" Tate recalled. "Well, us was totin' freight offn a ship at a place name er Baw-doo, and hyar come de airy-plane, jest a-flyin' and a-droppin' bombs, and goin' on. So I grabbed up my rifle and took a bead on de man and shot him right betwixt de eyes!"

"Yeah?" coached Easter. She'd heard it a hundred times, at least.

"SO," Tate continued, "de sergeant say, 'Private Tatum'—dat's my fightin' name, 'Private Tatum'—he say, 'Private Tatum, you can't fight dis war all by yo'-sef. Lemme git de next one.' So 'bout dat time another airy-plane come a-zizzin' over and de sergeant tuck a shot."

"Did he git him?" Easter asked dutifully.

"Jest winged him," Tate stated. "He tole me to finish him off, so I did."

About that time, Bobo came to Little Bee Bend. He was big and stout, and the tales he told about the goings-on in the public works made Tate's old war stories seem dull.

Tate "drapped by" one evening and found Bobo sitting on the porch with Easter.

"Drag hit on off," Tate said.

"Me or you?" Bobo challenged. "You drag me or I'll drag you." He stood up and Tate suddenly realized that Bobo was a lot taller and probably twice as stout.

"I ain't lookin' for no trouble," Tate said, "but Easter is my gal and I don't 'low nobody else—" he looked appealingly to Easter, but she just gazed across the fields.

"Well, I'm looking for trouble," Bobo said threateningly. "And ev'y time I ketch you hangin' 'bout Easter I'm gonter find hit. Now, you git on down the road befo' I beats yo' haid off."

Tate retired, somewhat bewildered. "Bobo talk bad as a sergeant," he mumbled to himself.

So, at last, Tate took off his uniform, washed and pressed it carefully and laid it away in a chest. To keep out the moths, he pulled handfuls of young

(Continued on page 67)

Beware of Frauds in Uniform

Continued from page 11

times, he was a member of a convoy headed for Texas; but all times he accepted the many favors a grateful populace hastened to bestow upon him. Then he made the grave mistake of digging in for a while in the boardinghouse of an experienced Washington landlady, who knew enough about soldiers' routines to suspect the genuineness of an Army sergeant, supposedly on active duty, who slept every day until 12:30 or 1:00 P. M., and stayed out every night until 12:30 or 1:00 A. M. A good American as well as an observant one, she reported her lodger to the F.B.I. Telesco pleaded guilty in federal court. He was only twenty years old.

A masquerade of a much more bizarre character was staged, appropriately enough, in Hollywood by a man who was old enough to know better, a thirty-nine-year-old impostor known as the "Icebox Commando."

In his youth, he had been a professional tennis player, and when he showed up in Hollywood last winter in the blue- and gold-braided uniform of a lieutenant commander of the United States Navy, his athletic ability plus his alleged rank gained him entrance to various social organizations from which at other times and in other clothes he had been barred. One of these was the swanky Beverly Hills Tennis Club, where he met, among other celebrities, the great Bill Tilden.

Wounded—"In Action"

One day, after the "Commando's" return from an absence of several weeks, Tilden, according to newspaper accounts, called him up and asked him to join him in a friendly match.

"I can't," replied the lieutenant commander. "I've been nicked in a Commando raid."

Rumors of the presence in town of their "distinguished" colleague reached naval authorities in the area, who lost no time in getting in touch with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It developed that the only raids the "Commando" had ever participated in were midnight raids on the iceboxes of his acquaintances.

This man's fraud had been so complete that it fooled even his wife, who firmly believed him to have received a commission as a lieutenant commander. Charges against him were dropped when he enlisted in the Army.

All three of these cases belong in the showoff, or silly, division. So far as is known, counterfeit heroes Breier, Telesco and the self-styled Commando planned no deliberate fraud other than the obtaining of attention and adulation—especially from girls—and as much free food and drink as they could comfortably absorb. But the menace to the public welfare was very real just the same, for no one can tell when such deluded creatures may jump the fence from make-believe to crime. The first deception successfully accomplished, or seemingly so, the second and the third come all too easily. That is the story of nearly all criminal careers.

Such a case was that of Harry Hubbard, a veteran of the first World War, who is now known to the authorities as "the Nocturnal Colonel," from the fact that he worked all day at the new War Department building in Arlington, Virginia, and emerged from his home each evening in a colonel's uniform resplendent with Air Corps insignia and several service medals.

This man's masquerade, like the others I have so far mentioned, stemmed from exhibitionist tendencies inherent in the individual. He especially wished to impress a certain lady friend, with whom he, a married man, was conducting an undercover affair. But by the time he was reported to the F.B.I. by a justly suspicious officer of the Regular Army, his impersonation was taking on a far more sinister aspect.

First he used his uniform and supposed rank to obtain various materials and products which he might not otherwise have been able to purchase. Then he took the next logical step: obtaining money under false pretenses. Indicted on evidence uncovered by special agents of the F.B.I., the Nocturnal Colonel was sentenced by a federal court to wear a less-becoming uniform for the next four years.

A really seasoned criminal, however, has been known to get away with everything but murder under the protection of a genuine uniform and a fraudulent military title. So far in this war we have not uncovered any scoundrel of this type, but if it hadn't been for a set of false teeth, one Richard Thomas Rollins, posing as a lieutenant senior grade of the United States Navy, might have developed into one. This swindler, a Virginian of some thirty adventurous summers, started his "naval" career by posing as a ship's engineer with eleven years' experience in the merchant marine, who was suffering from nervous shock from having sailed on two ships that had been torpedoed during the first months of the war.

Arriving in Chadbourn, North Carolina, on a hitchhiking trip, Rollins told this story to a hospitable couple who can be called Mr. and Mrs. John Lang. After accepting $55 from the Langs to go to Texas to collect an alleged claim from the Gulf Oil Company, and a brief absence—which he spent, not in Texas, but in New Orleans—he returned to the Lang household and dug in apparently for the duration. Soon he was calling his involuntary hosts "Mom" and "Pop."

Having won his way into the affections of these good folk, he began to exhibit an apparently praiseworthy urge to do something for his country. He told the Langs that his years of service in the merchant marine made him eligible for a commission in the Navy, and obtained from them the money to go to Washington for the ceremony of induction and to purchase a uniform for the occasion.

The Best Wasn't Too Good

To make sure that the contribution was sufficiently generous to assure high-class tailoring, our incipient naval officer threw in the statement that President Roosevelt wished him to visit the White House, to be decorated for his bravery in saving the lives of persons on ships that had been torpedoed. The Langs came through handsomely.

Thereafter, from time to time, communications arrived at the Lang home from Rollins, supported by quotations from alleged "orders of the day," explaining that he had now been officially accepted for service, but that his salary would be held up until he had finished preliminary training and acquired still more uniforms.

Meanwhile, tiring of hot and crowded Washington, Rollins sought the health-giving breezes of the boardwalk at

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Give . . . not just whiskey this holiday season . . . give the whiskey that's prime✶matured! Let the smooth, clean taste of Ancient Age be a flattering quality-tribute to the one you would impress. Through a scientific duplication of the old "top-racking" custom, Ancient Age is *prime* in quality, Ancient Age is evenly *matured* to make a gift that hits the spot for the most worldly-wise of drinkers. So, give the gift that pleases *experts* ... and be prepared with it yourself, when friends troop in!

Have *you* tried
Ancient Age
straight... or in a highball?

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 Proof. This whiskey is 5 years old.
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tune in! JACK PEARL and Morton Gould's orchestra in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Carnival." Your Mutual station every week (consult your local newspaper for exact time).

Ocean City, New Jersey, where a doubtless admiring sun beat down on a newly acquired, Lang-purchased, blue and gold uniform. Emboldened by his success in passing as a Navy lieutenant at his hotel and in the boardwalk cafés, Rollins ventured to make friends with another Navy man who was, unfortunately for Rollins, the real thing.

Every time "Lieutenant" Rollins opened his mouth he didn't exactly put his foot in it, but he did stick his false teeth out of it, and every real Navy man knows that the presence of such excess cargo usually bars a man from a commission in the U. S. Navy. So Rollins' chance acquaintance, his suspicions aroused, summoned a passing Coast Guardsman, who helped him chart the spurious lieutenant's course to the Ocean City police station, where special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation obtained a full confession.

I have mentioned several typical cases of mock-military scoundrels, some of whom sought chiefly public acclaim with a modicum of mooching and chiseling along the way, others who were deliberately out to swindle patriotic citizens of their hard-earned cash. To me, however, the most despicable uniformed impostor is the one who uses his military finery and alleged rank to prey upon young girls and susceptible older women.

Such was the young Philadelphian, who posed as an officer of the Royal Canadian Air Force serving as gunnery instructor at the Essington Rifle Range. This cheap Lothario, under his own name, ostensibly lived with his wife in a modest Philadelphia apartment house, but under various aliases he made what can only be described as a mass attack on the nurses of a Philadelphia hospital.

Bolstered by the possession of a small bar of wings with "R.C.A.F." inscribed on it, which he wore conspicuously on the shoulder of his uniform, he secured an introduction to an unsuspecting nurse, who accepted unquestionably the genuineness of the name he gave her, Larry Wagner, and his Canadian army connection.

When the romance with Nurse No. 1 waned, he transferred his addresses to Nurse No. 2, this time as Captain Eugene Lawrence of the R.C.A.F. And, under the name of Edward Callahan, he was just moving in on an attractive young woman doctor at the same hospital when the F.B.I. got him, and both his military and amatory careers came suddenly to an ignominious end.

Just how much devastation this brazen young scoundrel left in his wake, nobody will ever know. John Phillips Matthews, on the other hand, left visible evidence of his chicanery in the comely persons of at least nine wives.

The Marrying Chaplain

The Matthews case is typical of hundreds we have had in which the money motive and the girl motive are combined, the classic example of which was that of Morton Joseph Kramer, the handsome, bushy-browed, broad-shouldered "Marrying Chaplain," who, in the years just before we entered the war, left a trail of broken hearts and bouncing checks wherever he went. Kramer was a more experienced and a more skillful criminal than Matthews.

Our records show that this Public Bluebeard No. 1 was married in New York City; Tampa, Florida; St. Joseph, Missouri; Alton Bay, New Hampshire; Woodstock, Illinois; Alexandria, Louisiana; Brooksville, Florida; and Chillicothe, Texas!

But to get back to John Phillips Matthews. This incipient Kramer came from an old German family of indubitable respectability.

Born in Berlin, Germany, twenty-seven years ago, he was well educated and in his youth traveled through most of Europe. In Germany he served four sentences for fraud, then moved to Brussels where he soon became a guest behind iron bars for ten months.

Next he moved to Italy, but did not fare so well. When asked to leave, he turned to Canada, then the United States and then to Shanghai, China, as a cabin boy on a Greek steamer. That try ended with a year's sentence for larceny. By this time, Matthews was ready to settle down.

Back in the United States he assumed the role of a Chicago newspaperman, gained admittance to the apartment of a socially prominent British expatriate and gave her his worthless $500 personal check for the history of her life. Then he became an F.B.I. special agent running down fifth columnists. Under this guise, he won another wife and $300 and then moved on to Texas. Now he was an intelligence officer of the U. S. Navy, and an attractive Texan schoolteacher succumbed to his winning ways, leaving the little white schoolhouse for Los Angeles, where the self-appointed naval officer left her for other theaters of operation. This time it was San Francisco and a beauty culturist, who readily left her job and began traveling—now with an international journalist surveying the world for material on fifth-column activities. He succeeded in getting her rings and the proceeds from two life insurance policies which she turned over to him until his check could arrive. Again he turned to greener pastures.

ORDERS

Six soldiers, stationed in the Midwest and ordered to a training camp in Mississippi, packed their barracks bags and went down to the railroad station where they tried to purchase train tickets. No one, it seems, had ever heard of this particular place. They consulted postal guides, maps, almanacs. No soap. In desperation a superior officer finally wired Washington. An hour later he got this reply: "Sorry. War Department says location of camp is a military secret."

On one occasion, Matthews secured $3,200 from a lady acquaintance to secure the departure of her fiancé from occupied France. He disappeared, of course. His twenty-one aliases were as awe-inspiring as the tales he told his victims.

But Matthews' number was up. A dozen field offices of the F.B.I. were on his trail, and at last special agents in New York caught up with him as he was preparing to assume a new role and a new victim. His versatility was rewarded with a four-year prison sentence for impersonation of a federal officer.

Imagine the distress of those grieving parents, the blight on the happiness of those tricked and deluded women—but I must not become preachy in these paragraphs. My job is to see that the Matthewses and the Rollinses are brought to the bar of justice, and I am glad to say that they and many hundreds like them have been made to realize that crime, even when decked out in resplendent uniforms, still does not pay.

I should be lax in my duty, howeve if, having the information I do ha about this growing evil, I did not di close enough of it to put innocent ci zens on their guard against oth uniformed impostors of the same similar type.

In the first place, I want to assure yo that my own office in Washington an the fifty-six field offices of the Feder Bureau of Investigation are open and your service twenty-four hours a da The Washington telephone number i National 7117. The numbers of the fiel offices are in the local telephone book If you are not close to one of thes offices, your local police departmen will investigate promptly and communicate if necessary with the Bureau.

What You Can Do

But there is much that you can do on your own. Every soldier and sailor and airman, every officer, even if he has a general's stars on his shoulders, is attached to some military unit. Men in uniform just don't wander around the country by themselves—that is, if they are genuine. Every man in the United States service is able to identify himself beyond doubt and the unit to which he belongs, either by credentials on his person or by reference to his superior officer. He does not resent your asking questions and checking references. He welcomes it. If he doesn't, get to the F.B.I. as fast as you can. You've caught a crook.

Be especially wary of credentials flashed before your eyes without opportunity for examination. The fact that a uniformed man has an envelope or letterhead in his pocket marked War Department or Navy Department is no guarantee of his genuineness. Take any credentials that are shown you into your own hands.

If the credentials do not show the regiment or ship or Army camp or naval station to which the bearer is attached, get those details from him, write them down, and, before you lend him money or cash a check or introduce him to anyone you love, check them by telephone at the U. S. Army or Navy post nearest to your home.

Take the same attitude toward women in uniform. Not all impostors are men. The organization of Waacs, Waves and now Wafs, the Army and Navy nurses' corps and the many semiofficial volunteer women's forces have opened up a new field to the female adventurer and crook.

We apprehended one bogus Navy nurse working two shifts: promiscuity by night, shoplifting by day; also an alleged woman captain in the Army Air Corps, who claimed to have flown in China under General Brett and to have been decorated for her services by General MacArthur, and, for good measure, said she was a niece of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

Women in uniform, like the men, can and should identify themselves and the unit to which they belong. They should be asked to show their credentials and to give the name and location of superior officers who can vouch for them. Don't be soft because of their sex.

What I have said about members of the Armed and Auxiliary Forces applies to all government officials in or out of uniform, including, of course—and perhaps especially—representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Every citizen interviewed by an agent of his or her government has a right to examine that agent's credentials. Don't fail to exercise that right.

THE END

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THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FIVE YEARS OLD
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FINE ARTS

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Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

"It's the first Christmas I haven't cried..."

YOU always said I was a sissy. And I guess I was.

But I couldn't seem to help it. Christmas just made me feel choky, somehow. And when I opened your present...that did it! Then you'd dry my face, and make me blow my nose. And start teasing. Say you were going to take the darn thing back if *that's* the way it made me feel.

Know why I didn't cry this time? When I unwrapped the War Bond, with your sweet note pinned to it, I was so proud of you I couldn't *remember* to cry.

Your note was so like you: "*Merry Christmas ...from a dope! Sorry I couldn't think of anything else. I did shop the stores. But then I'd see a bunch of guys marching off with their duffle bags on their shoulders. And that would get me thinking. So finally I said, the heck with it; a War Bond's the easiest thing to buy anyhow! Forgive me for being practical.*"

Forgive you? Darling, I adore you for it. And *I'm* going to be practical too. I'm going to put that U. S. War Bond aside in an envelope marked: "*My new Easy Washer... Not to be opened till Christmas 194-.*" And darling... this is the first time I'm not going to scold you for spending too much.

O, darn! Where's my hanky?

I *am* going to cry!

Buy War Bonds for tomorrow's washer... take care of today's!

Take good care of the washer you have now. And buy War Bonds with the money it saves you each washday! Easy is 100% on war work. But your Easy Dealer is ready to give you Easy Certified Wartime Service. For Easy Washer Lubrication Chart (covers all models) send 3¢ in stamps to Dept. C-12.

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AN ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY

EASY WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

How to Help a Spy

Continued from page 17

had left it in the taxicab, we would promptly have had the same result. Nine times out of ten, the papers would be returned, but the danger is that tenth time when they reached the wrong hands."

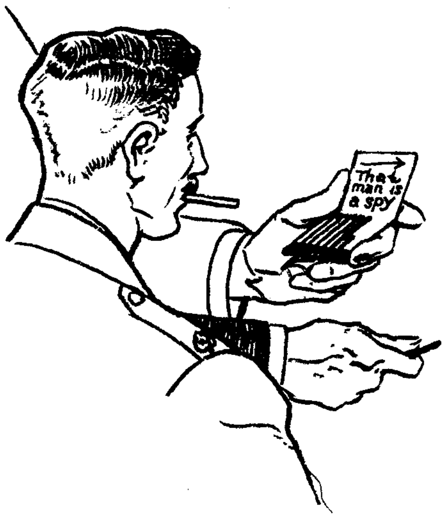
There are of course plenty of secret agents in disguise circulating behind the war fronts. They are waiters in restaurants, they are dock workers at ports, they are phony refugees in colonies of exiles. They also pose as soldiers, sailors or airmen in our Armed Forces. But fortunately most of them are on our side. These counterespionage agents have done a job that one day will make a thrilling story of combating the enemy, but most of their time is devoted to steady routine checking on the man whose mouth is too big.

A major now in the American Intelligence division in London was a bit skeptical of spy stories when he started out by plane from New York. He smiled to himself at a little State Department courier with a big, heavy diplomatic bag which he kept attached to his wrist day and night, even parking it under the blanket by his side in bed.

The major had a small sealed bag of diplomatic papers, but it was a minor nuisance, and when he landed in a neutral port in Europe, he had become so accustomed to it that it was almost forgotten. He was in civilian clothes, although there was an American airline tag on the diplomatic bag. With another passenger, he wandered along the streets of a city he'd never seen before, looking for a restaurant that might provide real native food. They finally turned into an unimposing café.

There were only two other customers, but shortly after they had ordered, another man of Scandinavian appearance took a near-by table. The Americans chatted, and the major fished out a cigarette. Before he could light it, the waiter dashed across the room with a book of paper matches and struck a light. As he did so, he held up in front of the officer the paper match-book cover on which was drawn a crude arrow pointing toward the Scandinavian. Beneath it was lettered in English: "That man is a spy." The startled officer tried to say something, but the waiter scurried away and served the rest of the meal in complete silence.

The Americans never knew whether they were sitting next to an Axis agent or whether the waiter was trying to wangle a big tip, but in that little restaurant they had quickly been caught in the swirl of Europe's intrigue—and the major picked the diplomatic bag off the floor and held it in his lap throughout the meal.


That man is a spy

The dinner table seems to enter into a large percentage of spy stories, perhaps because that's when men relax and drop their guard. And that's why a considerable part of our counterespionage covers restaurants and night clubs, as one American girl volunteer of an auxiliary organization discovered to her sorrow.

This girl, in uniform, was in a night club one smoky midnight. She raised her glass to her boy friend and remarked, "Cheerio! My last chance for a drink in Britain!" As she drank, an unobtrusive man at the next table paid his bill and wandered out into the blackout.

An hour later, returning to her temporary billet, the American girl was informed that she would have plenty of chance for another drink in Britain. There have been so many hints dropped by volunteer service girls celebrating their impending departure that the sailing of a great liner was postponed, at heavy cost to the Allied war effort.

The man at the next table was from G-2. Other counterespionage agents had been making similar checkups all over London. They do not doubt that a large part of what they heard was also heard by enemy agents. At least, they decided that the risk that a U-boat pack would be lying in wait for the liner was too great.

News travels fast these days, and Intelligence officers never forget it—or almost never. There was one G-2 officer in London who could—but won't—write a firsthand report on the speed of news, as a result of a harrowing experience.

If he addressed it to his superior in Washington, it might read like this: "Sir: You will recall that I recently asked you to order Major X's return from Seattle to London. This, of course, was highly confidential, known to only a few persons in the War Department. Three days later, by accident, I encountered a lady friend of Major X in a hotel lobby in London, and she exclaimed, 'Isn't it thrilling? The major's coming back.' I replied that it was news to me—as it was. But she produced a cable from Salt Lake City to prove that he was en route. The following day, another lady flourished a cable from Denver to prove the same thing. My luck held and by the end of the week I had seen cables from Chicago and Pittsburgh.

"Today I received your coded cable (presumably dispatched after due consideration of the question of security), advising me that the major was en route by air from New York and would arrive tomorrow. In reply, I might say that I know what railroads he traveled on, what the weather was like, and what his attitude is toward several young ladies. Furthermore, his plane has been delayed en route from New York, and he won't be here until the day after tomorrow. Yours respectfully, etc."

American troops, unhampered by enemy action, drag their field guns up a North African beach

Not all Americans are so indiscree One who wasn't might be called Sergea Jenks, who was aboard the transatlanti liner Dash when a minor accident occurred while enroute to England. Th ship's company was assembled an warned that anybody who mentioned th incident after landing would be subjec to court-martial. But when Jenks an his captain stepped ashore at a big port the first stranger they met was an incredibly stupid Allied colonel who exclaimed "I say, old chap, exactly what *did* happen aboard the Dash?" The captain was embarrassed by the presence of his superior officer, but the colonel made it worse by adding, "Oh, come, come! I have other means of finding out. What *did* happen?"

At that point, an American correspondent standing near by saw Jenks edge forward. The sergeant seemed almost to be shouldering his captain out of the way. Only the corner of his drawn-down mouth moved, as he leaned forward without relaxing his rigid position. "Not a damn' thing, buddy," Jenks growled into the startled colonel's teeth. "Not a damn' thing!" Jenks hasn't been court-martialed yet.

He Lost His Shamrocks

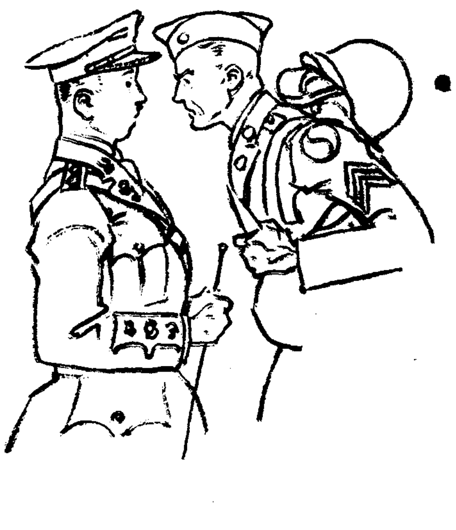
One dignified British general, however, had an experience that might well have caused him to prefer to face court-martial. He barged in Colonel Blimpish fashion through a crowded hotel lobby, checked his brief case in the cloakroom and proceeded to a table adjacent to that occupied by three young Americans.

"He was a most pompous fellow," one of the Americans explained later. "He immediately informed his companions that he could delay only long enough for one drink because he had to rush along to a very important War Office conference which was depending on him to deliver important documents.

"Well, I had leave because I had just returned from Ireland and I'd brought a brief case full of fresh shamrocks to be used at a party that night. To avoid a vulgar display, I had taken everything out of my brief case and simply filled it with shamrocks. You can guess what happened. I saw the general leaving with a brief case tucked under an arm.

"When I went to get my brief case from the cloakroom, the attendant offered me the general's brief case. There wasn't any doubt about it. I had lost the precious shamrocks which I had carried so tenderly from Ireland. But I always wondered what happened when the general opened his brief case at the War Office and spilled Irish shamrocks all over the green-topped council table."

THE END



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FIVE STAR
SINCE 1832
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
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PEORIA - ILLINOIS
Tom and Jerry
Tom and Jerry
Tom and Jerry
A Real Blend for a Real Friend
Jim

HOW TO MAKE G & W TOM AND JERRY

Beat whites of 6 eggs and whip 1 pint of cream separately. Mix. Add 1 cup of powdered sugar. Add beaten yolks of eggs. If possible add mixture of ½ cup rum, ½ cup sherry and 1 pint G & W Five Star or William Penn to above. Or, if rum and sherry not available, add 1 quart Five Star or William Penn. Mix in 1 tablespoon nutmeg and a small sprinkle of cinnamon. Serve 1 part resultant batter with 1 part boiling water and dust top with nutmeg.

G & W 5-Star Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits
William Penn Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits

G&W *Five Star*
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Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 13

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longings. He became a crane operator on a big construction job. When that job was done, there was no demand anywhere for crane operators. Then Flack turned pickpocket.

The judge who tried his case was a stern man. It was not Flack's first offense. He sentenced Flack to five years at hard labor, then, perhaps moved by the same wistful quality that had touched Jason Amboy, suspended sentence and paroled Flack in Jason's custody.

In the four years and some odd months in which Flack had served Jason Amboy, he had served him dutifully and well. Jason Amboy wondered what Flack would do when his time was up. He had noticed, especially since war had broken out in the Pacific, a growing restlessness in Flack, and a growing tendency on Flack's part to differ with his opinions and to make slurring references to what Flack had once called "your machinelike preciseness, sir." Flack also objected to Jason Amboy's carelessness in all matters not pertaining to the Amboy airplane engine.

Jason heard the front door open and close. And he believed that Flack would enjoy his assignment of tracking down the girl in the cerise satin gown.

With her perfume still in his brain, Jason Amboy went into his living room and inspected his desk. All the drawers were open, and papers were scattered about on the floor. He reassured himself that it contained nothing of the slightest value to anyone, not even to himself. It was a catchall. Aside from a receipt or two of dubious value, everything in it could have been burned.

HE WENT on into the dining room. His collection of Georgian silver was undisturbed. She had evidently taken nothing. Then why had she come here? The thought of blackmail crossed his mind, but he dismissed it. He was not in a position to be blackmailed or to blackmail.

The telephone rang. When he picked up the receiver, a girl's crisp voice said, "Are you Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"Honolulu is calling. You are instructed not to discuss defense projects, Army or Navy movements, evacuations, or dates of sailing. You must not talk about the weather. You may mention means of transportation, but you are to give no dates. You will be cut off if you violate any of these rules.... Go ahead, please, Mr. Durkin."

Across some two thousand miles of ocean, the rasping voice of Pete Durkin, riding the mystery of a radio wave, leaped into Jason Amboy's left ear: "Hullo, boss. Are you awake?"

"Yes, Pete. Go ahead." Pete Durkin was a machinist who had, until about a year ago, worked in Jason Amboy's experimental airplane-engine factory, in Oakland. He had since been working at his trade in Pearl Harbor.

"I'm just back from Kauai," the machinist said, "I went over to look up your brother."

There was a bubbling and a hissing in the circuit, then Pete Durkin's harsh voice was saying, "Ain't there. Gone."

"What?" said Jason. "I missed that."

"I said he was working at that clerk job in the company store of the Kokala plantation up till the night of December third. Then he just vanished. I couldn't find out much, but what I found was plenty fishy. When did you hear from him last?"

"About the end of November. What happened?"

"I don't know, Jason. Nobody knows. He just disappeared."

"But what happened?"

"I'm tellin' you, nobody knows. Nobody saw him go. He just disappeared, Jason. There's only two ways to get off Kauai unless you swim. You take a plane or you take the Interisland steamer, and I checked both passenger lists from December fourth to the sixth. When war broke on the seventh, both services were suspended for several weeks."

JASON sat down slowly on the arm of a chair. "He might have taken a fishing sampan or an outrigger. He could sail an outrigger as well as any Hawaiian."

"I don't think he took a sampan, or an outrigger either, Jason. There was a kona wind blowing and you know what the Kaieiewaho Channel is like even when there ain't kona weather. I hate to alarm you, but I'm afraid something has happened to that guy.

"He was living in a company bungalow with a mill clerk named Blake. Blake went out that night with a girl, and he said your brother said nothing to him about pulling out. When Blake got in, along about midnight, your brother was gone, bag and baggage."

Jason's legs felt weak. "Did you check with the police?"

"I sure did—the Kokala plantation police and the town police. The plantation police don't know anything, and the town cops don't keep track of plantation employees unless they have criminal records.

"And here is the bad news, Jason: Your brother's bedroom hasn't been used since he left. I went over every inch of it. Jammed between the head of the bed and the wall I found his wrist watch, and there was a smear of dried blood on the back of it. The strap was torn straight across one of the buckle holes."

There was a film of cold perspiration on Jason's forehead. He said huskily, "Are you sure it's Wayne's watch?"

"It's a thin curved gold one," the machinist answered, "with engraving on th back. I've got it right here. It says 'W. H. A. from J. B. A., Christmas 1936. And under that it says, 'No fair hocking.' Ain't those his and your initials?'

"Yes," Jason said in a dry voice. "It's a watch I gave him." He hesitated. "Hang onto it until I get there. I'll get over as fast as I can. It's almost impossible getting a Clipper priority now, and I understand there are thousands on the convoy waiting lists."

"I'm sorry, Jason, but I can't wait, I'm sailing at—"

The connection was broken. A women's stern voice said, "You are not permitted to mention dates of departures."

Pete Durkin's voice came in again: ". . . I'll leave the watch at the Pan Air office. . . . How's the new engine coming?"

"The Army," Jason answered wryly, "just finished a week of block tests—and turned it down."

"Why?"

"They claim it's too radical—would take too long to get the bugs out."

"They're nuts!" Pete Durkin said indignantly.

"So I told them."

"What are you going to do?"

"I've had to shut down. I'm trying to raise more capital."

"You ain't dropping it?"

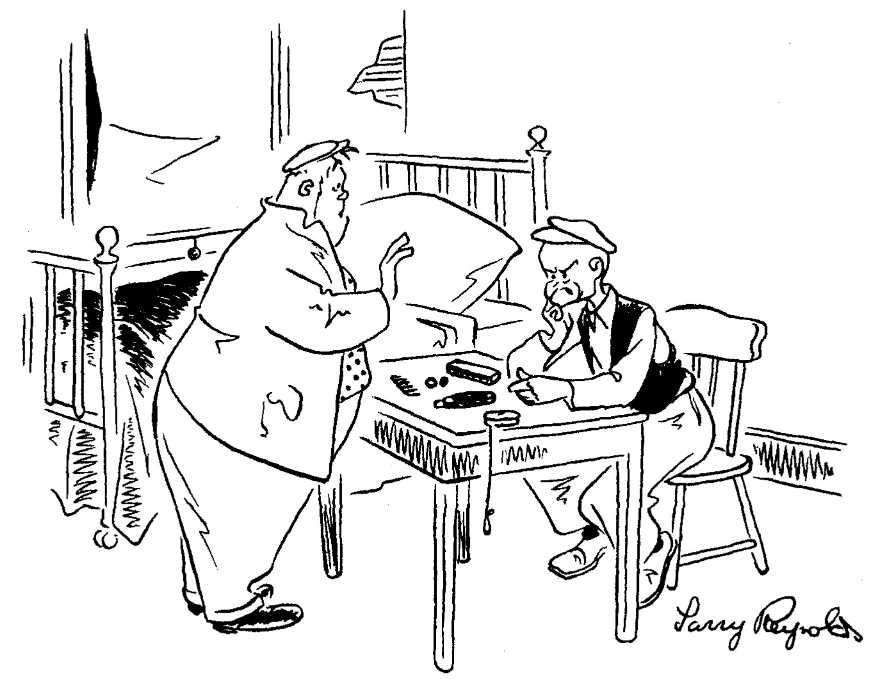
"No, Pete; I certainly am not. I know it's a great engine. But first I'm going to Kokala to see about my brother. Thanks for going to all this trouble."

"It wasn't any trouble. I hope you locate that wild man."

"Thanks, Pete. Reverse these charges."

JASON slowly lowered the telephone into its holder. He was trying to assure himself that this evidence Pete Du[illegible]kin had collected meant nothing serious, that there was really nothing to be alarmed about. He tried to drive off the sensation of coldness that had settled about his heart by arguing that this wasn't the first time Wayne, a hard drinker, had mysteriously disappeared—during a "bender." There was that time he had disappeared so mysteriously from Cleveland. And there was the time he

BUTCH by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "It was so crowded I could only pick my own pocket!"

d vanished from Havana after a ater-front fight with a Cuban who had most died. Wayne had refused to disss it. He refused to account for anying he did.

Wayne had always fancied himself as enigma. His confidences were rare nd always given with an air of sly umor, as if you must not, no matter hat he said or how confidentially he aid it, take him too seriously. He had one to the islands about six months ago nd he had told Jason, with that slyly umorous air, that his trip had somehing to do with the family fortunes, ome suspected irregularity connected with the will of their uncle, Hiram Grazzard.

Wayne was ten years older than Jason —nearly forty now—and he had always taken the amused, patronizing attitude that older boys sometimes assume with their younger brothers. Jason had a deep affection for Wayne and a secret admiration for this reckless older brother of his who came and went so mysteriously.

They corresponded irregularly. In the six months Wayne had been in Kokala, he had written Jason five letters which now comprised a thin packet in his desk, snapped around with a rubber band.

A few months from now, Jason reasoned, there would be another letter —from some out-of-the-way place. Or he would turn up unexpectedly, with that mysterious smile of his, as he had turned up those other times.

BUT it was no use. That wrist watch with its smear of blood and its broken strap would not be argued down. Jason felt cold and ill. There was no question in his mind that disaster had finally overtaken his brother.

He needed a drink. He was halfway across the dining room when he suddenly stopped. He returned to the living room and looked in the second drawer of his desk where he kept that packet of Wayne's letters.

The letters were not in the drawer. He looked through the other drawers, then among the papers the lady burglar had so heedlessly scattered on the floor. But the letters were gone.

"This," Jason thought, "is very interesting. She came here to get those letters and she got them."

The tantalizing mystery of her visit was explained. But what, actually, was explained? Why had that girl taken such a risk to steal that packet of letters? They told of Wayne's going to Kauai and of his taking a job as a clerk in the company store at Kokala. They were hardly more than brief notes, amusingly written, describing the slight changes that had taken place on the little island since he and Jason had left for the mainland with their parents twenty years ago.

The telephone rang again.

"Mr. Amboy. It's Flack. I'm still on her trail, sir."

There was an excitement in his valet's voice that Jason had never before heard. And it occurred to him that Flack was finally doing the sort of thing he really preferred.

Amused, he said, "Where are you?"

"I'm phoning from a booth in the lobby of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. I followed a young lady here—at least I followed the young lady who answers the description you gave me: slim, darkly tanned, light brown hair, wearing a pink satin evening gown, a blue fox cape and silver slippers. Her name is Miss Luana Topping, and she's from Kokala, Kauai, T. H."

"This is very interesting," Jason said. "Isn't Kokala where your brother is, Mr. Amboy?"

"It's where he was. And that's why it's so peculiarly interesting. Does she know you're trailing her?"

"No, sir. She had a taxi waiting down the street from that apartment house. I followed her here in another. My securing a cab at that time of night was sheer luck."

"Is Miss Topping registered at the Drake?"

"Yes, sir. And she came directly here, got her key at the desk and went up to her room. My suggestion is that I wait a while. I have the feeling she is coming back down again."

"Very well, Flack," Jason said. "Now listen carefully." He outlined what Durkin had told him; he spoke of the missing letters. Then: "In case Miss Topping doesn't come down in the next couple of hours, phone me again."

"Very well, sir. . . . I'm sure your brother is all right."

The sun was well up in a clear blue sky when Flack phoned again.

"Flack reporting, sir," the valet said crisply. "I am now at the airport. Miss Topping came down about a half-hour ago, looking very beautiful in a gray hat and a gray traveling dress, and she took the airline limousine to the airport. She has no luggage. She is taking the seven o'clock plane for Los Angeles."

"Can you get a seat on that flight?" Jason asked.

"Yes, sir."

"How are you fixed for money?"

"I have ample funds, sir."

"All right, Flack. Keep on her trail."

When he had shaved, showered and dressed, Jason telephoned an old friend, a colonel in the Transport Service, and said, "How do I get out to Honolulu? It's very urgent."

Colonel Nordstrom said dryly, "You might swim. You can get a special Clipper priority only by act of God through the Navy Department, in Washington. Your only hope is a convoy. San Francisco is packed with island people clamoring to get back home. Have you a military reason?"

"The Army," Jason said promptly, "is testing three trainers powered with my engine at Wheeler Field."

"That may help. Can you leave on twenty-four hours' notice?"

"I can leave on an hour's notice."

"Very well, Jason. Departures are a deadly secret, as you know, but I might suggest that you get packed. Stand by. Don't leave that telephone. I'll get to work on it."

JASON next telephoned several people he knew who had lived until recently in Hawaii.

None of them knew Luana Topping, although three of them knew her by reputation. She was a famous island beauty who was employed by Mrs. Hiram Grazzard of the well-known Grazzard clan which owned extensive sugar and pineapple properties on Kauai and other islands.

Miss Topping was evidently a ward of Mrs. Grazzard's and served her in a somewhat anomalous capacity. She was part secretary, part companion. She lived with Mrs. Grazzard in the big old plantation house near Kokala. There were rumors that Luana Topping was engaged to Berth Grazzard's son Lorrin.

It was probable, Jason reasoned, that Wayne's disappearance was explained by some of this. Wayne had slyly said that he was going to the islands in the interests of the family fortunes. If he hadn't been joking, what had he meant? Twenty years ago the two boys had left Kokala with their mother and father when Mr. Amboy had been discharged by his cousin's wife, Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, from his position as superintendent

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of the Kokala sugar mill. It seemed unreasonable that Wayne would have returned to Kokala because of that ancient wrong, if it had been a wrong. Yet he had mentioned Hiram Grazzard's will.

It was much more likely that Wayne had followed the Topping girl to Kokala and had become involved with her. And if it were true that she was engaged to Lorrin Grazzard, then it wasn't hard to understand why Wayne had left Kokala hurriedly, or why Miss Topping had come here to steal his letters.

This seemed, to Jason, the most logical explanation for his brother's disappearance, the somewhat grisly evidence of that wrist watch to the contrary.

At a little after three, Flack phoned again. He was back in San Francisco, he said, in a booth in a department store on Sutter Street. Miss Topping was, at the moment, buying lingerie, and she was buying great quantities of it.

"I am beginning to see a pattern," Flack said. "She's been shopping ever since we returned. Hat stores and shoe stores and beauty shops and department stores. Unless I'm mistaken, Mr. Amboy, she is buying a trousseau."

"When a girl from the islands goes shopping in San Francisco," Jason said, "she always seems to be buying a trousseau. What happened in Los Angeles?"

"We went to a church wedding," Flack said, "in Hollywood. A Miss Joy Pembrook was married to a Mr. Rodney Fulbertson, and Miss Topping was the maid of honor. Miss Topping went directly to Miss Pembrook's house in Hollywood, and from there she and several carloads of other people went to the church.

"That was all Miss Topping did in Hollywood. The moment she had thrown the last of her rice, she jumped into a cab that was waiting and it was a race with time to catch the noon plane. Fate was smiling on me again, Mr. Amboy, and I got a seat."

"Does she knew you're trailing her?"

"She's growing suspicious. She's tried several dodges to escape me, but I've managed to keep up with her. Does the name Grazzard have any significance, Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"One of Miss Topping's stops was the ticket office of the Matson Line. As you know, sir, the Army Transport service has made Matson the official agency for handling all civilian applications for bookings to Honolulu. I heard a clerk advise Miss Topping to tell the Grazzard party to stand by for immediate notification. I rather suspect a convoy is sailing immediately. You will be going to Honolulu as soon as you can, won't you, sir?"

"It's a military secret," Jason answered, "but that's my intention. You can stop following Miss Topping."

"And, of course, you won't be planning to take me?"

"I'm afraid it's impossible in these times, Flack."

"I hate to be left behind, sir. They tell me it's a very exciting experience. I'm sure I would be of great use to you, Mr. Amboy. You may be in great danger. With your carelessness, anything may happen to you. You really need me to look after you."

"I appreciate your feelings, Flack, but I'll have to get along without you."

"Very well, sir. Have you applied for a booking?"

"Yes. Colonel Nordstrom is working on it."

"That means you will probably be given a 1-A priority, Mr. Amboy. Do you mind if I attend to some personal matters for the next hour or so?"

"Go ahead."

"Thank you, sir. If, in the future, I should see you under strange circumstances, I think I should warn you that I will be using a different name. My name will be Rodney K. Kitchener, sir. I've always been a great admirer of Kitchener of Khartoum. I used that name when I was an operating engineer. My union card is made out in that name."

Jason said suspiciously, "What's this all about, Flack? Why are you being so darned mysterious?"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand, Mr. Amboy," Flack said stiffly. "And another point: If you should happen to see me in the near future wearing a disguise, I hope you will understand."

"Understand what?" Jason cried. "Flack! What are you up to?"

"I can't explain it over the phone, Mr. Amboy. Please take my word for it that I am using my best judgment and thinking only of your interests. Goodby, sir," Flack concluded somewhat ominously, "until later."

"Flack!" Jason yelled. But the line was empty.

He had little time to speculate on the mysterious attitudes and activities of Flack. A telephone call came a few minutes later from the Matson Line, requesting him to call at their office.

Pier 32 was in a state of bustling military activity. Troops guarded it. Troops were filing aboard the liner tied up in the slip beside it. Baggagemen with handtrucks were wheeling field lockers and equipment to a pile that was being hoisted aboard, a ton at a time, in a cargo net. And over all the scene hung the smell of old cargoes and oakum and the deathless smell of the sea.

The Tasmania, once a famous snow-white ship in the transpacific luxury trade, now loomed dull and gray against the reddening afternoon sky. She looked grim and warlike. The long barrels of deck guns in her bows and the large-caliber machine guns on her bridge wi looked black against the sky.

Jason showed his ticket to a milita policeman. A man in dungarees ask him his stateroom number and took suitcases.

Jason had paid his driver and start to enter the pier shed when he saw t girl in gray who had just alighted from cab ahead of his. Her purse was op and she was searching through it. H back was partly turned to him, so th all he saw of her face just then was th curve of a darkly tanned cheek. Sh wore a gray hat. She had light brow hair that fell in a soft wave to her shou ders.

The next moment he heard her voic and he remained no longer in doub for it was the same melodious voice tha had said to him, the last time he ha heard it, "I'm sorry I must leave you al trussed up, Mr. Amboy."

She was saying, in dismay, "It's funny I can't find it here. It just isn't here."

She was gazing with a helpless air a the taxi driver and the taxi driver wa gazing back at her with unrelentin firmness.

Jason said, "May I be of any assistance?"

Turning, the girl had flashed him a dazzling smile and a grateful glance from dark green eyes. For a moment he smile was fixed as she recognized him as if it were frozen. Then she ran he eyes slowly down the length of him, t his shoes, then slowly back up to hi face, considering this tall, grave-eye young man with his slow grin, his quiet purposeful air.

She said in that low, melodious voice, "Oh, thank you so much. Are you taking this ship?"

Jason nodded. "Yes, I am," he said, watching the play of light in her green eyes.

"Well, I was told not to tell it to a soul, but so am I," she said, and she laughed apologetically. "And I seem to have lost my money."

He wondered for an uneasy moment if Flack had, on some whimsical impulse, picked her pocketbook. It was possible, although it seemed a pointless thing to do.

"Let me attend to it," Jason said. "We'll balance our books when we're aboard."

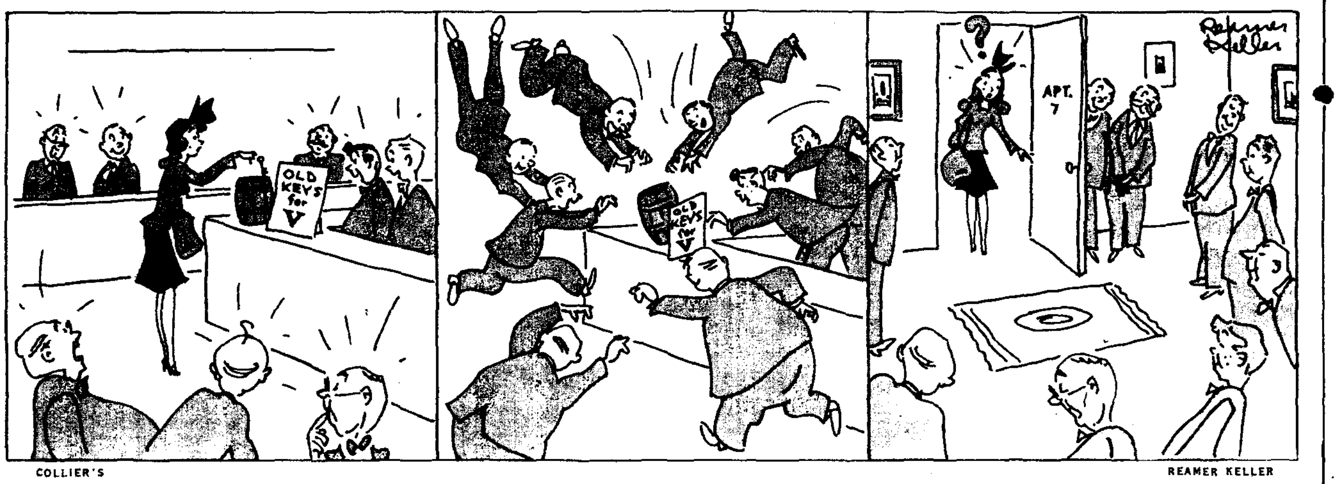
She gave him a quick, narrowing glance, but Jason was blandly smiling.

"Thank you!" she said. "It's a dollar. Will you give him a dollar and a half? I feel so silly."

"Won't you need more for tips and things?"

"Oh, thanks, no."

A man had taken charge of her luggage. She waited for Jason to pay her driver and, when he had, they started to enter the pier shed.



e was saying lightly, "I'm so care- with money—" when they were surnded by a group of men.

Well! Mr. Amboy!" one of them boisterously. "You aren't doing a k honeymoon on us by any chance, you?"

We've barely met," Miss Topping l.

What a pity!" the first reporter wled. "It would have been so nice. n't you Luana Topping?"

'I am. And I'm engaged to Lorrin azzard."

'But how wonderful. Is he aboard?"

'I'm sure I don't know." Miss Topg pushed her way past them and ran o the pier shed.

'It's too bad, Jason," one of the reters said. "I hope we didn't spoil ything for you."

"You heard what she said," Jason d. "All you did was waste some time."

"Not," one of the reporters said, "if u don't waste yours on the way to onolulu. By the way, why are you gog to Honolulu? Is it hush-hush? There e lots of rumors flying around town out you."

"What kind of rumors?"

"That you've sold your engine to the ritish government."

"That one hasn't caught up with me et," Jason said.

OLONEL NORDSTROM had interrupted Jason by a telephone call in midst of his packing to tell him he s extremely fortunate in being asned to a stateroom with exclusive occpancy—a last-minute cancellation by rigadier general.

Jason did not appreciate his good forne until he had looked about the ship little and had found his stateroom. he cocktail room had become a sick ay. The huge lounge room, the music oom and the ballroom were packed with riple-decker steel bunks. He had heard hat the Tasmania had been converted into a troopship, but he had not quite realized what that meant.

Almost all of the staterooms into which he glanced had been stripped of their luxurious beds and other furniture and now contained triple-decker bunks. Rooms originally intended for two occupants now housed six, nine, or twelve.

Stateroom 327 was one of the few that had not been violated. It was spacious. It had twin beds, twin dressers, large twin portholes painted thickly with blue paint, and a bathroom.

His two suitcases were at the foot of one of the beds. He went out, and wandered about the ship, looking for Miss Topping. Corridors and decks were crowded with men in uniform and with other men, civilians, whom he took to be defense workers—mechanics, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, heavy-machinery operators, all being rushed to the islands.

He could not find the girl. Because the afternoon was growing cold he returned to his stateroom for his topcoat.

He opened a door that he thought was his stateroom door and found himself face to face with a slender blond girl in a white terry-cloth dressing gown. They stared at each other a moment, then she gathered the white robe more securely about her and said gaily, "Well, isn't this fun! Are we sharing this cabin?"

Jason glanced quickly about the stateroom. It was his own, or identical with his own, even to the luggage that was stacked near one of the beds. At least, it looked like his luggage.

He was blushing. "I'm sorry," he said, "But are you sure this is your stateroom?"

"Quite sure," the girl said, "or reasonably sure." Her mouth was cynical, but only her large round blue eyes were laughing at him. She tossed up her head, and blond curls danced. "By the way," she said amiably, "do you happen, by some outside chance, to know the number of your stateroom, or are you just going around opening doors until you—"

"It's three twenty-seven."

"Then you're just ten numbers off—really not bad for a beginner! This is three thirty-seven."

"I'm terribly sorry," Jason said. His face was hot. He had the curious feeling that he had met this girl somewhere, or it may have been that she was a type. She was a type, anyway—the type of whom you are sure to meet at least one at every large cocktail party, the type that, a few evenings later, you find yourself taking to some expensive place for dinner and dancing.

He found his stateroom without further adventures, secured his topcoat and went on deck. He tried A-deck, and when he didn't find Miss Topping there, he tried B-deck. And there he found her, leaning out of one of the wide windows with which the side of B-deck was lined. The window was wide enough for the two of them.

She was crying. She was dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

Jason stopped beside her and said gravely, "Sailings are so sad."

She turned and looked at him with one eye and held her handkerchief over the other.

"Oh," she said, "it's you. Yes, aren't they? And on top of that I've got something in my eye. Will you look?"

Jason looked. He held down her lower eyelid and he found the cinder. He made a spill of a corner of his handkerchief. Miss Topping held her head back. She kept her eyes closed. She was helpless and appealing and her mouth was sad.

"You always seem to come along at such opportune times," she said.

Jason's hands were clumsy, but he extracted the cinder. "There," he said.

She held her eyes shut against their watering. She opened them a moment and tried to look at him.

"That was awfully thoughtful of you," she said. "You're awfully efficient, aren't you?"

"Well, so often a person's hands are tied when he wants to be useful," Jason answered. When she kept her eyes shut, he said quickly, "Isn't it a pity? You need a drink. We both need a drink. But we can't drink. The bar is now a hospital."

"Sometimes," the girl said, "a ship will anchor in the bay for days until the rest of the convoy is ready. You just stay out there and look at the city lights."

A DEEP metallic voice boomed from a loud-speaker on the wall behind them: "Attention, all passengers! The captain of this ship is speaking. You are instructed to wear your life jackets at all times. You will find your life jackets under your bunks. Wear them at all times. Do not take them off and use them as furniture.

"The portholes and windows of this ship are not to be opened at any time. Complete blackout will be observed from sunset to sunrise each day. No smoking will be allowed on deck during blackout. All passengers are forbidden to go near the guns at the bow and the stern. Do not throw anything overboard at any time."

Miss Topping was looking at Jason. Her expression seemed to contain no alarm or fear. She seemed to be wondering about him.

"If anything happens," she said, "I think I'll decide to be near you. You're so efficient."

(To be continued next week)

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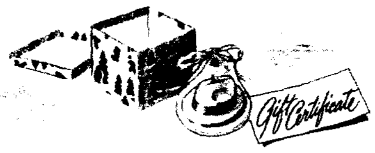

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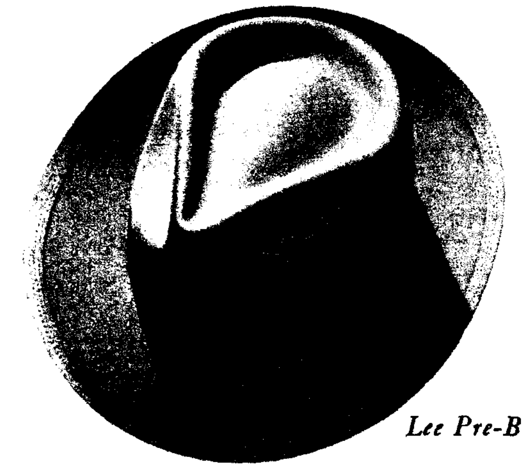

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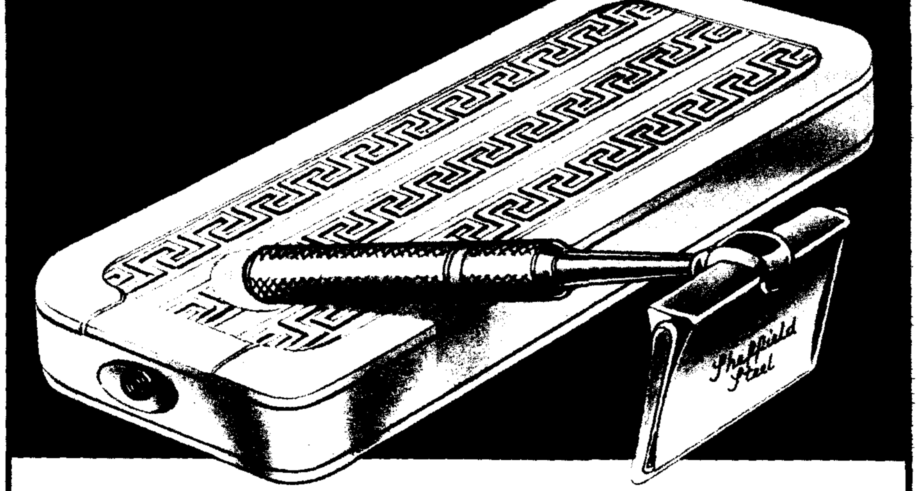

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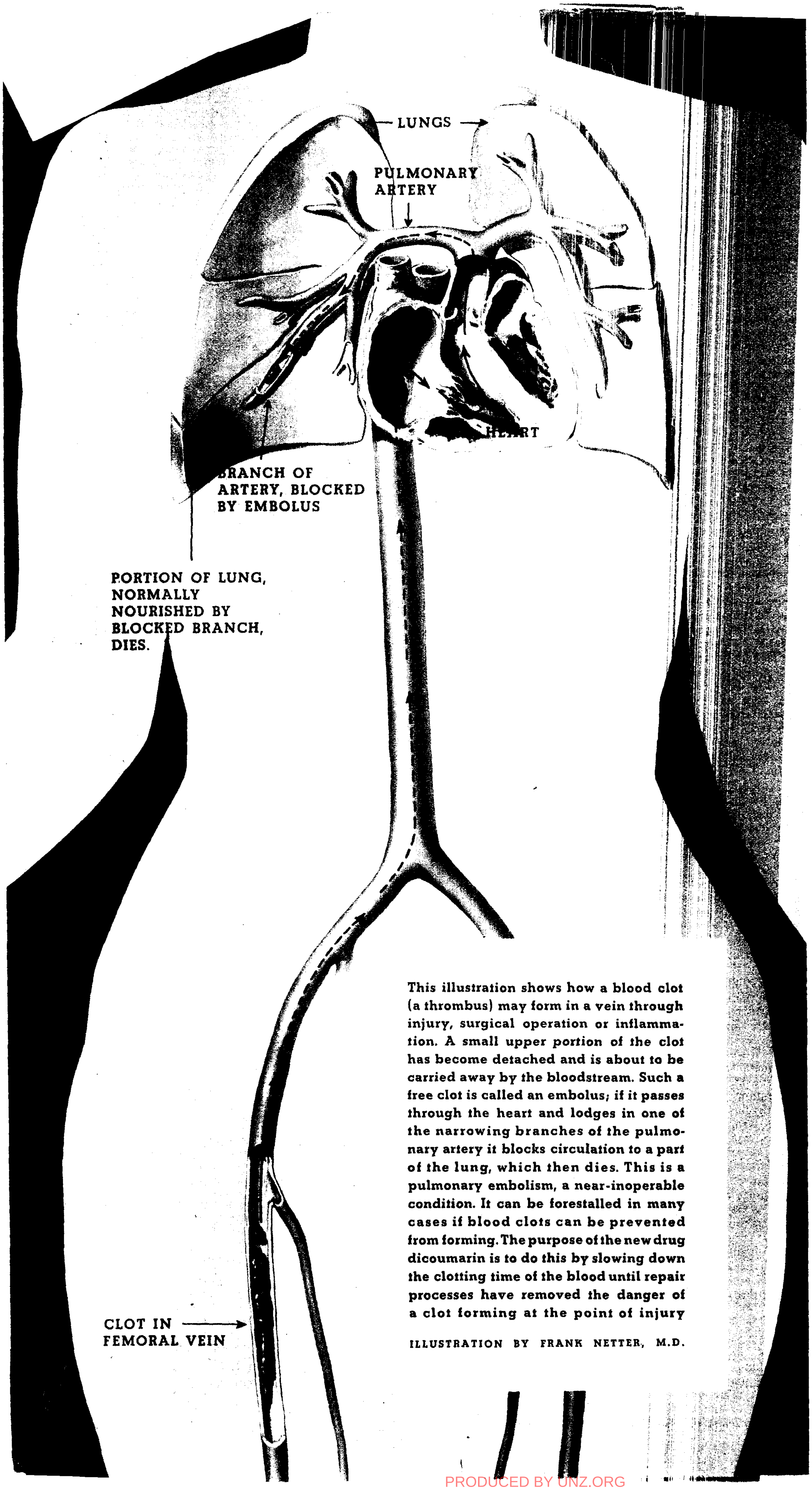
LUNGS
PULMONARY ARTERY
HEART
BRANCH OF ARTERY, BLOCKED BY EMBOLUS
PORTION OF LUNG, NORMALLY NOURISHED BY BLOCKED BRANCH, DIES.
CLOT IN FEMORAL VEIN

This illustration shows how a blood clot (a thrombus) may form in a vein through injury, surgical operation or inflammation. A small upper portion of the clot has become detached and is about to be carried away by the bloodstream. Such a free clot is called an embolus; if it passes through the heart and lodges in one of the narrowing branches of the pulmonary artery it blocks circulation to a part of the lung, which then dies. This is a pulmonary embolism, a near-inoperable condition. It can be forestalled in many cases if blood clots can be prevented from forming. The purpose of the new drug dicoumarin is to do this by slowing down the clotting time of the blood until repair processes have removed the danger of a clot forming at the point of injury

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK NETTER, M.D.

Block that Bloodclot!

By Hannah Lees

Because some cows died after e ing spoiled sweet clover, your d tor will have a new weapon agai the dreaded embolism. It's so ne in fact, that it's a medical rarit still unfamiliar to most physicia

THIS is a story in which the villain also the hero, in which a drug wi a completely unpronounceable nan started out looking like a simple wild flow (when, oddly enough, it was the villain) ar ended up looking like a little pile of b guette diamonds (when it became the hero It's a story of scientists spending yea learning how to keep our blood from d ing one of the most valuable things you an I would say it could do—clot; and how the only succeeded with the help of a cou of bright veterinarians and a few hundr tons of sweet clover.

It starts with the sweet clover. Thirty so years ago, this little plant was just abo as highly valued by farmers as ragweed goldenrod. Then some of the more thrif of them, watching their cattle browse ha pily on it in the fields, began raising sw clover for winter fodder. Cheap, easy grow, good for the cattle, it seemed to hav everything. All the farmers in the norther cattle country began adding it to their crops

But then things began to happen that took their minds off sweet clover. A co[illegible]le of new diseases broke out among the cattle. One mysterious disease seemed always to attack the finest and healthiest cows in the herd. They would develop huge swellings under their skin, sometimes as big as a football, sometimes twice as big. When you punctured these swellings they would be full of blood. The cattle would die. Veterinarians couldn't understand it. When they autopsied the cows, all they found were profuse hemorrhages all through the body of the cow, but no other sign of disease to account for it.

Then a new problem came along. Cattle with too much temperament frequently have to be dehorned, bulls frequently are castrated; relatively simple operations both, that had always been performed without difficulty. Suddenly, now, animals began to bleed to death after dehorning or castrating. Cows began to bleed to death after calving. Yet no tests either on live cattle or by post-mortem could find any cause for this strange bleeding except that their blood just didn't seem to clot.

Something had to be done. Veterinarians all over this country and in Canada set to work to find the answer. And then in 192[illegible] at just about the same time, a Canadian named Schofield and a North Dakotan here named Roderick discovered that all the cattle that had developed any of these mysterious bleeding troubles had been feeding on that fine new fodder, sweet clover.

They studied the pretty little plant with the pink or white flower, looking for some poison in it. They studied it, looking for some food deficiency, some vital missing vitamin. For a while they were sure it must be a microorganism causing the trouble, because it had developed by now that only cattle which fed on spoiled clover (clover that had been improperly cured and dried) developed these bleeding troubles. But they couldn't grow any significant microorganism from clover, no matter how spoiled and moldy it was. The only thing seemed to be to keep your cattle away from spoiled clover and forget about it.

But, of course, they couldn't forget about it. The farmers maybe, but not Doctor Schofield and Doctor Roderick. Gradually other experts got curious about it, too, and finally, after about fifteen years of trial and error and slowly piling fact on fact, a Doctor Link at the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station found that the stuff in sweet clover that caused the hemorrhaging among cattle was a coumarin.

A coumarin is one of the many chemical substances that make up the complex chemical compound we call sweet clover, but this wasn't just any coumarin of which there are some sixty or more. This was a very special coumarin which only developed in the presence of mold from a mixture of coumarins with oxygen and hydrogen and a touch of methylene. This was a coumarin with an unpronounceable name which science shortened to dicoumarin.

From Cattle to Humans

Now whether Doctor Link was strictly cattle-minded, or whether it was in the back of his mind that he might be doing something useful for humans, too, I don't know. But I do know that all the while he was working on clover and cattle, another group of scientists, by odd coincidence, had been working on human blood to try to find something that would keep it from clotting.

They had succeeded, too. There was a substance which could be extracted from certain tissues, particularly the lungs and the liver, called heparin. It was a fairly unsatisfactory substance, but when injected into the blood in sufficient quantity, it did actually lengthen the clotting time from around five minutes, which is normal, to as much as half an hour.

This wasn't just idle curiosity. It was extremely valuable. There are times when you want your blood to clot. When you cut yourself shaving or when you get a nosebleed, you want it to clot, and fast. But there are other times when you very much wish that it wouldn't. Or if you're not informed enough to feel this way, your doctor may be.

Whenever a blood vessel is cut or injured, often when a blood vessel simply develops an inflammation, a clot of blood collects at the spot of the injury. This is a thrombus, necessary at times, of course, to keep us from bleeding to death. But if the clot gets too big, a piece of it, an embolus, is apt to break off and go swimming away through the blood stream.

Veins are fairly roomy, so if an embolus gets loose in a vein, it is likely to keep right on swimming till it reaches the heart and right on through the heart and into one of the pulmonary arteries. But the pulmonary arteries become smaller in the lungs, so eventually the embolus will stick, blocking the blood supply to a large part of the lungs and causing no joy to anyone.

Thrombi may also form in the veins of our legs if we have to stay in bed a long time. The blood circulates much more slowly in our veins than in our arteries and much more slowly in our legs than in the rest of us, because they're farthest away from the heart. If the circulation gets sluggish enough, an inflammation may develop somewhere in a vein, a clot is likely to form, and you have thrombophlebitis. Your leg will swell and hurt, but what's worse, there is danger of an embolus breaking off and starting a little trip that may end up in your lungs.

It is almost impossible to operate and remove an embolus from the lungs. The thing to do is put you in an oxygen tent and pray that the embolus will absorb in time—which it may or may not. But if you could be given something to keep your blood from clotting too readily, you'd be a lot less likely to get an embolism. That is where heparin came in. They tried it and, with all its drawbacks, it worked.

A thrombus, of course, can also form in an artery if a patient has arteriosclerosis, or right in the lining of the heart if one has certain kinds of heart disease. When this happens, an embolus breaking off will go tearing through the artery till it comes to the first spot narrower than it is. There it stops.

When that happens, there's no question of waiting for the embolus to absorb. You haven't time. The artery has to be opened and the embolus removed before the arm or leg becomes gangrenous—before, in fact, the patient dies. Doctors have found heparin remarkably useful here, both to prevent the embolus from forming in the first place, and if one has formed and has to be removed, to keep fresh thrombi from forming where the artery has been injured by the operation.

I know at least one man who is contributing a good deal to sulfa research today just because of vascular surgery and heparin. He got a coronary thrombosis followed by an embolism in the large artery that branches off to both legs. The blood supply was cut off from his legs completely. He would have lost the legs and probably died if it hadn't been for some swift and brilliant vascular surgery. He might still have been killed by one or more thromboses following the operation, if it hadn't been for heparin.

But heparin hasn't been used as widely as all this might sound and for a very practical little reason: It has to be extracted by such a complicated and elaborate process that the average daily dose for the average patient costs something like twenty dollars.

Heparin Has Its Drawbacks

Another difficulty in using heparin is that it has to be given right into the vein, where it begins to do its stuff at once and is soon used up. So either it must be given by the continuous slow-drip method, which is inconvenient and uncomfortable, or else the coagulation time of the blood will not be slow enough to do any good, part of the time, and will perhaps be dangerously slow, the rest. And that brings us to dicoumarin, which also slows the clotting time of the blood—as you and a good many farmers up in the cattle country may remember.

Dicoumarin would probably also be a luxury item if it had to be extracted at length from spoiled sweet clover. But it doesn't. Doctor Link and his lads in Wisconsin can now make a bunch of handsome white crystals—that's where the diamonds come in—right in the laboratory, that are just as good anticoagulants as if they'd grown and flowered out in the field, and a lot easier to use, just as good anticoagulants as that luxury drug heparin and easier to administer.

How do they know? They've tried it—first on rabbits (because dicoumarin is still very, very new) and then cautiously on patients. They tried it hypodermically and they tried it by mouth, and it worked just as well by mouth, slowing the coagulation time of the blood down to as much as thirty minutes, which is as slow as any doctor would care to see it. What's more, a single dose of dicoumarin didn't cause danger of hemorrhage the way a single large dose of heparin sometimes did, because, being absorbed through the intestines, most of it apparently stayed there and was used up as needed. This is important because individual susceptibility to these anticoagulants varies tremendously. The same dose of heparin will slow the coagulation time of one person's blood only ten minutes while it will slow another person's as much as thirty or forty minutes—which is right up to the danger point of spontaneous hemorrhage all over the body.

It takes from twenty-four to seventy-two hours for dicoumarin to begin to be effective, and this isn't really a serious drawback. It can be given preoperatively for postoperative results, and a doctor wanting immediate results can always give heparin and dicoumarin together for the first day and then keep on with dicoumarin alone.

There haven't been many reports yet on just how valuable dicoumarin is in preventing embolism. There can't be, you see, till it has been given to thousands of patients, and the incidence of embolism compared with the previous incidence. But there have been reports of it being given to people with thrombophlebitis, to people after vascular surgery, and as a preventive after major operations. As far as doctors can tell, it does everything good that heparin does and doesn't do quite a few of the bad things, including the draining of the bank account.

Some scientists believe that it may eventually be given routinely after all major operations because, though the incidence of embolism isn't terribly high, it is serious enough, when it does happen, to make any effort to prevent it more than worth while. And that makes dicoumarin particularly important today, with thousands of large-scale injuries looking like inevitable news in the next few years. Dicoumarin may bring a good many soldiers back to civil life, who otherwise might have died as soldiers.

Of course, there is always the delicate little balancing trick of giving enough dicoumarin to prevent embolism and not enough to cause danger of hemorrhage, but doctors seem to be proving equal to this. If, as occasionally happens, they run into beginning hemorrhage or into abnormally long coagulation time, they have found that stopping the dicoumarin and transfusing fresh whole blood speeds the clotting mechanism right up again.

But out at the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, they're not so much interested in dicoumarin as an anticoagulant any more. What they want to do now is grow a new strain of sweet clover that is sufficiently low in coumarins so that it won't make cattle hemorrhage no matter how spoiled it gets. ★★★

SOLE MATES

My shoes are definitely old . . .
So often have they been re-soled
That now I'm trying to arrange
To get new uppers for a change.

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Our lot in nineteen forty-three
Has made us all appreciate
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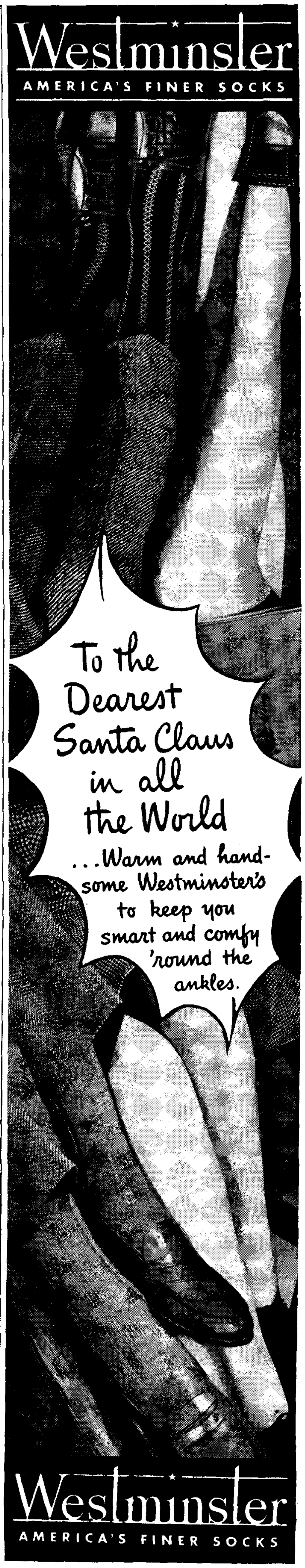
Margaret Fishback



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Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

We Must Win the Pacific

Continued from page 15

symbols of idyllic "escape." Famous writers have found homes and inspiration there: Stevenson, Maugham, Grimshaw, Hall, Nordhoff, Loti, Melville.

America's noted clipper ships made their reputation on the Pacific. The whaling off New Zealand and in the North Pacific made New England fortunes—and widows. Even in its animal life, the Pacific is unrivaled. Zane Grey's world-record catches were made there. You can't swim with safety from any of Australia's renowned beaches except behind wire nets—so big and fierce are the sharks.

The Pacific is the only ocean upon whose shore all the races of mankind are at home—brown, yellow, black and white.

Many economists see around the Pacific our greatest potential markets of the future. In recent years, Japan was our third best customer, following the United Kingdom and Canada. Add the possibilities of a free China, the peoples of southern Asia and the East Indies now being stirred to national consciousness, Australia, New Zealand and South America, and the Pacific becomes our own version with limitless prospects of what a Mussolini would call "Mare Nostrum."

The Lure of Mariners

The Pacific, though greatest of oceans, is youngest in white culture. Balboa, so far as is known, was in 1513 the first European to sight it; although Cortez took the poetic rap. Renowned mariners followed Magellan upon it—Legaspi, Drake, de Neyra, Quiros, Torres, Lemaire, Schouten, Tasman, Cook, Bligh, La Perouse and Wilkes, the American who discovered Wake Island.

The Pacific's actual settlement was largely by desperate men—the convicts of Australia, naval mutineers and deserters, adventurous European riffraff seeking easy pickings from weak and trustful peoples. For the Pacific, among other things, is the richest area on earth.

Centuries ago its spices, teas, sandalwood, teak and silks were resources for which greedy men of an unrefrigerated and crude Europe killed one another—and the natives. Spices were useful both for the preservation of meats and for making your palate think it was still good after it had spoiled. Now, for this mechanized age, the Pacific holds a wealth of oil, rubber, minerals, drugs.

General MacArthur has pointed out a danger to our whole Pacific strategy, which we may consider inherited from the sins of the white men in Burma, Malaya, Java and the outlying islands: The longer the Japs are permitted to retain what they've conquered, the harder it will be to drive them out because in their cunning they will have won native populations to their side (always a considerable military advantage) by claiming racial kinship—"Asia for the Asiatics"—as well as by drumming on exploitations and cruelties of the former masters.

But it's modern Pacific history that concerns the lives of our boys, the security of our homes today. A bitter side note is the fact that islands taken from Germany and put under the protection of Japan after the last war are now being used in Germany's favor against Japan's old friends. Mandates are trusteeships of sacred international honor. Under the mandate agreements, following Versailles, the islands were not to be fortified, rights of natives were guaranteed, the League of Nations was to have supervision; and, in the case of Yap, an important cable station, the United States was to have access.

Japan lived up to none of this. Her mandates, extending south from Japan to just above the equator, and eastward from Mindanao in the Philippines, covers a water expanse as large as the entire area of the United States. Although the actual land surface of the 623 islands in the mandate is less than 1,000 square miles, she has in one generation of treachery and dishonor turned the area into the most strongly fortified segment of geography on earth.

On it are huge stores of guns, ships, naval and land and air bases; over it is an enormous umbrella of air power that gives her Pacific supply activities the advantages of interior lines of communication. The whole, an almost unbroken front—in the shape of an inverted T—is just across the 180th meridian, where each new day begins. It shuts the United States completely away from the Philippines. Guam, home of the gentle Chamorros, most devoted of America's stepchildren, was snared in this net; Wake Island lay exposed on its edge.

Japan developed her greatest base, cannily, in the middle of this sprawled citadel, protected on all sides and above, the key to her Pacific strength, her Pearl Harbor. This is Truk Island. It's the place that must be reduced before Japan can finally be humiliated.

It is Japan's terrific advantage in Pacific strategy that under this umbrella, screened and unimpeded, she can consolidate what she's got, forge new blitzes. Only venturesome Yank submarines penetrate there now. A major victory will be required to get the weight of all our forces in. The Solomons, New Guinea, the naval raids on the Marshalls are but nibbles at the fringe. The whole problem of American success and security in the Pacific is tied up right there in that infamous mandate.

The Two Fronts

You can understand what's going on in the Pacific, interpret for yourself the communiqués from the Solomons and elsewhere, appreciate why the problem out here is different from that in Europe or elsewhere, if you bear this simple general picture in mind:

1. There are two enormous fronts, ours and theirs, facing each other along a line that stretches more than a third of the way around the globe, drawn straight down the middle of the Pacific Ocean, from the Bering Sea and the Aleutians, across the tropics, to the cold waters of the Southern Ocean. Truly, global war.

2. The fantastic distances of the Pacific Ocean work in favor of the Japs against us.

   A. The Japanese front is virtually self-supporting, from within the mandate, also from the tapping of comparatively near-by sources—the Philippines, the Indies, Japan itself.

   B. The United States front has to be supported from the North American mainland, throwing an enormous burden on shipping and upon naval measures to protect that shipping over thousands of miles of waste seas.

3. The myriad islands of the Pacific, "anchored carriers," provide the only means by which air power of *present range and capacity* can overcome the frustration of the Pacific's vast distances.

   A. All Pacific islands are not suitable for air bases. That's why Guadalcanal is of supreme importance to us—for it's a very good air base, just outside the Jap umbrella.

   B. Unfortunately for our problems, most of the Pacific islands lie on the Japanese side of the Pacific; while our side is practically islandless. For example, it is more than 2,000 miles of the emptiest of seas from our mainland to Hawaii, our primary base. On the other side, 2,000 miles from Japan will take her anywhere under her umbrella, past Truk, her primary base, to the useful limits of her mandate.

That is the main canvas. It shows distances, strategy and islands fundamentally entwined in the Pacific.

Our 7,000-Mile Life Line

Our basic life line, United States to Australia, down the Pacific, is more than 7,000 miles. It takes from eight to eleven tons of shipping to send each fighting soldier and his equipment to the field. Then it will take two or more tons of stores and matériel *every month* to keep him there. At average convoy speeds, each round trip, if regularly maintained, would take us ten to twelve weeks *at best.*

Yokohama to Truk is about 2,000 miles. The Japs, thus, on their life line, can make almost four round trips to our one.

From Truk, Jap primary base, to the scene of the fighting in the Solomons is about 1,000 miles, direct, over protected waters, with good Jap bases intervening, Rabaul, Kieta, Buka.

From Hawaii, our primary base, to the scene of fighting in the Solomons is about 3,500 miles direct. We cannot make it straight. The Gilbert Islands intervene, and they are Jap strongholds. We must go round about, via the Fijis; say a good 4,000 miles.

The romantic concept of an incredibly vast concerted pincers offense by us in the Pacific, with the Aleutians as one jaw, Australia the other, and Hawaii in the center, the fulcrum that would crush the upstart little cherry seed, is simply beyond the shipping capacity of any single modern nation.

Inevitably, this must break up into many little pincers that will crunch bites out of the Jap defenses at vital places, always snipping toward the heart.

It is now obvious beyond the point of military secrecy that the Solomons are one jaw and New Guinea the other jaw of a pincers in which Rabaul—the big Jap base on New Britain Island—can be squashed. From Rabaul, we will be in a position to bomb—with planes of sufficient capacity now available—Truk, the Jap mandate heart, while we formulate new pincer moves. But Rabaul *must* be taken before we can get at Truk. Meanwhile, by holding Guadalcanal and Tulagi only, we are as far from practical conquest of the Solomon Islands *alone* as an attacker of New England would be from his objective if he held only Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard.

The islands of the Pacific Ocean, then, because they provide the "steppingstones" whereby we can get at the Japs, constitute the far-flung and much splintered battlefield of this war. It's a true figure to think of the Pacific as a chessboard with each player using islands as pawns to counter or to attack the other. The Japs, with their mandate, had their game all set at the opening. We had, with Hawaii, Wake, Midway, Samoa, Canton and a few others, only the beginning. We had to grab our pawns in a hurry.

This we did, but still had the disadvantage of having to organize them and set up supply lines; we were compelled to take by decent means, in a few months, measures to punish villainy that had been twenty years in the brewing.

The full, thrilling extent of our accomplishment cannot be revealed here, beyond the naming of those islands on which the presence of Yank troops has been officially announced—New Guinea, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Solomons, the Fijis.

The actual number of Pacific islands is unknown: it would be almost as impractical to try to count the sand grains of its beaches. One named atoll may be divided into a thousand unnamed islets. Some may be awash at high tide. Even today new islands crop up, old ones disappear, through submarine volcanic activity.

There are more than 7,000 gems in the Philippine brooch, dangling from the breast of Asia. Brigham's Index names 2,650 islands in the central and midwestern part alone. The East Indies add hundreds more to the fabulous totals.

Once, in a village church in the Philippines, I heard a Spanish priest seek to convey the mystery, the beauty, the wonder of eternity to his simple-hearted listeners through familiar surroundings of their everyday lives. Across the benches of reverent heads, through the open windows, you could see the Pacific, blue and endless.

Always these people had looked at that ocean; so had their parents and their grandparents before them. And you could look and look forever and never see anything out there but the boundless water. They knew it was impossible for their fishing boats to cross it; the father had often told them it would take even a great ocean steamship weeks to reach another land as big as their own. Now the father was saying:

"If God made it possible for you, Pedro Sanchez there, never to die on this earth; and if once in each 100,000 years, you would take half a coconut shell and go down to the shore and fill it and carry the water away, when you had at last emptied out the whole of the great ocean like that, half a coconut shell full each thousand centuries, eternity would be just beginning!"

Afterward, before lunch, the priest and I walked to the beach and talked of things to come. This was in 1939; already there were terrible portents.

I said, "Father, you've given me a cure for insomnia better than counting sheep. I'll count Pedro ladling out the Pacific Ocean with a coconut shell."

The priest's eyes matched the color of the ocean that his Basque forbears had been among the first to brave. He mused, "The Pacific, of itself it may not be eternity. Yet certainly you can find in it the scale, the pattern of the coming days of man. The Mediterranean was the sea of destiny of the Ancient World; the Atlantic, of what you call the Old World. I have thought much about this, and I believe the Pacific holds the destiny of your New World. Men now living will see the shape of the future rising from its waters."

Today, that priest, if he is still living, tells his consoling tales to his good people despite the men of strange gods who have come among them. The Japs would have to kill him to keep him from carrying onward his trust. And I know that each bright tropical Sunday morning, his eyes and the eyes of his devoted ones stare eastward through the open windows, beyond the long slope of palm and pine, to the Great Ocean with simple faith that over it will come, bearing freedom, the brave young men of destiny—long before Pedro takes his second coconut shell full of the blue Pacific water.

THE END

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Old Sergeant Somebody

Continued from page 54

sassafras leaves and folded them in with his Army clothes. From that time on, Tate did nothing but wear overalls and make cotton crops. His war was over.

On occasion, Tate considered making another bid for Easter's heart. One time when Bobo abused her so bad she went back to her mamma, Johnny T suggested to Tate that maybe the time was ripe to offer comfort. But the word got back to Bobo. He told Tate, "Efn I ketch you messin' 'round Easter, I'll bus' yo' haid."

AS THE years passed, Tate sank deeper into obscurity. And then, one day, Uncle Sam started writing him letters, and once more Tate became a somebody. Giles read the letters for Tate and word spread all over the place. It seemed that the word had got back to Uncle Sam about what a good fighting soldier Private Tatum had been and Uncle Sam had passed a law saying if Tate would sign his name on a piece of paper, Uncle Sam would give him a bonus.

"Hit's twenty-one hund'ed and ten dollars," Giles read to Tate. "Boy, dat's mo'n two thousand dollars! What you fixin' to do wid all dat money?"

Tate did not hesitate. "I'm fixin' to take Easter away f'm Bobo and marry de fire outn her," he declared.

Giles laughed. "You kin do jest dat, too," he said.

The news came on a Wednesday and spread rapidly. The details lost nothing by repetition. By Saturday noon, Tate had won the war singlehanded and he was a rich man. And he was going to take Easter away from Bobo.

"Ev'ybody thought Tate was sech a quiet man," said Mamie T, "and hyar Uncle Sam got done checkin' up and found out he had done kilt off ten thousand er de enemies."

"Nawp, dat was Samson," the Widow Duck said. "But f'm de news I got, Tate kilt off twenty-one hund'ed and ten haid of 'em and Uncle is payin' off a dollar a haid. Hit wan't ten thousand, but neither Tate ain't Samson. But Tate was a good shot and dat's a heap er enemies."

"And a heap er dollars, too," Mamie T said. "I swear to my soul, Mis' Duck, efn I didn't love Reub so good, I'd run him off and marry up wid Tate, myse'f."

When Saturday noon came around, Tate turned his team into the lot and headed for his cabin. He bathed quickly and then took his old uniform out of the sassafras leaves. He discovered he had gained so much in girth and chest during seventeen years he couldn't get into the olive drab. Undiscouraged, he wore his Sunday suit and with shoulders back, just as the sergeant had instructed, he marched to Easter's house.

It didn't occur to him that Bobo would be at home. "Efn you puts foot in my house to git my 'oman," Bobo warned, "I'm gonter tear you up in little pieces."

Tate hesitated. "Don't mind Bobo,"

Tony Barlow

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Easter said hospitably. "I'm divo'cin' him off, right now. Come on in."

As Tate stepped up on the porch, Bobo grabbed him and wrestled him to the floor. He was in the process of tearing Tate "in little pieces," when Easter swung a heavy chunk of ash stovewood. Bobo was still dizzy when Easter and Tate left for B'r Charlie's house to get married.

Halfway through the ceremony B'r Charlie remembered something. "Seem like to me," he told Easter, "dat I married you and Bobo up wid a pair er cou'thouse licenses."

Easter beamed. "I got 'em right hyar," she declared, withdrawing the document from her bosom. "O' cou'se dey's secondhand but efn Tate don't mind ontwell he git his bonuses, you kin pitch in wid dese."

The old one-legged preacher shook his head. "'Twon't do, sister," he ruled. "You can't marry up wid nobody but Bobo, long as dat licenses is got any stuff to hit."

Easter was disappointed. B'r Charlie drove home the moral. "Now you see, daughter," he said. "When you got married up wid Bobo, you wan't satisfied to be humble and git married up like ev'ybody else. You was proud, so you had to git yo'se'f a fancy pair er cou't-house licenses. So now you's fixin' to git humbled. You got to stay Bobo's wife, jest cause you was too proud."

"Maybe us kin tear up dem licenses?" Tate offered.

"Nawp," B'r Charlie objected. "Y'all kin tear up de paper. Dat ain't nothin'. Hit's de sperrit in dat paper dat you can't tear up."

"COME on, Easter," Tate suggested. "Le's us go git us another preacher, somewhars."

"Now, hold on," B'r Charlie cautioned. There was no point in refusing a parishioner who had just come into great wealth. "Hit don't say in de Bible, but f'm de way I figgers, hit's like dis. Ain't no p'int in punishin' Tate jest cause Easter got proud. And you, Easter, ain't gonter keep on gittin' punished when you reppent yo' sins. But at de same time—" He looked at the marriage license and weighed his own responsibility in upholding the dignity of the church. "Hit's a way to do dis thing right."

Easter's hopes rose and Tate relaxed.

"When a man git messed up wid de Law," B'r Charlie said, "efn he kin git hisse'f up in Arkansas befo' de Law ketch him, den dat breaks de spell and de Law can't do him a think. Now dis paper comed f'm de same place dat de yuther law comes f'm, and I don't see why a trip up in Arkansas wouldn't break dis up."

"Goin' up in Arkansas costs money," Easter said, "and I don't hold dime one."

"Tate got plenty," said B'r Charlie.

"Not yit," Tate pointed out. "I ain't got my bonuses yit."

"Den you jest got to wait ontwell Tate git his bonuses. Easter, you go on back to Bobo, and Tate, you stay away f'm Easter ontwell she gits up in Arkansas and back. Y'all bofe good members, and I ain't gonter have no 'bominations goin' on amongst my members. Onderstand?"

Months passed. People forgot about Tate and his heroism, and again he was a nobody man.

Then, one day, there was a flurry of excitement as a long brown envelope without a stamp on it was handed to Tate. But in less than an hour the news had spread all over the plantation. It wasn't money, after all. Just bonds. Maybe, the people figured, Uncle Sam had to put up all those bonds for the killings Tate had done; or maybe the whole thing was just some more of Tate's old rusty lies. Giles said the papers stated in about ten years Tate would get the money.

"Humph!" Easter snorted. "I'll be 'cropit and died off by dat time."

Tate, the nobody man, went back to the fields.

When the New War came and all the young men had to ride over to Benton to register for the draft, Tate tried to give advice out of his experience, but the younger generation jeered. They had seen airplanes by the thousands, flying right over Little Bee Bend from Barksdale Field. More, they could tell the kind of plane it was and how fast it could fly.

"You might kill a fie'lark wid a shotgun, efn you ain't but fifty feet off. But you couldn't hit a fo-motor bomber, two thousand feet up."

"I seed him miss a hoot owl a hund'ed yard off with de two-seventy owl gun. I hyared about dem ole war lies er hisn."

"Same as dat bonuses humbug. A dollar a haid for all de mens he kilt! Well, you got hit. No dollars. No cents."

Tate ignored the jibes. "I'm tellin' you chilluns de natchel," he warned them.

"He must have lots of money in the bank. He keeps lighting his cigars with fifty-dollar checks"

COLLIER'S GEORGE LICHTY

"Y'all better let me learn you how to drill. Hit's a heap to learn and hit ain't a sergeant in de Army which ain't twice as hard to git along wid as Giles. Y'all better let me learn you."

They would have none of Tate's drilling. They registered and came back home; they began to get calls and a lot of them went away.

THEN came the big day in Tate's life when he got word that Uncle Sam wanted him again. True, it was not a personal call for that fighting Private Tatum of the other war. The word was that Uncle Sam wanted everybody forty-five years old or older to go over to Benton next Saturday and put his name down for the war.

Tate knew he was not really a fighting man. The only shots he had fired in Uncle Sam's army were at a target on the rifle range. And he had done only fair. On his way to France, they said a submarine was shooting torpedoes at his ship and everybody had to put on life preservers. But Tate was so seasick he didn't care whether his life was preserved or not. He had witnessed several 1917 versions of bombing attacks on the debarkation depot at Bordeaux, but he was usually so tired from heavy freight-toting, he hadn't really got much war out of it. Even his talk-war had brought him in the end only ridicule and scorn.

Yet, Tate felt good when he heard the news.

"Tate," Giles had told him, "Uncle Sam say ev'ybody forty-five years old or better got to git over to Benton and reddish. Reckon maybe de young'ns ain't doin' so good, so dey sont for you?"

Tate gulped, and squared his shoulders. "Yassuh," he said. "Dey ought never send a boy to do a man's job. And, Mist' Giles, I'm hyar to tell you, fightin' a war is a man's job!"

"You ought to know," Giles said. "You fit one war purty good, I reckon. Leastway, yo' bonds is layin' in de commissary safe, drawin' interest, ev'y day."

IT WAS then that the good feeling entered Tate's heart. It was a sort of holy feeling, like it had been that night over at Old Ship of Zion Church when the Lord had struck him dead and then resurrected him by pouring salvation into his soul. He felt humble before the heavy responsibility of being Uncle Sam's soldier again, but he felt strong and equal to the task. He went to talk it over with the Widow Duck who always understood.

"Mis' Duck," he explained, "I been 'buked and I been scorned. And I done a little false witnessin' about de war."

"And you had a little he'p wid dem lies," the Widow Duck put in. "Speak on, son."

Tate fumbled. "I ain't proud," he said. "I ain't shot nobody outn nothin', and maybe f'm de way de sergeant was all de time raisin' sand wid me, I wan't much good at bein' a soldier. But—" and he stood straight and proud— "I was a soldier and I wants to go back at de wars dressed up like a soldier!"

"Amen, son!" the Widow Duck said. "You got de right."

"My soldier clothes," he explained, "well, I got 'em laid away in sassafras leaves. Ev'y spring when de sap was strong I went out and picked new leaves and stuck 'em in de box. Not on account er I ever figgered I'd need dem clothes, but—well—"

"Speak on, Tate, I knows what you's sayin'."

"Well, I done outgrowed dem clothes. I got too big around in de belly and de chist and de laigs."

The Widow Duck wrinkled her forehead. "Dat soldier overcoat you brung back?" she asked. "Seems like you 'bout wored hit out de first winter."

"Hit ain't too good," Tate admitted.

"Wid dis spring weather and summer ahead," she pointed out, "you won't need no overcoat ontwell way next fall. Maybe by dat time Uncle Sam would be givin' you another. What time you all leavin' for Benton to reddish?"

"Giles say he reckon ev'ybody git together 'bout de middle er de evenin'. Three o'clock, maybe."

"Go git yo' soldier clothes and yo' overcoat," the Widow Duck said. "I'll cut up dat overcoat and make gussets. I kin fit clothes on a elephant efn you gives me enough gussets."

And so the Widow Duck gathered a crew of sewing women and altered Tate's uniform, while Uncle Henry cut Tate's hair with the mule clippers, and Grant's little boy, Triple A Parity, rubbed saddle soap into Tate's heavy work shoes.

Tate felt so good he didn't even mind Bobo's gibe about the hot iron. He sat serenely when Mamie T rubbed motor lubricant into the fringe of hair Uncle Henry had left, nor did he flinch when Easter brought a hot iron and a wet towel and steamed the grease into his hair.

Meanwhile, more and more people had quietly congregated at the barn. Even the children looked on popeyed and wondering.

Tate retired to the gear room with the retailored uniform and when he emerged he was a soldier from top to toe. An old overseas cap with Engineer Corps piping sat at just the right angle on his head. His blouse was buttoned and hooked. His breeches were just large enough in the principal areas and his spiral leggings ended in neat tucks four inches below each knee. He stood dramatically at the door and there was a moment of silence.

THE emotions of the people on Little Bee Bend bubble to the surface easily and explode suddenly. The Widow Duck was the first to speak. "De Lawd bless you, son!" she shouted. "March on like a child of God!"

Mamie T started to sing:

"Oh, do you think
He'll make a soldier, soldier?"

And Easter screamed and fell out.

"Y'all stop dat snivelin' and goin' on," Tate said sternly, and his voice carried authority. "Just git quiet and stay like dat. I'm got things to git done."

"Well, amen," agreed the Widow Duck. "Say on."

"Mist' Giles," Tate said, turning to the foreman, "hit's too many of us to ride in de truck. So you take de sick, lame and lazy and ride 'em over to Benton. I'm gonter line up de yuthers and hike 'em over."

"Jest like you say," Giles agreed readily. "Dis is yo' rat killin'." He called for the older and less able men.

Although Bobo's name was not called, he started to climb aboard the truck.

"You, Bobo," Tate said. "Climb outn dat truck and fall in wid de yuthers. You gonter hike." Bobo eased to the ground without a word.

"We gonter cut through de woods," Tate told Giles. "We'll ketch you in Benton in about a hour."

"I'll wait to you git started," Giles said.

Tate proceeded to get the men in businesslike double rank. "Keep yo' years open and yo' big moufs shet," he ordered. "Now straighten out—git yo' elbow up like dis and git yo' distance. Amos, you de tallest. You git over hyar and be de right guide."

"How dat go?"

"Don't argy. Jest git. Buckanoo, you and Little Willie git back er de line and be de file-closers. And don't do nothin' but jest pay 'tention to what I tells you."

Tate found himself with some two dozen men, lined in double rank in front of him. They were waiting for him to tell them what to do.

"Next off," he explained, "is what dey calls 'squads right.'" Tate tried to recall how it was done. He had never understood the complicated maneuver himself, having always hopefully followed the man in front of him.

"Now," Tate continued, "dat's too hard for me to learn y'all now. So we's fixin' to do what you calls 'right face,'" Tate experimented by rising on heel and toe a few times, and discovered he had lost the knack of pushing himself around.

"Dat's too hard for y'all, too, widout a heap er practice. But I'm gonter make de command anyhow, and y'all turn yonder way."

The command was given. "Now, den, y'all gonter git 'forward march' and when I say 'forward', y'all git set. And when I say 'march,' start out on yo' lef' foots first."

EVERYBODY on Little Bee Bend knew how to march, and even the women and children joined the column. Mamie T began again:

"Oh, yes, I said
He'd make a soldier, soldier,"

and Giles tooted the truck horn every second step. It might have been a procession in church for the others, but it was a three-mile hike for ex-Private Tatum. After a while, the women and children began to drop out, the singing stopped and the regular marchers were straggling.

"Cover in file f'm front to rear and dress to de lef' in sets of fo's," Tate barked, just as he'd heard the sergeant a quarter of a century before. But nothing happened. Tate was not surprised. He had never found out what the sergeant meant by it, himself.

At Benton, Giles steered Tate's command to the courthouse. "'Toon halt," Tate called. "Fall out and follow me and Mist' Giles."

Inside, Tate was motioned to a table presided over by an elderly white gentleman. "Sit down, Sergeant," the man said. Almost businesslike with pride at the courtesy title, Tate sat down.

"You were in the Engineer Corps, I see," the old gentleman said.

"Yessuh," Tate said proudly.

"When I saw that uniform coming in, I thought perhaps you might have been a member of the old Ninety-third Division. I was a colonel in that outfit." The old man began to fill in Tate's registration blank and when it was finished and Tate had been handed his card, the ex-colonel spoke again.

"Now, Sergeant," he said, "us old-timers won't get into the shooting this time. But we've got to soldier just that much harder. We've got to supply the food—corn, grain, cotton—everything we can make. And it's up to us—us old soldiers who know how to command and lead—to see that everybody else hits it hard. You know—heads up, eyes to the front, cover in file from front to rear and dress to the left in sets of fours."

"Yassuh, Colonel, suh," Tate said. He stood up and saluted smartly. Tate knew how to do that, all right. The old colonel got up and returned the salute solemnly.

And then, some side-tracked cell in Tate's memory functioned. He executed a perfect About Face and marched out of the courthouse.

"I didn't tell him I was a sergeant," Tate explained to Giles. "But he called me a sergeant and he ought to know. 'Cause God knows de colonel is a somebody-man, plum to de ground."

"Hit makes you a sergeant for all er me," Giles said.

"But you's de cap'm," Tate said, remembering his discipline. "Sergeants got to do what de cap'm say, same as ev'ybody else."

"Satisfied wid me," Giles agreed.

After the registrations were finished, Tate rounded up his command. "Whar Bobo at?" Tate asked.

"Hyar Bobo at," called the absentee from the shade fifty feet away.

"Whyn't you fall in line?" Tate demanded.

"Whyn't you come and fall me in line?"

Tate looked at Giles. The foreman slipped a tall standard from the truck bed and handed it to Tate. It was a two-by-four hardwood scantling, six feet long. "Go git him," Giles said.

The stick held in both hands, with the left hand well forward, Tate advanced in the prescribed military manner. "Efn I had me a bay-nick on dis thing," he said, "I'd stob a hole plum through you."

Bobo drew a knife from his pocket and flipped open the long blade. "Well, I'm is got a blade on dis thing and I'm is gonter stob yo' heart out efn you come any closter wid dat stick."

His memory working smoothly now, Tate advanced cautiously. He thrust his stick forward, end first. "Dat's what you calls a charge bay-nick," Tate said.

Bobo sidestepped and drew his knife back for a lunge.

Then Tate shifted forward, whirling the back end of the stick in a half circle. The blow caught Bobo off balance and sent him sprawling. "Dat is what dey calls de butt strike," Tate said. "And dis"—he raised the timber high over his head ready for a down swing—"is what you calls club rifle."

"Aw, Mister Tate," Bobo pleaded. "Please don't—"

"Hold ev'ything, Tate!" Giles yelled. "Dat'll kill him and I don't want no killin' hyar." He grabbed the stick from Tate. "Efn I hadn't grabbed dis club you'd be number twenty-one hund'ed and 'leven on Tate's books, right now," Giles told Bobo. "Now you git up and git in de line."

Bobo got to his feet, though his legs were still wobbly from fear.

"You ailin?" the foreman asked.

"Nawsuh," Bobo said. "But you know, Mist' Giles, you always say a man kin quit and leave off, any time hit suits him."

"Dat's right," Giles admitted.

"Well, I b'lieve I'm leavin' off and quittin'," Bobo said. "I b'lieve I'll like de public works mo' better'n raisin' cotton. Easter, she kin handle de crop and de commissary bill, efn hit's all satisfied wid you."

"Satisfied wid me," said Giles. "Efn hit suit you."

Bobo looked around for a moment. "Well, goodby, all," he said.

Tate marched his command home. He was a sergeant now and what orders he gave were obeyed promptly.

AT THE barn, the women were waiting. Tate dismissed the men and looked about. "Whar Easter?" he asked.

"Long gone," said Mamie T.

Tate bit his lip and said nothing. Then Mamie T laughed and explained.

"She went to Vanceville to grab de five o'clock bus for Ringgold, Arkansas. She jue back home on de one o'clock, tomorrow."

"Arkansas, hunh?" Tate repeated. "Did she take her cou'thouse licenses wid her?"

"Yeah," said Mamie T. "And a match to burn hit up wid."

"Comin' back tomorrow?"

"Efn she don't," said Mamie T, "well, I and Reub ain't married wid no cou't-house licenses, and I'll marry you, you big ole Sergeant Somebody, you."

Tate knew her offer was meant for a joke, and he liked it. He went home, grinning and talking to himself:

"Ole Sergeant Somebody Tate! Hot dog my ole rusty hide! I'm a case!"

THE END

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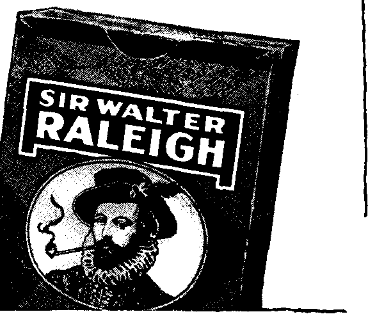

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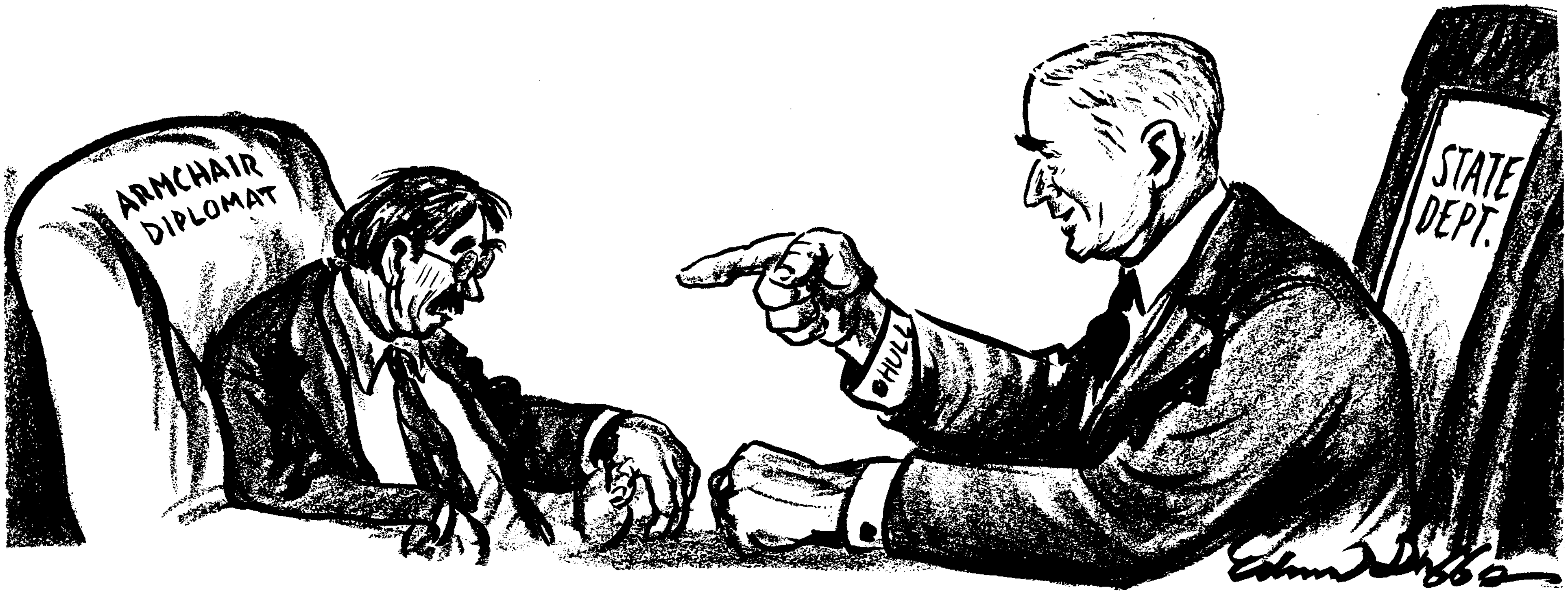

THE IDEA IS TO WIN

WE DON'T claim to be prophets, but we feel constrained to agree with the numerous prophets, analysts and commentators who are saying that the first two weeks of November, 1942, in all probability, were the turning point of the war.

It was in those two weeks that General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's British Eighth Army blasted Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps into a running rabble; that Lieutenant General Dwight D. Eisenhower pounced on the Northwest Africa coast with the first American offensive of our war against Germany and Italy; that Admiral William F. Halsey, aided by General Douglas MacArthur's bombers, sent the Japs reeling back like stricken water spiders from their third attempt to retake Guadalcanal's airfield from our Marines.

This triple Allied triumph opened up, for our side, vistas of hope and opportunity which previously we had seen only in our dreams.

It put Hitler on the defensive everywhere; shifted to his sagging shoulders the intolerable burden of having to guess where the enemy was going to strike next. Though Mussolini managed to conceal his feelings from the outside world, the Allied smashes must have made him realize at last how Napoleon felt when the shooting drew toward its close at Waterloo.

Hopes of Mediterranean reconquest and an invasion or invasions of Europe's soft underside were presented to the Allies by this coup; Hitler had to spread his forces more thinly than ever over enslaved and fermenting Europe; some of the pressure was taken off Russia; Mr. Churchill felt justified in explicitly promising the Allied world that it could now count on an Allied frontal assault on Western Europe sooner or later.

Our war in the Pacific took an immediate turn for the better, as a result of the great Solomon Islands victory, after eleven months of extremely ticklish sparring with an enemy whose sea power was just about equal to all we could muster in that ater of war.

We are not out of the woods yet. Unquestionably, our enemies can still spring many a trick and trap on us. But there is daylight ahead; and this time it isn't just spots before the eyes.

This brings us to an aspect of the whole affair which pleased us a great deal, and goes on doing so. We refer to the triumph and the vindication which the northwest African punch brought to Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

"Judge" Hull, as most of us will remember, was cursed constantly for more than two years by various persons who think they think. The trouble was that he went on, during all that time, playing ball with France's Vichy government. His attackers insisted that he ought, in all right and conscience, to call off this alleged appeasement, hand Vichy's ambassador his walking papers, and let Vichy do whatever it felt like doing in reprisal.

As soon as Eisenhower's men barged and blasted their way onto various strategic points along the Northwest Africa coast, it became apparent what the judge had been up to ever since the fall of France.

He had been keeping his pipe lines open throughout the French empire, especially in North Africa, and he had been building up an American fifth-column network whose operations, when the day came, made Hitler's cleverest fifth-column work look just a bit sick.

Some of the details are known to all of us now; more of them doubtless will not trickle into general circulation until after the war. The secret preinvasion trip of Major General Mark W. Clark and seven other American officers, to do some plain and fancy bribing and planting of espionage time bombs where they would do the most good, was but one of these details.

As a result, our boys' conquest of Morocco and Algeria was almost a victory parade among friends prepared to welcome them. Those territories fell to us almost as easily as Denmark fell to Hitler, and far more easily than did Norway. Had the State Department broken off with Vichy long ago, as advised by the serious thinkers, our casualties in Algeria and Morocco might have been enormous, assuming we had been able to invade at all.

From all this, Secretary Hull emerged as a shrewd international poker player and a man whose integrity could not be called in question by any sensible person who knows what the big idea in fighting a war is.

The idea is to win. The idea, further, is to win with as little loss of time, blood and treasure as may be.

To do this, you have to use every trick you can think of and invent new ones if possible. Espionage, fifth-column work, the planting of friends and helpers in enemy territory—all this is as old as war itself, or at any rate as old as the Trojan Horse. Hitler didn't invent it, though to hear some people tell it, you would think he did and that therefore it is somehow wicked of our side to use such tactics.

The same goes for our dealings with Admiral François Darlan and various other Vichy appeasers and semiappeasers in the days following the invasion. The Fighting French faction of General Charles de Gaulle was and is a nobler crowd than the Vichy bunch, and should share in all the rewards of victory when victory comes. But the Vichy crowd had control of the French fleet, and it was our duty to get hold of that fleet ourselves or to keep it out of Hitler's hands as long as possible.

Again, the same thing goes for the State Department's long kid-glove treatment of Generalissimo Francisco Franco, Spanish dictator. Franco is no lily. But why take on additional enemies until you have to, when you are already fighting a lot of dangerously capable enemies?

That is the common sense of these matters. It is too much to hope that the alleged thinkers, with their absolutist ideas of right and wrong, will ever come around to the common-sense viewpoint. The rest of us, however, understand it already, and are willing to give Judge Hull, Sumner Welles and their associates virtually a blank check in the matter of handling the diplomatic end of our war.